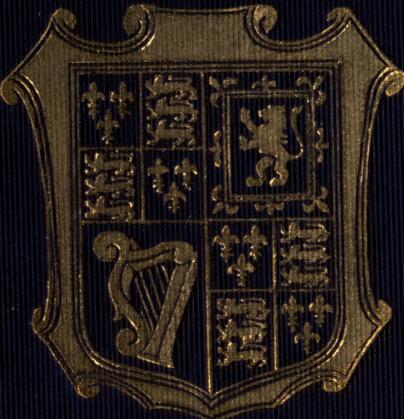


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ENGLAND  
DURING · THE  
REIGN · OF · THE  
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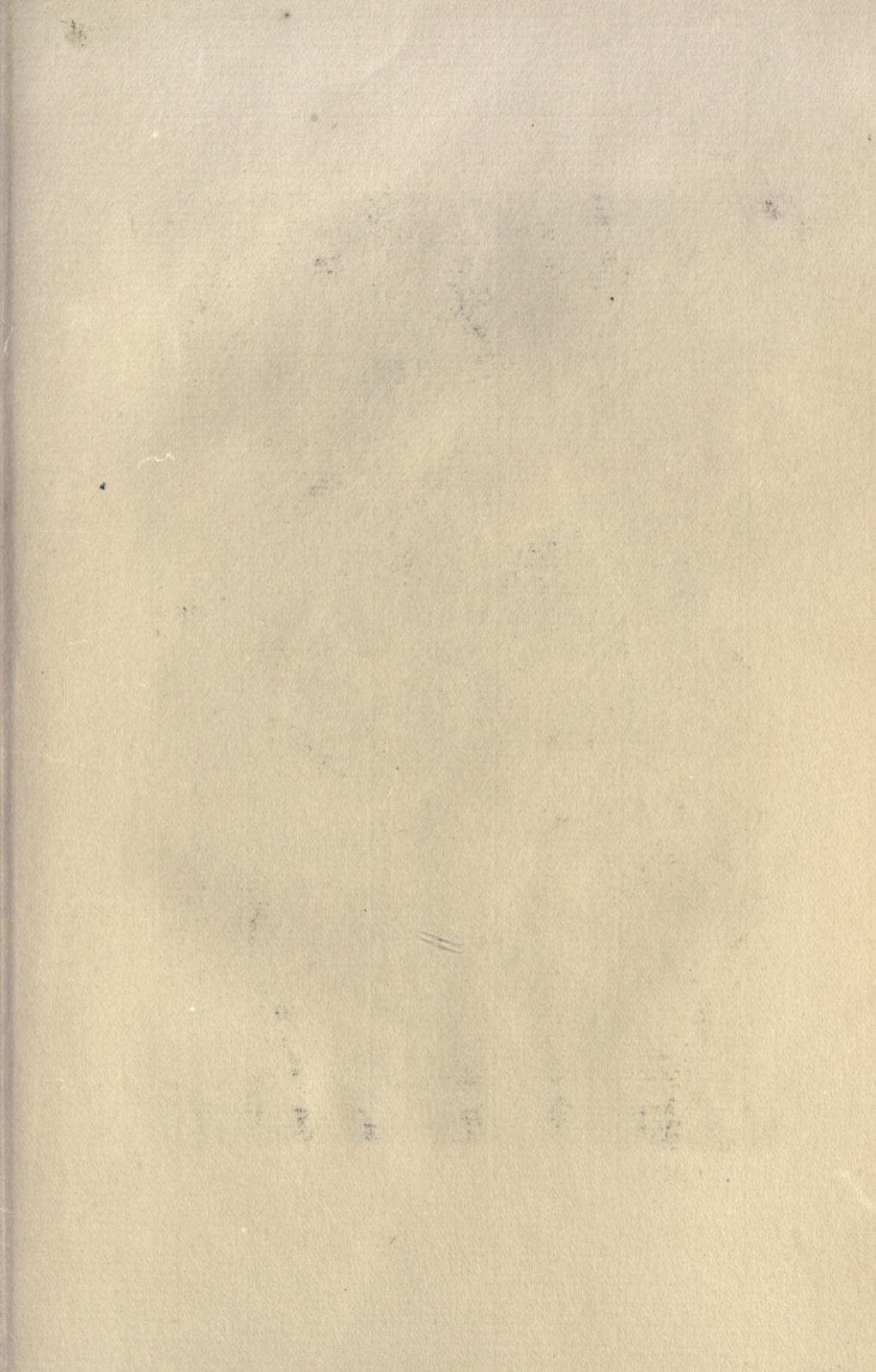
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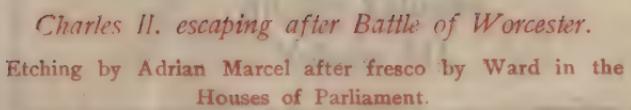
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*Charles II. escaping after Battle of Worcester.*  
Etching by Adrian Marcel after fresco by Ward in the  
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# Memoirs of the Court of England



During the Reigns of the Stuarts, includ-  
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By

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In Six Volumes

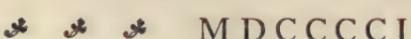
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# THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Character of This Young Prince — Treatment of Him by the Parliament — His Tutor — He Is Permitted by Cromwell to Join His Family in France — His Mother's Ineffectual Attempts to Convert Him to the Romish Faith — Remarkable Letter to Him from His Brother, Charles II. — The Marquis of Ormond Despatched to Remove Henry from Paris to Cologne — His Mother's Indignation at the Interference of Charles — Henry Accompanies His Brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish Campaign — His Valour at the Battle of Dunkirk — His Arrival in England at the Restoration — His Death — Charles's Grief at This Event — Respect Paid to His Memory — His Funeral.

THE amiable qualities and promising parts of this young prince acquired for him alike the admiration of his contemporaries, and the warm affection of his own family. Added to the courage and ingratiating manners which distinguished his race, he possessed the quickness and good nature of his brother Charles, and the application

to business which was remarkable in the character of the Duke of York. He seems to have had more judgment than either. Considering the early age at which he died, and the disadvantages under which he was educated, his accomplishments were certainly of no ordinary kind. Besides the Latin language, he was master of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch. He was able to appreciate the constitution of his country, and the merits of the Protestant faith. His parting scene with, and the dying injunctions of, his unhappy father had sunk deeply into his heart, — so deeply, indeed, that neither time nor the contamination of the world, neither the threats of his bigoted mother nor the persuasive arguments which her agents employed to convert him to the Church of Rome, were ever able to obliterate their effect.

Henry of Oatlands, as he is styled from the place of his birth, was born at Oatlands, in Surrey, 8th July, 1639. In his infancy he was committed to the care of the Countess of Dorset, and at the death of that lady, in 1647, was confided to the charge of the Earl of Northumberland. From the earl he was afterward transferred to the Countess of Leicester, when, with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, he became for some time an inmate of Penshurst. Their removal to this classical spot was by special direction of the Parliament, who, moreover, ordained that henceforth the indulgences of the royal children should be

diminished, and their attendants lessened. The use of titles was forbidden, and it was further directed that they should partake of the same food, and sit at the same table, as the children of the family. A proposition, indeed, was actually made in Parliament that the duke should be bound to a trade, in order, as it was expressed, "that he might earn his bread honestly."

His tutor was a Mr. Lovel, a man of piety and learning. When the duke was afterward sent to Carisbrook Castle, Lovel, much to the satisfaction of the royal orphan, was allowed to be his companion. At Carisbrook he experienced even less respect than had been permitted at Penshurst. Mildmay, the governor, was directed to treat him merely as the son of a gentleman, and he was invariably addressed as Mr. Harry. When in his thirteenth year, Cromwell generously, and without alleging any reason, permitted him to rejoin his family in France, the sum of 500*l.* being allowed for the expenses of his removal.

Henrietta was overjoyed to embrace a child whom she had scarcely seen since his birth, especially as she trusted to make him a convert to her own faith. She discovered the task to be far more arduous than she had anticipated. The young duke respectfully, but firmly, combated all her arguments. He had not forgotten, he said, the solemn injunctions of his deceased father, that he should adhere to the Reformed religion, and

especially that he should obey his sovereign in preference to his mother. Should he forsake the Protestant religion, he added, he should for ever incur the displeasure of his brother Charles, to whom, as his sovereign, he now owed entire obedience. It was shameful, he said, when closely pressed, to force him into a controversy in the absence of his tutor, who was both willing and able to answer the arguments of those who sought to persuade him to act in opposition to the commands of his brother Charles, and to the duty he owed to his God. The result was, that he was compelled by his mother to submit to the most cruel persecution. Not contenting herself with driving the noble and affectionate boy from her sight, Henrietta gave directions that his horses should be turned out of the royal stable; the servants were instructed that no dinner was to be provided for him; and when, on a cold November night, he retired to his lonely chamber, he found himself subjected to the further pitiful mortification of finding the sheets had been removed from his bed.

When Charles had consented, though with great unwillingness, to allow the Duke of Gloucester to remain in Paris with his mother, he had exacted from her a promise that she would refrain from tampering with his brother's religious principles. Charles happened to be absent in the Low Countries when the information reached him of his

brother's danger. Though himself inclined to the Romish persuasion, he had foresight enough to discover how dangerous, and probably how fatal to his hopes of regaining the English crown, would be the open profession of that faith by any member of his family.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly we find him despatching the following letter to his brother at Paris, a document sufficiently curious as having been the composition of a young man of pleasure, who had only completed his twenty-fourth year.

“ COLOGNE, Nov. 10, 1654.

“ DEAR BROTHER:—I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague<sup>2</sup> has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say that it is the queen's purpose

<sup>1</sup> Lord Mordaunt, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, in 1659, alluding to a report that Charles himself had embraced the Romish persuasion, thus expresses himself: “Your master is utterly ruined, as to his interest here, in whatever party, if this be true; though he never had a fairer game than at present.”—*Ormond Papers*, vol. ii., p. 264.

<sup>2</sup> Abbot Montague, Almoner to Henrietta Maria. He enticed the duke to the delightful Abbey of Pontoise, where, according to Lord Clarendon, he “sequestered him from all resort of such persons as might confirm him in his averseness from being converted.”—*Hist. of the Rev.*, vol. vii., p. 122.

to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you do hearken to her, or anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England again ; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother, that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises ; for the first they neither dare nor will use, and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever any one shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all ; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

“ Dear brother,

“ Your most affectionate brother,

“ CHARLES R.”

In addition to this forcible appeal, Charles instantly despatched the Marquis of Ormond to Paris ; transmitting by him a strong letter of expostulation to the queen, and some written directions from himself to the duke, enjoining him to put himself into the hands of the marquis, and immediately repair to him at Cologne. Henrietta expressed the most vehement indignation at the interference of Charles. She insisted that the natural authority of a mother had been wrested from her ; adding that the duke might act as he pleased, for she would never see his face again. Ormond instantly hurried away the young duke from the neighbourhood of Pontoise, in which he had been placed by his bigoted mother. At Paris they were detained some days for want of a few pounds to defray their expenses to Cologne, at which place, however, they eventually arrived in safety, to the great satisfaction of Charles. It may be adduced, as a striking proof of the reduced state of the royal family of England at this period, that, in order to maintain the young duke and himself with food during their journey, Ormond was compelled to sell his last and most valued jewel, the George appertaining to the insignia of the Garter.

In 1658 the Duke of Gloucester, then only nineteen, attended his brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish campaign. At the battle of Dunkirk the royal brothers fought side by side, making

several charges on horseback, and behaving with a valour worthy of their race. James, in his Memoirs, bears testimony to the conduct of his young brother. At the close of the day, the Duke of Gloucester, either in giving or warding off a blow, unfortunately lost possession of his sword. Villeneuve, master of the horse to the Prince de Ligne, immediately alighted from his horse and recovered the weapon, the duke covering him with his pistol till he had remounted. Villeneuve was afterward shot through the body, but fortunately the wound was not of a dangerous nature.

At the Restoration, the Duke of Gloucester attended his brother Charles to England, the Parliament sending him 5,000*l.* as a mark of their esteem. He survived the return of his family but a few months, dying of the smallpox on the 3d of September, 1660, in his twenty-second year. Pepys, who speaks of him as a "pretty boy," ascribes his death to the negligence of the physicians. His loss was bewailed by his own family, and regretted by all who knew him. Of Charles, it was said that he was more affected by his brother's death than by any other misfortune which had ever befallen him. James, too, in his Memoirs, more than once recurs to his memory with affection, and speaks with admiration of his parts. "He had all the natural qualities," he says, "to make a great prince, which made his loss the more sensibly felt by all the royal family." Evelyn, whose praise

is of value, speaks of him as a prince of “extraordinary hopes,” and Sir John Denham, in his “Directions to a Painter,” thus apostrophises his untimely end :

“ O more than human Gloucester, Fate did show  
Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.”

According to Reresby, he was far from insensible to female charms. He was probably gifted also with some share of the natural wit of Charles. When his brother, the Duke of York, married the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, he said, “ He could never sit in the room with her,—she smelt so of her father’s green bag.”

The Duke of Gloucester was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lady Arabella Stuart; the Duke of York being chief mourner, and the Dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Albemarle attending him to the grave.

## CHAPTER II.

### MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Birth of This Princess — She Is Contracted in Marriage to William, Prince of Orange — The Ceremony — Her Affectionate Conduct to Her Family in Their Misfortunes — Scandal Respecting Her and the Duke of Buckingham — Her Intimacy with Henry Jermyn — Scheme of Henrietta Maria to Unite the Princess to Louis XIV. — Mary's Return to England — Her Death at Whitehall — Her Brother James's Tribute to Her Memory — Her Burial.

THIS amiable and warm-hearted princess, the eldest daughter of Charles the First, and more eminent as the mother of William the Third, was born on the 4th of November, 1631. She was baptised by Archbishop Laud, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's.

The coincidence is rather remarkable, that the princess should have been born on the 4th of November; that her illustrious son should have been born on the 4th of November; that he should have been married to the eldest Protestant daughter of England on the 4th of November; and lastly, that it was on the 4th of November, 1688, that the people of England beheld approaching their shores that illustrious armament headed by William of

Orange, which was destined to annihilate the dynasty of the Stuarts, and their hopes of destroying the civil and religious liberties of the people of England.

The birth of the princess royal is thus recorded in the following letter addressed by George Gresley to Sir Thomas Pickering :

“SIR:—Upon Thursday last the Duke of Vendôme, illegitimate brother to our queen, arrived here from out the Low Countries, and is lodged at Sir Abraham Williams’s house.

“Upon Friday morning, about four of the clock, the queen was (God be praised) safely delivered of a princess, who was christened the same morning, by reason it was weak, as some say, it being born three weeks before the time; but I have heard it was done to save charges and to prevent other christening. The name, Marie; the Countesses of Carlisle and Denbigh godmothers, and the lord keeper godfather; the Lady Roxburgh governess, and the nurse one Mrs. Bennet (some say wife to a baker) and daughter to Mrs. Browne that keepeth Somerset House.

“Your very assured friend and servant,

“GEORGE GRESLEY.

“*Essex House, the 9th of Nov., 1631.*”

The young princess, in her childhood, was confided to the charge of Catherine, Lady Stanhope,

daughter of Thomas, Lord Wotton, and wife of Henry, Lord Stanhope. Lady Stanhope would seem to have discharged her duties with singular fidelity, since, nearly thirty years afterward, we find Charles the Second, on the very day of his restoration, advancing her to the dignity of Countess of Chesterfield during her life, and giving her daughters the precedence of the daughters of earls.

On the 2d of May, 1641, when in her tenth year, the young princess was married, or, more properly speaking, was contracted to William, afterward second Prince of Orange, in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. The ceremony is thus described by Principal Baillie, in one of his curious letters to the Presbytery of Irvine. On the 4th of May, 1641, he writes: “On Sunday, in the king’s chapel, both the queens being present at service, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York led in the Princess Mary to the chapel, convoyed with a number of ladies of her own age, of nine or ten years, all in cloth of silver. The Prince of Orange went in before with the ambassadors, and his cousins of Tremmul and Nassau. The king gave him his bride. Good Bishop Wren made the marriage. At night, before all the court, they went to bed in the queen’s chamber. A little after, the king and queen bade the bridegroom good night, as their son; he, as it was appointed, arose, and went to his bed in the king’s chamber.”

When the fear of the Parliament induced Queen Henrietta to fly from England, in February, 1642, she carried her young daughter with her, and placed her under the protection of the States General. Thus, by her early marriage, the princess was spared being an actual witness of the misfortunes of her family. At a later period, however, when they were in poverty and exile, we find her conduct toward them affording a beautiful example of sisterly love.

The princess is described by her contemporaries as possessing every quality that can add grace or dignity to the female character. Much of this praise is undoubtedly deserved; but still her judgment seems to have been indifferent, and, moreover, it is doubtful whether her love of admiration was confined within proper bounds. It appears by a letter of the period that the witty Duke of Buckingham was one of her admirers, and that scandal was not silent when it connected their names. On one occasion, we find the duke unadvisedly following her to Holland. The object of his visit becoming notorious, the princess sent him word that malice had been busy with her name; that his sudden return might revive unfounded reports, and accordingly requested that he would not take it ill if she implored him to discontinue his visits. On this occasion there is nothing to implicate her fair fame, except that when sovereign princesses are thus wooed it is generally

their own fault; besides, they were both young and Buckingham was extremely handsome.

But Henry Jermyn, the “lady-killer” of De Grammont, created Baron Jermyn of Dover by James the Second, is supposed to have been, after her husband’s death, actually united in marriage to her. King William appears to have entertained some doubts on the subject, since, after the Revolution, Jermyn was one of the few Roman Catholics, who had been formerly attached to the fortunes of James, whom he received into favour. Jermyn was a nephew of Henry, Earl of St. Albans, who has been mentioned as the reputed husband of Henrietta Maria.

The princess was left a widow at the age of nineteen, her husband having died on the 27th of October, 1650. Her mother, Henrietta Maria, subsequently conceived an idea of uniting her to the French king, Louis the Fourteenth, and accordingly sent for her to Paris. The princess fell into the scheme, and parted with her jewels, as well as with a portion of her son’s property, to enable her to support a splendid appearance at the French capital. The enterprise, however, was not successful, and the princess either remained a widow, or contented herself with the frivolous affections of Jermyn.

At the Restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, she returned to England. The joy which she experienced at once more meeting her family

was sadly damped by the recent loss of her brother Henry, who had died but a few days previous to her landing. Shortly afterward she was herself attacked by the smallpox, which ended her days at Whitehall, on the 24th of December, 1660, in her twenty-ninth year. Her brother James pays an affectionate tribute to her memory. "Her personal merits," he says, "and particular love of all her relations, which she manifested in the time of their distress, caused a sorrow for her death as great as was their esteem." Walker also says, in his "History of Independency," "Her tender love and zeal to the king in his afflictions deserves to be written in brass, and graven with the point of a diamond." Waller has also celebrated her in a dull panegyric. She was buried by torchlight in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, in the same vault with her favourite brother Henry.

## CHAPTER III.

### ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth and Character of This Princess — Her Interview with Her Father the Day before His Execution — Her Relation of This Solemn Scene — She Is Committed by the Parliament to the Care of Mildmay — Her Rumoured Apprenticeship to a Glover at Newport — Her Sickness and Death during Her Captivity in the Isle of Wight — Her Funeral.

THIS interesting young princess would appear to have been the most gifted of the children of Charles. Her affectionate disposition and precocious parts are invariably spoken of with admiration. She was the darling child of her unhappy father, who was no less gratified with her sympathy than delighted with her ingenuous and pious mind and proud of the singular quickness of her apprehension. She was born in St. James's Palace, on the 28th of December, 1635.<sup>1</sup>

The princess had been admitted to her father's

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Makings, the linguist, sister to John Pell, the linguist and mathematician, was for some time her instructress. Mrs. Makings, it seems, afterward kept a school. At the end of "An Essay on the Education of Gentlewomen," published in 1673, is the following curious postscript: "If any enquire where this education may be performed, such may be informed that a school is lately erected for gentlewomen at Tottenham

presence the day previous to his execution, and, like her brother Henry, had carried away with her an impression which was never effaced. That solemn and affecting scene has been elsewhere described; yet, it is not generally known that the young princess herself committed an account of it to paper. When Charles had communicated to her his last directions, "Sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this." "No," she said, "I shall never forget it while I live," and with many tears promised to write down the particulars. The relation, in her own words, is as follows :

"What the king said to me twenty-ninth of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

High-Cross, within four miles of London, in the road to Ware; where Mrs. Makings is governess, who was sometimes tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First; where, by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and all manner of sober and virtuous education; more particularly in all things ordinarily taught in other schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts, half the time to be spent in these things; the other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues; and those that please, may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish, in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge, etc., etc.

"Those that think these things improbable or impracticable, may have farther account every Tuesday, at Mr. Mason's Coffee-house in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange; and Thursday at the Bolt and Tun, in Fleet Street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs. Makings shall appoint."

“ He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him ; for that would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of the land. He bid me read Bishop Andrews’s Sermons, Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity, and Bishop Laud’s book against Fisher, which would ground me against popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also ; and commanded us to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to his last. Withal, he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her ; and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave.

“ Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them ; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. And desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr ; and that he doubted not but that the Lord would settle his throne upon his

son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember."

The princess was at Hampton Court at the period of Charles's escape from that place, and it was in consequence of her complaining that the sentinels disturbed her rest that they were removed to a greater distance, and thus afforded him greater facility in effecting his flight.

Having been placed successively under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland and the Countess of Leicester, in August, 1650, she was committed by the Parliament to the care of Anthony Mildmay, formerly carver to King Charles, by whom she was conducted to Carisbrook Castle. The Commons appear to have taken but little care of her maintenance. In the "*Desiderata Curiosa*" is published a memorial from Mildmay to the Speaker, in favour of the four domestics allowed her by the Parliament, who petition for their promised remuneration, which had hitherto been very irregularly paid.

The rumour which has existed, that the princess was actually bound apprentice to a glover or button-maker at Newport, is generally supposed to have been unfounded; nevertheless the author is credibly informed that the indenture is still preserved among the archives of that town. Probably

she was saved from the actual indignity of servitude by the state of her health, as she survived her arrival at Carisbrook but a few weeks.

Early in September, 1650, returning from bowls with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, she complained of a pain in her head, which was followed by a sickness that terminated her short life of captivity and sorrow. "She fell sick," says Fuller, "about the beginning of September, and continued so for three or four days, having only the advice of Doctor Bignall, a worthy and able physician of Newport. After very many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, she took leave of the world, on Sunday, the 8th of the same September," 1650. Sir Theodore Mayerne, a celebrated physician of the period, sent her some medicines from London. Heath says "that, with this exception, but little care was taken of her in her sickness." This account indeed is corroborated by Mayerne himself, who had been physician to the court in its palmy days, and who in this capacity had prescribed for the princess in 1649; he inserts the following touching memorandum among his papers: "*Ex febre malignâ tunc grassante, obiit in custodiâ in Vecti Insulâ, procul a medicis et remediis, die 8 Septemb. circa tertiam pomeridianam.*" "She died of a fever at that period raging, when in prison in the Isle of Wight; far removed from physicians and medical aid, on the eighth day of September, about three

o'clock in the afternoon." No one was with her when she died. The person who entered the apartment immediately afterward discovered her with her cheek lying on a Bible, the parting gift of her unfortunate father. The royalists attributed her death to poison, administered by order of Cromwell. No one can doubt but that the acerbity of party feeling alone originated the ridiculous report.

The princess is generally reported to have died of grief. Not improbably the painful scenes which she had witnessed, the loss of liberty, and the deep feelings of which her nature was susceptible, tended to hasten her end. Her constitution, however, seems originally to have been delicate, inasmuch as we are told that the quickness of her mind made amends for the weakness of her body. Fuller says that she was "affected by the afflictions of her family beyond her age." At the time of her death she had not completed her fifteenth year.

Her remains were carried to the church of Newport in a "borrowed coach." This circumstance omitted, there appears to have been no want of respect for her memory. Her body was embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, the mayor and aldermen of Newport respectfully attending the interment.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ANNE, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth of This Princess — Affecting Anecdote Connected with Her Last Moments — Her Death.

BUT little can be said respecting a child that died in its fifth year. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, on the 23d of March, 1636, “Friday morning, the seventeenth of this month, St. Patrick’s day, was the queen brought to bed of a daughter, which will please the Irish well. It is not yet christened, neither hear I anything of the gossips.” There is, however, a simple but affecting anecdote related of this little princess. In her last moments she was desired by one of her attendants to pray. She said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord’s Prayer, but would say her short one: “Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.” She had scarcely repeated the words when life departed. She was born at St. James’s, on the 17th March, 1636, and died 8th December, 1640.

## CHAPTER V.

### HENRIETTA MARIA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Character of This Princess — She Is Consigned to the Care of the Countess of Morton — Escape of the Countess with Her Young Charge to Paris — Joy of the Queen in Meeting Her Daughter — Sir John Reresby's Account of the Latter — The Young Princess at the French Court — Deceptive Conduct of Louis — Henrietta's Lovers — Her Return to England at the Restoration — Description of Her by Pepys — Her Marriage to the Duke of Orleans — Her Success in Confirming Her Brother James in the Romish Faith — Her Second Visit to England, and Reception at Dover by Charles the Second — Scandalous Reports — Suspicions Connected with the Duchess's Last Illness — Her Dying Interview with Montagu — Her Death — Its Effect on Charles — Inquiry into the Circumstances of the Duchess's Decease — Her Children by the Duke of Orleans.

LOVELY in her person, gay and attractive in her manners, fond of admiration, and not averse to intrigue, Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles the First, was the idol alike of the French king and of his complaisant courtiers. She was the favourite child and constant companion of her mother, whose religion she embraced, and whose country she preferred. To the vivacity of her fascinating parent, she added much of the wit and

conversational humour which distinguished her brother Charles. Burnet, who is no friend to her character, speaks of her as the wittiest woman in France. She never even beheld her unfortunate father.

Henrietta was born in Bedford House, Exeter, in the midst of the civil troubles, on the 16th of June, 1644. Her mother having been compelled to seek refuge in France, Charles entrusted his infant to the beautiful Countess of Morton,<sup>1</sup> who, true to her trust, determined, if possible, to elude the vigilance of the Parliament, and to carry her young charge to the queen, her mother, at Paris. The princess was scarcely more than two years old when they set out on foot from Oatlands on their hazardous journey. They were both disguised as persons in a humble rank of life. The princess wore a coarse gray frock, and as the child naturally missed the bright colours to which it had been accustomed, she frequently lisped out her displeasure, assuring every one she spoke to that it was not the dress she had always worn. Lady Morton is complimented by Waller on the success of her enterprise :

“ From armed foes to bring a royal prize,  
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers (brother to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham), and wife of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton.

If Judith, marching with the general's head,  
Can give us passion when her story's read ;  
What may the living do, which brought away  
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey ?  
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand  
Snatched her fair charge, the princess, like a brand :  
A brand ! preserved to warm some prince's heart ;  
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part."

The queen was overjoyed to embrace her child, and from this period they became inseparable. The childhood of the young princess was passed either in Paris or its vicinity. Sir John Reresby, who seems to have been a favourite of the exiled queen, was a frequent visitor at the Palais Royal. "Her Majesty," he says, "had none of her children with her but the Princess Henrietta Maria ; and few of the English making their court there, I was the better received. As I spoke the language of the country and danced pretty well, the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved toward me with all the civil freedom that might be. She made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her Highness's chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

The appearance of the youthful princess was hailed with rapture in the brilliant circles of Paris. At the French court there were none who could

compete with her either in wit or loveliness ; and the young king, Louis the Fourteenth, was the first to confess the power of her charms. “The court of France,” says Reresby, “was very splendid this winter, 1660 ; a grand mask was danced at the Louvre, where the king and Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration. But there was now a greater resort to the palace than the French court ; the good-humour and wit of our queen-mother, and the beauty of the princess, her daughter, being more inviting than anything that appeared in the French queen.” According to Burnet, the only object of Louis in addressing the princess as a lover was to cover his intercourse with the celebrated Madame La Vallière. Henrietta, he adds, having encouraged the king’s addresses, was highly incensed when she discovered the deception.

It is to be feared that, like many of her family, the heart of Henrietta was too susceptible of tender sentiments, although to what extent there was criminality in her attachments it is now impossible to ascertain. Truth is never very easy to arrive at, and in cases of scandal the difficulty is usually doubled. Among the most favoured of Henrietta’s reputed lovers stands the Count de Guiche. The feeling on both sides is described as having been ardent and sincere. It should be mentioned, however, that Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, expresses, in

her Memoirs, her conviction of Henrietta's innocence.

Another of Henrietta's presumed lovers was the Count de Treville. When on her death-bed, it is said she repeated in her delirium, "Adieu, Treville!" The count was so much affected by this slight incident, or, more probably, by the death of the princess, that he shut himself up for many years in a monastery. When he returned to the world he was an altered and a devout man.

At the Restoration, Henrietta accompanied her mother to England, where she remained about six months. Pepys says in his Diary, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation ; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." On the 31st of March, 1661, while yet scarcely seventeen, she was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans (only brother to Louis the Fourteenth), a wicked and narrow-minded voluptuary, with nothing to recommend him but his handsome person.<sup>1</sup>

On the 15th of May, 1670, Henrietta again

<sup>1</sup> Abbé de Longueville thus describes the duke: "He was continually talking without saying anything. He never had but one book, which was his mass-book, and his clerk of the closet used always to carry it in his pocket for him." — *Seaward*.

visited England, on which occasion she is reported to have confirmed her brother James in his predilection for the Romish faith. Her principal object, however, as is well known, was to persuade Charles to join the French king in a league against the Dutch. Charles, attended by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, hastened to Dover to receive her on landing. The rest of the court shortly afterward followed, and for a fortnight, which was the extent of her visit, Dover was the constant scene of splendid rejoicings. It was on this occasion that she is said to have fixed her affections on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, an accusation which, apparently, nothing but malice could have invented. The duke, in fact, was her own nephew.

Henrietta was the favourite sister of Charles, and there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his affection. To the French court it was an important discovery, and accordingly we find Colbert, the French ambassador in England, in his despatches, laying great stress on the circumstance. In one of his letters he writes : “Her influence over the king was remarked by all ; he wept when he parted from her, and whatever favour she asked of him was granted.”

Henrietta survived her return to France scarcely more than a month. Whatever may have been her conduct during her short visit to England, it is certain that the jealous temper of her husband was

painfully aroused by the reports of her conduct which had reached him during her absence. We are naturally unwilling to place much faith in the rumours of royal poisonings, still, there is a mystery hanging over the fate of Henrietta which it is far from easy to remove; nor shall we readily acquit her husband of having been the author of her death. The following particulars of her last illness are not without interest.

It appears that one of her attendants having brought her her usual beverage, some succory water, she complained that it had a bitter taste, but, nevertheless, swallowed the contents of the glass. Shortly afterward, being attacked by excruciating pains, she exclaimed several times that she was poisoned, desiring that she might be put to bed, and her confessor instantly sent for. The King of France arrived shortly afterward, bringing with him his own physician. The latter endeavoured to console her with false hopes, but she persisted in her conviction that she should never recover. Her piety and resolution during her illness are described as having been most exemplary. She told her husband that she had the less fear of death, since she had nothing to reproach herself with in her conduct toward him. Of the French king she took leave with all the grace of former days, telling him that what made her most regret to leave the world was the loss of his friendship and esteem.

Having expressed a strong desire to converse with Montagu, the English ambassador, he was summoned to her sick-chamber, and remained with her to the last. She told him she could not possibly live long, desiring him to convey her most affectionate regards to the king, her brother, and to thank him for all the kindness she had ever experienced from him. She frequently recurred to the grief which he would feel at her loss ; “I have always loved him,” she said, “above all things in the world, and should not regret to leave it, but that I leave him.” She told Montagu where he would discover her money after her death, desiring him to distribute it among her servants, whom she mentioned by name, and whom she recommended in the strongest manner to the protection of Charles. She admitted that she had long been on bad terms with her husband, adding, that he had recently been much exasperated by finding her in close, but harmless conversation with the King of France. Montagu inquired of her in English if she believed herself poisoned ; her confessor, however, guessed what was passing between them, and told her she must accuse no one. When Montagu afterward pressed the question, she shrugged up her shoulders, but said nothing. She had no sooner expired than her money and papers were seized by her husband. As she usually wrote in cipher, the latter probably baffled his curiosity.

As regarded the question whether Henrietta had been really poisoned, there existed much difference of opinion even in her own family. Her brother, the Duke of York, certainly discredited the fact. "It was suspected," he says, "that counter poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no ground of suspicion of any foul play." This account is in exact opposition to what is asserted by Burnet, that her stomach was completely ulcerated. Charles, on the other hand, appears to have been far from satisfied that his sister died a natural death. When Sir Thomas Armstrong detailed to him the particulars of her illness, for which purpose he had ridden post from Paris, the king burst into tears. "The duke," he said, "is a ——! But, prithee, Tom, don't speak of it." Subsequently he sent Sir William Temple into France, to make inquiries into the truth of the report. Temple told Lord Dartmouth that he "found more in it than was fit to be known," but that he had advised the king to drop the inquiry, unless he was in a condition to resent it as became a great king; especially as it might prejudice the infant daughters of his deceased sister. The French king also appears to have been in some difficulty how to act. He had in the first instance publicly indicated his suspicions of foul play, by refusing to

receive a letter sent him by the duke, his brother. Subsequently, however, we find him altering his opinion ; asserting that, after every inquiry into the circumstances, he was completely convinced of his brother's innocence. Without pretending to arrive at any definite conclusion, it may be remarked that both Montagu and Sir Thomas Armstrong seem to have been satisfied that the unfortunate princess was poisoned. Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans,— who of course had every opportunity of obtaining the best information, — also expresses herself convinced of the fact.<sup>1</sup>

Henrietta died at St. Cloud on the 30th of June, 1670, having just completed the twenty-sixth year of her age. By Philip, Duke of Orleans, she was the mother of three children : Philip, who died young ; Maria, married to Charles the Second, King of Spain ; and Anna Maria, who became the wife of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, and afterward King of Sicily and Sardinia. This latter princess was great-grandmother of Louis the Sixteenth, who was beheaded in 1793, that unfortunate monarch having been the sixth in generation from Charles the First. But for the Act of Settlement passed after the Revolution of 1688, a descendant of Henrietta would at this time be seated on the throne of these realms.

<sup>1</sup> This is supposing (what we believe to be the case) that the five remarkable letters, attached to the first volume of Lord Arlington's correspondence, were the productions of Montagu.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Summary of Buckingham's Character — His Parents — His Mother's Presage of His Future Greatness — His First Appearance at Court — James's Admiration — Indignity Offered to Somerset's Picture — Effect of the King's Partiality — The Queen's Prediction — Buckingham Insulted by One of Somerset's Retainers — Project to Assassinate Buckingham — Commencement of James's Favours to Buckingham — Archbishop Abbot's Advice to Him — Dazzling Rapidity of Buckingham's Rise — His Magnificence — The Entertainments of York House — Buckingham's Cabinet of Pictures — His Patronage of Lord Herbert of Cherbury — Origin of Buckingham's *Sobriquet*, "Steenie" — His Person and Character, Sketched by Bishop Goodman and Sir Symonds D'Ewes — Buckingham's Marriage — Scandal Relating to Him — Letter from His Wife during His Absence in Spain — Mutual Affection.

ALTHOUGH the historian may deny to Buckingham the merit of genius, and even of any extraordinary political capacity, mankind will, nevertheless, ever wonder at that consummate knowledge of human character, — will ever be dazzled by those thousand accomplishments, which raised him to the pinnacle of human greatness, — which made the wisest and haughtiest of his contempor-

raries subservient to his will, and which gave him an ascendant alike over the imbecile James and the virtuous Charles. His odious position as a favourite, and his unfitness to conduct the affairs of a great empire, have drawn down upon him the harshest invectives of the historian. Nevertheless, it is easier to impugn the wisdom of his counsels than the integrity of his intentions. Charles would never have fixed his affections on a really bad man ; and, however much we may regret the weak judgment and unfortunate influence of Buckingham, there is no reason to call in question either his zeal for his country or his attachment to his unfortunate master.

Moreover, Buckingham was not deficient in the better qualities of the heart. If his nature was imperious, it was at least his equals, and not his inferiors, whom he insulted by his haughtiness or crushed by his power. His disposition was generous ; he was a considerate master ; he despised the common arts of dissimulation ; and if a violent, he was at least an open enemy. His accomplishments both of mind and body, the eminent grace and elegance of his person, the refinement of his manners, his chivalrous courage, and the magnificence and refinement of his taste, have never been called in question. His character appears to have been a strange mixture of generous qualities and unruly passions. After perusing the history of his dazzling career, we doubt whether there is most

ground for envy or commiseration, for censure or applause.

George Villiers was born at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, 28th of August, 1592. He was the third son of Sir George Villiers, knight, by Mary Beaumont, his second wife, to whom a separate memoir has been accorded. The Villiers, an ancient though not a distinguished family, had been resident in Leicestershire for nearly four centuries, a circumstance of itself sufficient to confer respectability. The future favourite was the darling of his mother, who seems to have early conceived a presage of his future greatness, and to have educated him accordingly. On the death of his father, which took place when he was about thirteen, she sent for him from his school at Billisdon, for the purpose of having him instructed in all those graceful accomplishments which are more likely to make an elegant courtier than a sober Christian. With the view of giving a last finish to his education, she sent him, at the age of eighteen, into France, in which country he remained about three years.

Buckingham made his first appearance at court about the year 1614. His pecuniary resources at this period were so extremely limited that it was with difficulty he was enabled to maintain his position as a gentleman. Arthur Wilson says "that he had not above fifty pounds a year," and Sir Symonds D'Ewes goes still further. Accord-

ing to the latter authority, Buckingham, shortly before he became favourite, was seen at Cambridge races, “in an old black suit, broken out in various places.” Weldon relates, as the occasion of Buckingham’s first becoming a frequenter of the court, that he had fallen in love with a daughter of Sir Roger Aston, master of the robes to King James. The lady returned his love, and it was only their mutual want of fortune which delayed their marriage. But in the meantime Buckingham had been introduced to the king, when, foreseeing how seriously an imprudent marriage must interfere with the brilliant prospects before him, he determined, though apparently not without an inward struggle, to abandon the smiles of the lady for those of fortune. This early attachment is alluded to both by Wotton and Lloyd. They alike agree in attributing the defection of Buckingham to the advice of his friend, Sir John Graham, who persuaded him to laugh at romance, and leave his betrothed to the chance of enslaving a less fickle admirer.

Buckingham first caught the eye of James while performing in the play of “*Ignoramus*,” on an occasion of its being acted before his Majesty by the students of Cambridge. Struck with the eminent grace and beauty of his person, the king expressed his admiration so warmly as to give the first idea to the enemies of Somerset that it might be possible to supersede him by a new candidate

for royal favour. Accordingly, we find the project seriously canvassed at a supper-party, at which were present the heads of the noble families of Herbert, Seymour, and Russell. The guests, we are told, on separating, happened to pass through Fleet Street, when one of the party, perceiving Somerset's picture exposed for sale on a painter's stall, desired his servant to throw some dirt on the face, — an order which was effectually obeyed. The anecdote is trivial, but throws a rather curious light on the manners of the time.

The king's partiality no sooner became publicly known, than Buckingham had, of course, no want of friends. William, Earl of Pembroke, and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, supplied him liberally with money; while Sir Thomas Lake, we are assured, bought for him the place of cupbearer, to which he was shortly afterward nominated. According to Lloyd, the courtiers wished him well because he was an Englishman; the nobility, because he was a gentleman; the king, because he had beauty and parts; and the ladies, because he was the “exactest courtier in Christendom.”

On one of Buckingham's first visits to court, the king, turning to Lord Arundel, inquired “what he thought of him.” Arundel, looking at his blushing face, observed “that his bashfulness was ill-suited to a court.” The queen, Anne of Denmark, was, however, of a very different opinion. When pressed to introduce Buckingham to the

king, by those who wished ill to Somerset, she gave as her objection, that “if he became a favourite, he would prove more intolerable than any that had gone before him.” This anecdote is related by Coke, and, moreover, is authenticated by Archbishop Abbot, who was present when the queen made use of the words. “Noble queen” (he writes, in recording the circumstance), “how like a prophetess did you speak!” His grace informs us that the king would never adopt a new favourite, unless he were recommended by his wife. His motive was, that he might turn the tables on her, should she hereafter have reason to find fault with his selection.

Buckingham, ere long, had to encounter a series of insults from the friends and retainers of Somerset. On one occasion, a creature of the declining favourite, in carrying a dish to the royal table, insolently spilt a part of its contents over Buckingham’s splendid dress. Want of spirit was not a failing of Buckingham, and he instantly repaid the insult with a box on the ear. Such a proceeding, according to the laws of the court, exposed the offending party to the penalty of losing his hand; and, moreover, Somerset, in his capacity of lord chamberlain, was the proper person to see the mutilation enforced.<sup>1</sup> James, however, inter-

<sup>1</sup> The Statute, 33 Henry VIII., c. 12, after enacting the barbarous penalty, proceeds as follows: “And for the further declaration of the solemn and due circumstances of the execution,

fered, and by his behaviour on the occasion gave additional proof of the interest he took in his new favourite. Buckingham, we are told, obtained a "clear conquest" over his rival.

One Ker, or Carr, illegitimately connected with the falling favourite, carried his feelings of friendship for his kinsman to such an extreme, as actually to have made up his mind to assassinate Buckingham. Fortunately, a friend, to whom he communicated his project, discovered it to the court. Ker denied the charge so stubbornly that, though condemned to a long imprisonment, he escaped with his life.

James commenced his favours to Buckingham, as he had formerly done to Somerset, by attending to his education and moral improvement. He taught him, we are told, three things: a love for retirement, the art of conversation, and the qualifications necessary to make him a man of business. Buckingham did credit to the king's judgment, by showing himself — at this period at least — courteous and affable to all men; procuring the royal patronage gratis for those who sought him, while

appertaining, and of long time used and accustomed, to and for such malicious strikings, by reason whereof blood is, hath been, or hereafter shall be shed, against the king's peace; it is therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the sergeant, or chief surgeon, for the time being, or his deputy, of the king's household, his heirs and successors, shall be ready at the place and time of execution as shall be appointed, as is aforesaid, to sear the stump when the hand is stricken off."

Somerset had been in the habit of exacting large sums for the favours which he conferred.

It was greatly to Buckingham's credit that, at the commencement of his brilliant career, he lived on terms of friendship with, and was regarded with an affectionate interest by, the amiable Archbishop Abbot. That excellent prelate thus addresses the young courtier, on the first dawn of his rising splendour :

“And now, my George, because of your kind affection toward me you style me your father, I will from this day forward repute and esteem you for my son, and so hereafter know yourself to be. And in token thereof, I do now give you my blessing again, and charge you, as my son, daily to serve God, to be diligent and pleasing to your master, and to be wary that, at no man's instance, you press him with many suits ; because they are not your friends that urge those things upon you, but have private ends of their own, which are not fit for you. So praying God to bless you, I rest,

“ Your very loving father,

“ G. CANT.

“ *Lambeth, 10th Dec., 1615.*

“ To my very loving son, Sir George Villiers, Knight and Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber.”

The dazzling rapidity of Buckingham's rise is perhaps unexampled in the annals of favouritism. Within a few short years, he was knighted, made

a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, created Baron of Whaddon and Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham; received the Order of the Garter, and the appointments of Master of the Horse, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court, Lord High Admiral of England, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> These favours were all heaped upon him by James. Charles, on his accession to the throne, had little but his affection to add to such a pageant.

Buckingham's magnificence was at least equal to his illustrious fortunes. Imagination can conceive nothing more splendid than the entertainments, the equipages, and even the personal appearance of this favourite of fortune. His jewels alone were valued at three hundred thou-

<sup>1</sup> Buckingham was appointed cupbearer, and received into the king's household in 1613. On St. George's Day, 1615, he was knighted, made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and had an annuity of a thousand pounds settled on him out of the Court of Wards. At New Year's tide following, he received the appointment of master of the horse; and in July, 1616, was installed Knight of the Garter. On the twenty-second of August, in the same year, he was created Baron of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers. On the 5th of January, 1617, he was made Earl of Buckingham, and a privy counsellor; and in March, accompanying the king to Scotland, he was sworn of the privy council of that kingdom. He was created Earl of Coventry and Duke of Buckingham, 18th of May, 1623.—*Granger.*

sand pounds. “It was common with him,” we are told, “at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings ; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl ; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels ; insomuch, that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute : one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds ; as were also his sword and spurs.” Buckingham was the first person who was carried about in a sedan-chair. The circumstance caused a great sensation at the time, the vulgar attributing it to his pride, and railing at him as he passed through the streets. “It was a shame,” they said, “that men should be brought to as servile condition as horses.”<sup>1</sup>

Another incident, which added to his unpopularity, was the circumstance of his having his coach drawn by six horses, —a striking instance of

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn tells us, in his *Diary*, that sedan-chairs were first brought to England by Sir Saunders Duncombe. This person, who was gentleman pensioner to Kings James and Charles I., is said to have taken out a patent in 1634. Buckingham, however, may yet have been the first who had the boldness to make use of them.



and the Duke of Buckingham, "the most  
handsome, gallant, and valiant man in  
England," and good friends, and to have  
had a mutual admiration and propensity to  
live together. The Duke had given up his  
old residence at the Strand, and now  
lived in a house in the Strand, in the  
company of his good friend, the Duke of  
Buckingham, and the Duke had given  
up his old residence at the Strand, and now  
lived in a house in the Strand, in the  
company of his good friend, the Duke of  
Buckingham, and the Duke had given

*George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

Photo-etching after the engraving by Houben.

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Another incident which occurred in the history of the  
Duke of Buckingham was the commission of the Duke of  
Buckingham to the Duke of Buckingham, which was  
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made by the Duke of Buckingham.





his splendour, when we remember that only forty years had elapsed since coaches had been first introduced into England.<sup>1</sup> When the fact was related to the old Earl of Northumberland (the “stout earl,” as he was called), he said that if Buckingham was drawn by six horses, he had at least a right to eight. And with this number he actually drove through the streets, to the great contentment of the citizens.

These, indeed, are but trivial illustrations of Buckingham’s magnificence; while, on the other hand, it would be difficult to do justice to the refined taste and unparalleled splendour which characterised the entertainments of York House,—“those entertainments,” says D’Israeli, “which combined all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier.” Bassompierre, whose judgment in matters of taste was unrivalled, describes one of Buckingham’s entertainments as the most splendid he had ever seen. “The king,” he says, “supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations,—changes of

<sup>1</sup> The introduction of coaches into England is commonly attributed to Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, in 1580. It seems, however, that they were first brought from the Netherlands by William Booren, a Dutchman, who presented one to Queen Elizabeth, about the eighth year of her reign. They were first drawn by only two horses.

scenery, tables, and music. The duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced, and afterward we set to and danced country dances till four in the morning ; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations.” This would seem to have been the identical entertainment, a description of which Mr. D’Israeli has extracted from the Sloane MSS., and published in his “Curiosities of Literature.” “Last Sunday at night, the duke’s grace entertained their Majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds ; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life that the queen’s Majesty could name them. It was four o’clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds.”

The duke’s cabinet of pictures and works of art were valuable and choice in the extreme. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the architect and painter, writes

to his patron, 8th February, 1625 : " Sometimes, when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your Excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your Excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue. Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, to be able to laugh at those facetious folk who say it is money cast away for baubles and shadows. I know they will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be less than shadows." For a collection, which had been made by Rubens, the duke gave 10,000*l.*; and he also employed Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, to purchase for him the most valuable productions of the great masters. For one of the pictures of Titian, the "Ecce Homo," Lord Arundel offered him 7,000*l.*, either in money or land. In this picture were introduced likenesses of the Pope, Charles the Fifth, and Solyman the Magnificent. When the duke's cabinet came to be disposed of during the civil troubles, this fine

work of art was purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and placed in the castle of Prague. Buckingham's encouragement of the fine arts was not confined to pictures. When he was sent to the States, to negotiate for the restitution of the Palatinate, he purchased for a large sum the curious collection of Arabic MSS. made by Erpinus the linguist, which he afterward bequeathed to the University of Cambridge.

There can be no doubt, indeed, but that Buckingham both highly appreciated and generously rewarded talent. It was apparently from no other motive but the fame which his abilities had acquired for him, that the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury obtained his appointment as ambassador to Paris at Buckingham's hands. When Lord Herbert shortly afterward became involved in one of those scrapes which his chivalrous sense of honour was continually entailing on him, Buckingham took his part, and protected him from the serious consequences of the king's displeasure. It was owing to Buckingham's fine taste, in conjunction with that of his royal master, King Charles, that Rubens, Vandyke, and Gerbier were attracted to England, and also that Inigo Jones enriched the arts, and embellished London, by his genius. When will such a period again arrive? Not till we have a new Charles and another Buckingham.

In forming our estimate of the accomplishments of Buckingham, and the brilliant figure which he

presented at two succeeding courts, we must bear in mind that perfect elegance and beauty, which rendered him the idol of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. James, as is well known, conferred on him the familiar name of Steemie. He alluded to the passage (Acts vi. 15) where it is said of St. Stephen, that "All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" from whence the king chose to confer on his favourite, though not very appropriately, the name of Stephen, and thence by corruption Steenie. Bishop Goodman, who was well acquainted with him, draws the following sketch of his person and character : "Buckingham," he says, "of all others was most active; he had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition. And truly his intellects were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension, insomuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men (neither of them had gotten so little as 3,600*l.* per annum by the court), whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged,— yet I heard both those men say and give him this testimony, that he was as inwardly beautiful as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions the occasion of a tilting-match at Whitehall, when he had the opportunity of watching Buckingham closely for about half an hour, the duke being at the time in earnest conversation with some French noblemen. "I saw everything in him," he says, "full of delicacy and handsome features; yea, his hands and feet seemed to be specially effeminate and curious. It is possible he seemed the more accomplished, because the French messieurs that had invested him were very swarthy, hard-featured men." Clarendon, and indeed every writer of the period, bears the same testimony to Buckingham's uncommon beauty. It would seem, however, by the portraits of him in his latter days, that it lasted but with the period of early youth.

Buckingham was only once married, his wife having been Catherine, daughter of Francis, Earl of Rutland. The story of their union is involved in mystery. According to Arthur Wilson, the duke, in the first instance, seduced her from her father's house, and, after keeping her for some time in his lodgings, returned her to her family. On being made acquainted with his daughter's elopement, the earl, it is said, roused to the highest pitch of indignation, sent a message to Buckingham that, if he did not instantly marry his daughter, his greatness should be no protection to him. Buckingham, it is added, eventually consented to repair the lady's honour, and they were

accordingly married. There is, unquestionably, much truth in this strange story. That the Earl of Rutland had been originally averse to marrying his daughter to Buckingham, that her partiality for the favourite caused her parent to treat her harshly, and that she subsequently eloped with Buckingham from her father's house, is evident from the letters which passed between the duke and his future father-in-law, from the period of her flight to that of her marriage. The duke, however, denies in the strongest manner that her honour had suffered at his hands. "I will constantly profess," he writes to the earl, her father, "that she never received any blemish in her honour, but that which came by your own tongue. It is true, I never thought before to have seen the time that I should need to come within the compass of the law, by stealing of a wife against the consent of her parents; considering of the favours that it pleaseth his Majesty, though undeservedly, to bestow upon me. So, leaving this to you and your wife's censure, I rest your lordship's servant.

"G. BUCKINGHAM."

The king, it seems, had refused his consent to their union, as long as the lady should continue to profess herself a Roman Catholic. The lord keeper, Doctor Williams, was selected to effect her conversion, and as the lady's interests were con-

cerned, and her character at stake, he appears to have encountered but little difficulty in performing his task. Lady Catherine was the richest heiress in England.

Wilson expatiates with much acrimony when he speaks of Buckingham's reputed amours; and Peyton, of course, joins in the outcry against the unpopular duke. But, perhaps, the most ridiculous piece of scandal is that of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. After attacking the duke for his want of devotion, he tells us that, at the baptism of some noble infant, at which Buckingham happened to be a spectator, with some young and beautiful women, the minister no sooner came to the passage where it is required of the sponsors to combat against the weaknesses of the flesh, than Buckingham began to "wink and smile" at his fair companions, by which the solemnity of the ceremony was entirely destroyed. Such highly coloured accusations are not to be relied upon. Beauty had doubtless its charms for Buckingham, and in all probability his conduct was not immaculate; nevertheless, considering the temptations to which his rank and accomplishments exposed him, his conduct appears to have been tolerably free, if not from error, at least from deliberate vice. Whatever may have been Buckingham's conduct in this particular, at least his own wife was the last to believe him guilty of the charge. We find her affectionately writing to him

during his absence in Spain, on the 16th July, 1623 :

“ I am very glad that you have the pearls, and that you like them so well ; and am sure they do not help you to win the ladies’ hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world ; but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Everybody tells me how happy I am in a husband, and how chaste you are ; that you will not look at a woman, and yet how they woo you. Though I was confident of this before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to him for giving of me you ! Dear love, I did verily hope I should have had a lock of your hair by Killegrew, and I am sorry I had it not ; but seeing you have a conceit it may prove unlucky, it is well you sent it not, though I think it but an old wife’s tale.”

There is reason to believe, from the letters which passed between Buckingham and his wife, that the maligned duke was, in fact, a most affectionate husband. Sir Henry Wotton tells us that he loved his wife dearly, “ expressing his love in an act and time of no simulation ; toward his end bequeathing her all his mansion-houses during her natural life, and a power to dispose of his whole personal estate, together with a fourth part of his lands in jointure.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham's Indomitable Pride — Implacable Enmity between Him and Olivarez — Story Respecting Buckingham and the Countess Olivarez — Correspondence between King James, Charles, and Buckingham — Jewels Lavished on the Spanish Ladies by the Two Latter — Buckingham's Unpopular Conduct in Spain — Specimens of the Style of Correspondence between James and Buckingham — Letters from the Duchess of Buckingham to Her Husband — Plot against Buckingham — Change in the King's Treatment of Him — Buckingham's Distress — Erroneous Opinions that the Duke Was Declining in the Royal Favour — Buckingham's Resentment Toward Iniosa.

THE overweening pride and headstrong passions of Buckingham were never more openly displayed than when he accompanied Charles on his romantic visit to Madrid. The Spaniards seem to have been no less astounded by his insolence, than dazzled by his splendour. Spanish etiquette could with difficulty comprehend the existence of such a character. They beheld, for the first time, a subject not only on the most intimate terms of friendship with the prince his master, but placing

himself on an equality with their own sovereign, and insulting his haughty minister, Olivarez, whenever they came in contact. “He was sometimes covered,” says Bishop Hacket, “when the prince was bare; sometimes sitting when the prince stood; capering aloft in sudden fits; and chirping the ends of sonnets.” “He was offensive to the court of Spain in taunting comparisons, and an open derider of their magniloquent phrases and garb of stateliness.”

Whatever may have been the original cause of misunderstanding between Buckingham and Olivarez, it is certain that their enmity was implacable; and that on one occasion Buckingham deliberately gave the proud Spaniard the lie. They had been discussing the probability of the prince’s conversion to the Romish faith, when Olivarez, in the heat of argument, affirmed that Buckingham had himself given hopes of such a consummation. The duke, in the most direct manner, insisted that it was false; adding that, as a gentleman, he felt himself bound to maintain the truth of his assertion, in whatever manner might be most satisfactory to Olivarez. The haughty Spaniard, it is said, flew into a violent passion, but, out of respect for the person of Charles, refrained from demanding the satisfaction which, under other circumstances, he would have exacted.

There exists a story,—which was openly dis-

cussed at the time, and which, for some years afterward, was current in Spain,—which attributes the ill-feeling between the two ministers to circumstances of a very private nature. Peyton, Weldon, Wilson, and even Sir Philip Warwick, have embellished the tale with some very indelicate particulars, on which we are unwilling to dwell. It is sufficient to observe that Buckingham, having thought proper to make the Countess Olivarez the object of his addresses, the lady was so far from being flattered by the preference that she divulged the circumstance to her husband. Such offence, it is said, did Buckingham's presumption give to the jealous Spaniard, that, in concert with his wife, he devised for the insolent Englishman the same punishment which the husband of "*La belle Féronière*" had inflicted on Francis the First of France, and which also, according to Bishop Burnet, the Earl of Southesk attempted to inflict on James, Duke of York, on discovering that he was the successful lover of Lady Southesk.

Notwithstanding, however, how numerous are the narrations of this strange piece of scandal, Lord Clarendon has thrown considerable discredit over the story. "Though the duke," he says, "was naturally carried violently to those passions, when there was any grace or beauty in the object, yet the Duchess of Olivarez was then a woman so old, past children, of so abject a presence, in a

word, so crooked and deformed, that she could neither tempt his appetite nor magnify his revenge." A passage also in Bishop Hacket's Life of Lord Keeper Williams, tends still further to throw discredit on the story. "There was a scandalous error," he says, "made table-talk in England, that our duke had attempted the chastity of the Condessa Olivarez. This is grossly contumacious. The lady was never solicited by Buckingham, as Sir Walter will testify in a postscript of a letter to the duke: 'The Condessa Olivarez bids me tell you that she kisseth your Grace's hands, and does every day recommend you particularly by name in her prayers to God.'"

It is certain, nevertheless, that Buckingham quitted Madrid without having taken leave of the countess. When he parted from Olivarez he told him that he should always entertain the kindest feeling toward the royal family of Spain; "but as for you, sir, personally," he added, "I shall make no professions of friendship with you, and you must always expect opposition at my hands." Olivarez turned on his heels, telling him he accepted what was spoken.

Among the Harleian MSS. are several of the letters which passed between James on the one hand, and Charles and Buckingham on the other, during the period that they were absent on their romantic expedition. Those from Madrid are gen-

erally subscribed both by Charles and Buckingnam, while the king usually addresses them in common, as “ Babie Charles ” and “ Dogge Steenie.” The following is a brief specimen of James’s mode of writing to the travellers.

“ Sweet boys, the news of your going is already so blown abroad, as I am forced, for your safety, to post this bearer [the Earl of Carlisle] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

“ JAMES R.”

The travellers thus describe to James one of the clandestine visits which they paid to the interior of the French court during their short sojourn at Paris.

“ SIR :— Since the closing of our last, we have been at court again (and that we might not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known), where we saw the young queen, little monsieur, and madame, at the practising of a mask that is intended by the queen to be presented to the king, and in it there danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst which the queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister. So, in haste,

going to bed, we humbly take our leaves and rest.

“ Your Majesty’s most humble,  
and obedient son and servant,

“ CHARLES.

“ And your humble slave and dog,  
“ STEENIE

“ *Paris, the 22d of February, 162<sup>3</sup>.*”

The old king, no doubt, felt extremely desolate in the absence of his heir and his favourite, and longed fervently for their safe and speedy return. In one of his letters, he writes to his “ sweet boys :” “ I wonder why you should ask me the question if ye should send me any more joint letters or not ; alack, sweet hearts, it is all my comfort in your absence that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is both to me and you ; and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough in not acquainting my council with any secret in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who, being present by chance at my receiving both of your first and second packet out of Madrid, would needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words ; and, in good faith, he is in this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon.”

In this letter James gives his son abundance of good advice. He warns him against being too pro-

fuse in his expenditure ; enjoins him to be careful of his person at the tilting matches, and to practise dancing in private ;<sup>1</sup> “but,” he adds, “the news of your glorious reception makes me afraid that ye will both misken your old Dad hereafter.” He concludes his letter with the same homely expression. “Thus God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing, and send you a happy, successful journey, and a joyful and happy return in the arms of your dear Dad.”

We have already alluded to the profusion of jewels, and other sumptuous presents, which were lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies ; and yet they were not wrested from the old king without much difficulty and repeated entreaties. The duke, we are told, on state occasions, purposely had his diamonds so loosely set, that, on passing a knot of Spanish beauties, he was able to shake a few off at his will. On being picked up, and offered to their owner, they were of course gracefully presented to the obliging fair ones. No wonder that the visit of Charles and his handsome favourite is still the theme of admiration in Spain. Sir Henry Ellis has published two original letters

<sup>1</sup> D’Israeli, in his “Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I.,” remarks in a note : “I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our pedant king, which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education that ‘the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing : his Majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music.’”

from Charles and the favourite, beseeching the old king to send them further supplies of jewels. Buckingham, in a postscript to one of the prince's letters, amusingly adds, "I, your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those here who must necessarily have presents, and this way will be least chargeable to your Majesty in my poor opinion." Buckingham, in another letter, in which he addresses the king as "Dear Dad, gossip, and steward," actually presses James to part with some jewels which formed a portion of the king's own wearing apparel; he mentions particularly the king's best hatband, the Portugal diamond, and the rest of the pendant diamonds, as requisite to make a necklace for the prince to present to his mistress. Buckingham is far from forgetful of his own interests, and takes care to ask for a rich chain or two for himself; or else, he says, "your dog will want a collar."

Buckingham's conduct appears to have been almost as personally offensive to the Spanish king as it was to his minister Olivarez. According to Howell, who was on the spot, there was some doubt whether the king would not actually refuse to treat with him on the subject of the projected marriage between Charles and the infanta. The Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador, writes to the Bishop of Lincoln: "I know not how things may be reconciled here before my lord duke's

departure, but at present they are in all extremely ill betwixt the king, his ministers, and the duke ; and they stick not to profess that they will rather put the infanta headlong into a well than into his hands.” In another letter to the bishop, the earl adds : “I protest unto your lordship as a Christian, that I never heard in all the time of his being here, nor since, any one exception taken against him [Charles], unless it were for being supposed to be too much guided by my lord Duke of Buckingham, who is indeed very little beholden to the Spaniards for their good opinion of him ; and departed from hence with so little satisfaction, that the Spaniards are in doubt that he will endeavour all that shall be possible to cross the marriage.” The unsuccessful termination of the Spanish match, or rather Buckingham’s share in procuring its miscarriage, rendered the duke for a short period the favourite of the English Parliament. They spoke openly of him as the “Saviour of his country,” and yet only a few months were allowed to elapse before they execrated and denounced him as a traitor.

As the style of correspondence which was carried on between James and Buckingham can scarcely have failed in affording amusement, another specimen or two may not be unwelcome. Among other instances of the familiarity with which the favourite approached his master, it may be remarked that, in his letters, the duke

frequently addresses the old king as his “purchaser.” This term undoubtedly had its origin in the quantity of fruit, game, and sweetmeats, which the king was in the habit of sending as presents to the duke and “Kate,” as he familiarly styled the duchess. More than once, in his letters, Buckingham returns thanks to his “dear dad and gossip,” for some such dainty cargo. The following brief extracts may be taken as specimens: “A million of thanks for your good melons and pears.” “The best show of true repentance of a fault is to make a true confession. I did forget to give thanks for my melons, grapes, peaches, and all the things else you sent. I must pass my account under that general term, or else I shall make the same fault again, by leaving out something, your favours are so many.” “I have received two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes and chickens, for all which I humbly thank your Majesty.” And again, “The sense and thankfulness of my heart for your excellent melons, pears, sugared beans, and assurance of better fruit planted in your bosom than ever grew in paradise, will best appear in my humble obedience of your commands.” The conclusion of the letter, from which the last extract is taken, is sufficiently amusing and characteristic. “My stags,” adds the duke, “are all lusty, my calf bold, and others are so, too; my Spanish colts are fat, and so is my jovial filly.

Mall,<sup>1</sup> great Mall,<sup>2</sup> Kate,<sup>3</sup> Sue,<sup>4</sup> and Steenie, shall all wait on you on Saturday, and kiss both James's and Charles's feet. To conclude, let this paper assure you that the last words I spoke to you are so true, that I will not only give my word, sware to you on the Holy Evangelists, but take the blessed sacrament upon them. So craving your blessing, I rest,

“Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog,  
“STEENIE.

“P. S. Baby Charles, I kiss thy warty hands.”

It appears that the term of “Tom Badger,” which occurs in the following letter from James, was one of the cant names by which the frivolous monarch thought proper to distinguish his favourite; his subscribing himself to the duke “your old purveyor” is scarcely more undignified.

“Sweet hearty blessing, blessing, blessing, on my sweet Tom Badger, and all his, for breeding me so fine a kennel of young hounds, some of them so fair and well-shaped, and some of them so fine pretty little ones, as they are worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed; and all of them run together in a lump, and God thank the master of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary, the duke's daughter.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, Countess of Buckingham, the duke's mother.

<sup>3</sup> Catherine, his duchess.

<sup>4</sup> Susan, Countess of Denbigh, the duke's youngest sister.

the horse for providing me such a number of fair useful horses, fit for my hand: in a word, I protest I was never master of such horses and hounds; the bearer will tell you what fine running we had yesterday. Remember now to take the air discreetly, and for God's sake, and mine, keep thyself very warm, especially thy head and shoulders; put thy park of Bewlie to an end, and love me still and still, and so God bless thee and my sweet daughter, and god-daughter, to the comfort of thy dear dad.

“JAMES R.

“Thy old purveyor sent thee yesternight six partridges and two leverets. I am now going to hawk the pheasant.”

There are extant some affectionate letters, addressed by the Duchess of Buckingham to her husband during his absence in Spain, which exhibit the domestic character of the duke in a very pleasing light. “I think,” she writes, “there never was such a man born as you are; and how much am I bound to God, that I must be that happy woman to enjoy you from all other women, and the unworthiest of all to have so great a blessing. Only this I can say for myself, you could never have had one that could love you better than your poor, true-loving Kate doth,—poor now, in your absence, but else the happiest and richest woman in the world.”

But the following specimen is even more pleasing.

“YORK HOUSE, 16th July, 1623.

“My lord, indeed I must crave your pardon that I did not write you more particulars of our pretty Moll. I did tell dry-nurse what you wrote to me, and she says you had one letter from her; and she has sent you word, by every one that has gone, that she was well, and what she could do. But if you will pardon me this fault, I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeves, she will not go softly, but stamp, and set one foot before another very fast, and I think she will run before she can go. She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and finger together, offering to snap; and then, when ‘Tom Duff’ is sung, then she will shake her apron; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Frances Hubert taught the prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can; and as they change the tunes, she will change her dancing. I would you were here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her now she is so full of pretty play and tricks; and she has gotten a trick, that when they dance her, she will cry ha, ha! and Nicholas will dance with his legs,

and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat ; for if one lay her down, she will kick her legs over her head ; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest. Everybody says she grows every day more like you ; you shall have her picture very shortly."

King James appears to have taken a great interest in his friend's wife, and styles her playfully, in one of his letters, "the poor fool Kate." We find Buckingham also speaking of her affectionately as "his poor little wife."

Notwithstanding the playful and affectionate letters which were addressed by James to Buckingham, during the absence of the latter in Spain, it has been supposed that, had the king's life been prolonged, the fall of the great favourite would have been as rapid as his rise. This supposition is rendered the less improbable, when we remember that James not only grew fretful and suspicious as he approached his end, but that latterly he had actually entertained apprehensions of personal danger at Buckingham's hands.

Certain it is, that a plot had been laid by Iniosa, the Spanish ambassador (acting probably under the directions of Olivarez), the object of which was to remove Buckingham for ever from the counsels and affections of his master. The king, it seems, was so closely watched, that Iniosa found some difficulty in carrying his plans into

execution. At length, in order to obtain a private interview, the Spaniard hit upon the following expedient. On a certain day, desiring one of his suite to use every endeavour to keep the prince and Buckingham in close conversation, he drew from his pocket a document affecting to contain an account of the duke's supposed conspiracy, which he stealthily placed in the hands of the imbecile monarch, at the same time making him a sign instantly to conceal the paper from view. The fears of James being thus awakened, he seized an opportunity, when Charles and the duke were absent in the House of Lords, to invite the Spaniard to a private audience. Iniosa lost no time in impressing the pusillanimous monarch with the prospect of his danger, recommending that Buckingham should at least be banished into the country for the remainder of his life.

The duke, up to this time, had possessed the strongest influence over the king. He used to remove him, we are told, from place to place, as suited his purpose, although, occasionally, the changes seem to have been far from pleasing to his old master. Hitherto, all the king's confidence, all his remaining enjoyment of the dregs of life, had been centred in Buckingham. But when James next saw his favourite, he turned to him imploringly. "Ah, Steenie, Steenie," he said, "wilt thou kill me?" The duke passionately protested his innocence, and insisted on knowing

the name of his accuser. James, however, was obstinate, and refused to answer his inquiries.

Doubtful, apparently, in what manner to act, the king mournfully summoned Prince Charles, and prepared to depart with him for Windsor. Buckingham, as usual, was proceeding to accompany him, and, indeed, had actually set his foot on the step of the coach, when the king invented some excuse for leaving him behind. Unused to such treatment, the favourite burst into tears. According to Bishop Hacket, he subsequently addressed a strong written appeal to the king, to which his Majesty returned an unsatisfactory answer. James admitted, however, that he had not read the duke's letter without weeping; piteously complaining that he was the unhappiest person in the world, in being forsaken and betrayed by those who were dearest to him.

It was in the midst of his distress that Buckingham was visited at Wallingford House, by Lord Keeper Williams. He found the duke lying on his couch, and so overwhelmed with grief that he could scarcely obtain an answer to his questions. Williams strongly urged him to repair instantly to the king; intimating how brief a delay would enable his Majesty to concert with the Parliament, and pointing out that the duke's committal to the Tower would be the inevitable consequence. This rational advice Buckingham lost no time in following. He immediately set off for Windsor; where,

by his respectful demeanour, his extraordinary personal influence, and by never leaving James to be worked upon by the machinations of others, he eventually contrived to make his peace.

It is to be regretted that Lord Clarendon, in alluding to this misunderstanding between Buckingham and his sovereign, enters but slightly into its merits. “Many,” he says, “were of opinion that King James, before his death, grew weary of this favourite; and that, if he had lived, he would have deprived him at least of his large and unlimited power. And this imagination so prevailed with some men (as the Lord Keeper Lincoln, the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer of England, and other gentlemen of name, though not in so high stations), that they had the courage to withdraw from their absolute dependence upon the duke, and to make some other essays, which proved to the ruin of every one of them.” Bishop Kennet expresses his belief in Buckingham’s fidelity, and, in order to give weight to his opinion, has published two letters, addressed at this period by the duke to his sovereign. They must certainly be regarded as bearing the stamp of honesty, but are scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred from the folios of the indulgent bishop.

It may be mentioned, that when Buckingham subsequently discovered that Iniosa had been the cause of his temporary disgrace, he instantly assailed the ambassador with his usual head-

strong impetuosity. In reply, Iniosa boldly told the duke that he was a gentleman, and better born than himself; adding, that he accused him of being a traitor to his face, and that he would make good his words with his sword. On the death of James, which occurred shortly afterward, Charles was induced to forward a complaint of Iniosa to the court of Madrid. The charges, however, against him appear to have been treated in the lightest possible manner by the Spanish court.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham Confirmed in His Exalted Fortunes by the Accession of Charles to the Throne — Jealousy in Early Life between Charles and the Duke — Steadiness of Charles's Subsequent Affection for Buckingham — Mission of the Latter to Paris — His Splendid Appearance There — His Intrigue with the Queen — Anecdotes — Curious Letter from the Earl of Holland — Buckingham Frustrated in His Wish to Return to Paris — Enmity between Him and Richelieu — Anecdote — Charges Brought against Buckingham — His Conduct in the Expedition to Rochelle — Lady Davies's Prophecy — Pasquinade — Buckingham Insulted in the King's Presence — Charles's Unabated Affection for the Duke — Anticipations of Buckingham's Fall — Trial of Lady Davies — Anagrams.

THE accession of Charles to the throne proved a death-blow to the enemies of Buckingham. It was but too evident that henceforth he would be still more firmly established in his exalted fortunes. The friendships of Charles were known to be as stable as those of his father had been fickle; neither was it in his nature to be either argued or frightened out of a predilection or an opinion which he had once maturely formed. Buckingham, on his part, pernicious as may have been

his counsels, at least repaid with warm gratitude, and with the strongest personal attachment, the extraordinary affection of his master.

And yet, between Charles and Buckingham a strong jealousy, and apparently dislike, had existed in their boyish days. Clarendon tells us that the duke's manner to Charles, when Prince of Wales, was frequently not only highly insolent, but indeed that, on one occasion, he was on the point of striking the prince. This anecdote is circumstantially related by Weldon. At Greenwich, he says, before four hundred persons, Buckingham actually raised his hand over his head with a ballon-bracer, in such a manner as to draw from Charles the expression, "What, my lord, I think you intend to strike me!" But whatever may have been the cause of their juvenile hostility, it is certain that it ceased with their earliest youth. An attachment, when once conceived by Charles, always remained unshaken to the last. When the tide of public opinion set strongest against the favourite; when the Parliament was threatening him with impeachment, and the sailors thundering for their wages at his doors; when the suspicions of his having poisoned the late king were sedulously propagated by his enemies and universally believed by the vulgar, Charles, at the risk of his own popularity, and indeed almost of his throne, still clung to and supported his friend. The fact is well known, that at the very time when

the Parliament were preferring articles against Buckingham, the king went so far as to show his contempt of their proceedings, and his love for his favourite, by recommending the University of Cambridge to elect the duke as their chancellor. This recommendation was listened to by the university equally to their own disgrace and to the discomfiture of the Parliament. Charles, in fact, ever placed the strongest confidence in the affection and integrity of Buckingham. The duke, he said, had ever been his most faithful and obedient servant, and that he would hereafter prove it to the satisfaction of the world.

In 1625 Buckingham was despatched with the Earl of Montgomery to Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to the arms of her husband. The grace and beauty of his person, and the singular magnificence of his mission, were equally the admiration of the French king and of his astonished subjects. "He appeared," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities." Louis XIII. remarked that Buckingham was one of the few English gentlemen he had ever seen,—a sentiment which, by her subsequent conduct, would seem to have been fully reciprocated by his beautiful queen.

Whether Buckingham was really actuated by

feelings of love,—whether it arose from motives of ambition, or from the mere taste for pleasure and excitement,—certain it is that he had the temerity to address the Queen of France as a lover, and that his attentions were far from having been ill received by that engaging princess. He had previously beheld her person when on his journey to Madrid, on which occasion we find him describing her to King James as the handsomest woman he had seen at the French court.

During his short stay at Paris, in 1625, it is evident that he brought all his fascinations into play, for the purpose of captivating her heart. It is not less certain that, when he subsequently quitted that capital, in attendance on Henrietta, his daring aspirations had not only become known to the French minister, but that the king's jealousy was painfully excited. The consequence was, that several of the queen's servants were turned away, and her physician, her gentleman-usher, and others of her household were banished from France. Madame de Motteville, who was in all the secrets of Anne of Austria, has left us a very interesting account of this singular affair. “The Duke of Buckingham,” she writes, “was the man who appeared to have attacked the queen's heart with the best success. He was handsome, well-shaped, high-spirited, generous, liberal, and favourite to a great king. He had all the royal treasures to spend, and all the jewels of the crown of Eng-

land to adorn his person. No wonder, then, if, with so many lovely qualities, he had such high thoughts, such noble, yet such blamable and dangerous desires ; and no wonder if he had the good fortune to persuade those who were witnesses of his addresses that they were not troublesome."

The first occasion on which Buckingham appears to have dared to address Anne of Austria in the language of love was in the garden of a house near Amiens, in which the queen happened to pass the night, while accompanying her sister-in-law, Henrietta, on her way to England. Buckingham, it seems, whilst attending her in her walk, expressed a strong desire to speak with her in private, on which Putange, her gentleman-usher, out of delicacy withdrew. To what lengths Buckingham was carried by his feelings as a lover can not now be known. "Chance," says Madame de Motteville, "having led them into a bye-walk, which was hid by a pallisade from public view, the queen, at that instant, surprised to find herself alone, and it is likely importuned by some too passionate expression of the duke's sentiments, cried out ; and calling to her gentleman-usher, she blamed him for leaving her." We must form our own conjectures on such a passage.

Buckingham, there is reason to believe, was sincere in the passionate professions which he made to Anne of Austria. When Henrietta and her suite subsequently departed from Amiens, the



have an ordinary one formed. The members knew it not, or, more truly, could not be less sure. After a long, and, as it were, protracted discussion, and many difficulties and perplexities, and no wonder it, for had they great scruples to persuade those who were witnesses of his address that they were not mislead.

The next morning on which Buckingham appears to have staid in making Anne of Austria to the Emperor, "I left you in the garden of a house near Austria, he said, "I was then mounted on pair that night, when suddenly the horse stopped. However, as he had not intended to buck, Buckingham, it seems, with greater impatience to arrive than to avoid, with his horse, impatience on which he alighted, his gentleman-usher, out of courtesy with him, took the bridle of Anne.

*Anne of Austria.*

Photo-etching from an old French print.

Photo-etching from an old French print. "Anne," says Madame de Staél, "during her first visit to England, in 1746, a Frenchman, who had left her by a gentleman from Paris, said, 'You speak, at this instant, Spanish to God, French to your husband, and it is more impudent to some to pronounce impudent in the Duke's audience, than to say nothing to his gentleman usher, who is here for hearing you.' We may here but once compare him to such a passage.

Unquestionably there is much to believe, was more in the popular estimation when the Queen died of Austria. When Hanover and the wretched (as we may suppose) separated from Austria, the



ANNE D'AVTRICHE ROYNE REGENTE  
DE FRANCE ET DE NAVARRE.

*Balizier Moncornet ex. Avec privilégi du Roy*



queen, attended by the Princess de Condé, accompanied them a short way in her coach. The hour of parting having at length arrived, Buckingham came to bid farewell to the queen. “He kissed her gown,” we are told, and, “she being in the fore-seat of the coach, he hid himself in the curtain as if he had something to say to her, but in reality to wipe away the tears which came into his eyes.”

Buckingham had proceeded almost as far as Calais, when, either unable to bear the pangs of absence, or actuated by the impulse of the moment, he resolved to return to Amiens, and once more to behold his mistress if it were but for a moment. The queen had unquestionably learned from the Duchess de Chevreuse the probability of Buckingham’s return, and yet she received him almost alone. She spoke of his visit jestingly, and when he entered her apartment (which he appears to have done uninvited), she expressed not the slightest surprise.

The duke’s first step, on entering her chamber, was to kneel by her bedside; kissing her sheet, we are told, with every expression of passionate love. The queen, for some reason, remaining silent, an old lady of honour seated herself in the queen’s armchair, and, telling him that such behaviour was not usual in France, indignantly desired him to rise. The duke, however, continued obstinately in the same posture, and, dis-

puting the point with the old lady, insisted that he was no native of France, and consequently that he was not bound by its laws. He then addressed himself to the queen, pouring forth the most passionate avowals of love. By this time her Majesty had recovered her speech, and, pretending to be extremely indignant, insisted on his quitting the apartment. Buckingham rose from his knees and obeyed her commands. Notwithstanding, however, this daring courtship, it appears that the young queen received him in public on the following day. When the duke again turned his back upon Amiens, it was with the full intention of revisiting France, whenever love or opportunity should favour him.

In perusing this anecdote we know not which to wonder at most,—the queen, with, of course, a woman's feelings, allowing another to be the champion of her honour; or the lady of the bed-chamber, without any apparent sanction from her mistress, presuming to perform the part. Even Buckingham, reckless and chivalrous as he was, dared not have excited apprehensions of his “taking liberties” (such is Houssaie's expression), without having previously met with very flattering encouragement.

Indeed, although there was apparently no actual criminality in their attachment, there can be little doubt but that the Queen of France regarded her English lover with no impartial eyes. Previous

to his quitting the shores of France, we find Buckingham sending secret directions to Sir Balthazar Gerbier to remain at the French court, for the express purpose of keeping up a correspondence with his royal mistress. Gerbier's mission, however, became suspected, and accordingly he was narrowly watched by the agents of Richelieu. Nevertheless, the queen found means to send by him her own garter, as well as a valuable jewel, to her absent lover. Some time afterward the queen happened, in one of her walks in the garden at Ruel, to encounter the poet Voiture. On her inquiring of him the subject of his thoughts, he instantly repeated the following verses :

“ Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes  
Nous pensons extravagement),  
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,  
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment  
Vous avisiez en cette place  
Venir le Duc de Buckingham;  
Et lequel seroit en disgrâce,  
De lui, ou du Père Vincent.”<sup>1</sup>

Had not Voiture been well aware of the state of the queen's feelings, he would scarcely have ventured on such delicate ground. The queen, too, not only evinced no displeasure, but expressed her admiration of the verses and obtained a copy of them.

<sup>1</sup> The queen's confessor. There are two other stanzas, but they are scarcely worth inserting.

The young Earl of Holland, if we rightly interpret the cipher-marks in the following curious letter, was also Buckingham's confidant in his intrigue with the Queen of France. The fleur-de-lis appears to be intended for the French king, the heart very appropriately for the queen, and the anchor (alluding to his post of lord high admiral) for Buckingham. After speaking of other affairs, Holland evidently recurs to the duke's projected return to the French court: "I find many things to be feared, and none to be assured of a safe and real welcome. For the  continues in his suspects, making, as they say, very often discourses of it, and is willing to hear villains say that  hath infinite affections; you imagine which way. They say there is whispered among the foolish young bravadoes of the court, that he is not a good Frenchman (considering the reports that are raised) that suffers  to return out of France. Many such bruits fly up and down."<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland concludes: "Though neither the business gives me cause to persuade your coming, nor my reason for the matter of your safety; yet know, you are the most happy, unhappy man alive; for  is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy

<sup>1</sup> There was undoubtedly an intention to assassinate Buckingham, had he persisted in his intentions to return to his mistress. This fact is not only rendered probable by what is hinted at in Holland's letter, but is confidently asserted by Lord Clarendon.

her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would ; I have ventured, I fear, too much, considering what practices accompany the malice of the people here. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance unto you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you : to come is dangerous ; not to come is unfortunate. As I have lived with you, and only in that enjoy my happiness, so I will die with you ; and I protest to God for you, to do you the least service." The letter, unfortunately, is without a date.

When the bickerings among Henrietta's French servants appeared likely to produce a rupture with France, Buckingham, eager to seize any opportunity of once more basking in the smiles of Anne of Austria, requested Charles to send him to Paris as a mediator. His real motives, however, were more than suspected by the French court ; and, accordingly, Bassompierre (as he himself informs us, in his account of his embassy to England) was instructed by Richelieu to inform the duke that on no account would he be received as an ambassador by the King of France. Buckingham's rage at the disappointment exceeded all bounds. He declared openly, says Clarendon, that he "would see and speak with that lady in spite of the strength and power of France." Indeed, the war, which shortly afterward followed, has been generally attributed to the vexation of Buckingham.

Probably it may have hastened hostilities ; but, from other and uncontrollable circumstances, it is evident that the war must have inevitably ensued had the duke never entertained his daring attachment. Buckingham, on another occasion, was heard to declare that, if he could not enter France peaceably, he would force his passage to Paris with an army. Buckingham, says Madame de Motteville, raised a division between the two crowns, in order that he might hereafter have an opportunity of returning to France as a peacemaker.

Buckingham appears to have been equally on bad terms with Richelieu at Paris, as he had been with Olivarez at Madrid. The enmity which existed between the two ministers has been illustrated by an anecdote, which, however trivial in other respects, is too characteristic to be omitted. Richelieu had addressed one of his letters to *Monsieur*, instead of *Monseigneur*, le Duc de Buckingham ; leaving, moreover, no vacant space after the title of *Monsieur*. Buckingham repaid the slight by writing to *Monsieur le Cardinal de Richelieu*. This trifling squabble was on the point of leading to serious consequences. The cardinal, however, finding himself getting the worst of the quarrel, yielded the point with a wretched joke. “The *cannons*,” he said, “of the British navy were more powerful than the canons of the Church.”

In the meantime, events were passing at home

which were calculated to occupy the mind of Buckingham with other feelings than those of romance. The threatened impeachment of him by the Commons, and the charges brought against him by the Earl of Bristol, had fallen harmless at the time; but still his enemies, though baffled, were not crushed, and his name, whether deservedly or not, was daily becoming more odious with the people. With a view to wiping off the obloquy, he determined to conduct in person the unfortunate expedition for the relief of Rochelle. He would, even yet, he said, establish himself in the affections of his countrymen, and make himself more loved and honoured than had ever been his unfortunate predecessor in the smiles of royalty and popular favour, the Earl of Essex. The expedition was no less formidable than it was characterised by its exceeding splendour. "Buckingham," says De Brienne, "appeared in this expedition with the equipage of an amorous knight, rather than the equipage of a general." He carried with him his carriages, and, it was even rumoured, his jewels. The ships were hung with crimson velvet, and bands of music enlivened the tedium of the voyage. Buckingham's valour was undoubted, or such fantastic trappings might have raised suspicions of his effeminacy. The expedition sailed from Portsmouth, on the 27th of June, 1627.

The history of the enterprise is familiar to every

one. Although the personal bravery of the duke achieved for him a well-merited laurel, it was one only too dearly purchased. His countrymen, when they witnessed only one-third of his army returning with him to England,—when they beheld the wife weeping for her husband, and the orphan for his father,—readily forgot that, in that sanguinary retreat, Buckingham had stood alone on the beach till his humblest follower had embarked, and that he was the last man who had quitted the shore.

It was in Buckingham's nature to feel deeply the outcry raised against him. In undertaking his second expedition to Rochelle, in August the following year, he seems to have determined either to die in the attempt, or to retrieve the popular favour which he had lost. He desired Gerbier, his architect and confidential servant, to inform the gallant Rochellers that, “God willing, he would be with them in three weeks, and would either overcome or die there.” So eager was he to redeem his pledge, that he furnished the royal treasury with large sums of money out of his own purse, without even keeping any account of his disbursements.

When the famous Lady Eleanor Davies sent to him a written prophecy that he would not outlive the month, “Gerbier,” he said, “if God please I will go, and will be the first man that shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle, to die, or do

the work ; whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place."'

Expressions of hatred and animosity were vented on Buckingham from every quarter. On the 19th of June, 1628, two months before the duke's death, a pasquinade was removed from a post in Colman Street, part of which is as follows : "Who rules the kingdom ? The king. Who rules the king ? The duke. Who rules the duke ? The devil."

About this period, Charles, happening to be in Spring Gardens, watching his favourite game of bowls, Buckingham, who accompanied him, unlike the rest of the company, remained covered. A Scotsman who was present, having first of all kissed the duke's hand, suddenly snatched off his hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the king." Buckingham instantly kicked the Scotchman, and probably would have inflicted further punishment on him had not the king interposed.

<sup>1</sup> See the extracts from Gerbier's MS. in the "Curiosities of Literature," vol. v., p. 298. In the second volume of D'Israeli's "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I." will be found an able defence of Buckingham's conduct as a military commander, against the incapacity and inexperience attributed to him by Hume. Charles was certainly very far from dissatisfied with the duke's conduct during the operations. The king writes to him, 6th November, 1627 : "Unfeignedly, in my mind, ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men in this action, as if ye had performed all your desires. I have no more to say this time, but to conjure thee, for my sake, to have a care for your health, for every day I find new reason to confirm me in being your loving, faithful friend, CHARLES R."

“Let him alone, George,” he said ; “he is either mad or a fool.” “No, sir,” said the offender, “I am a sober man, and if your Majesty would give me leave, I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak.” Buckingham showed, in more than one instance, how deeply he was affected by this and similar instances of his unpopularity. In his farewell banquet to the court, he appeared in a mask, attended by a personification of envy, and surrounded by a number of yelping dogs, intended to denote the revilings of the vulgar.

Uninfluenced by all he saw and heard, the affection of Charles for the companion of his youth continued unabated. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville : “This week, about Wednesday, his Majesty went with the duke (taking him into his own coach, and so riding through the city as it were to grace him) to Deptford to see the ships ; where, having seen ten fair ships nearly rigged for Rochelle, they say he uttered these words to the duke : ‘George, there are some that wish that both these and thou mightest perish. But care not for them. We will both perish together if thou doest.’ ”

A presentiment of his approaching fate appears not only to have taken possession of the multitude, but also to have saddened, if it could not terrify, the undaunted Buckingham. Lord Clarendon alludes to the many “predictions and proph-

ecies," which forewarned him of his untimely and violent end. The aged sinner, Doctor Lambe, had foretold his own death, as well as Buckingham's. This wretched mountebank, who pretended to prophesy by means of a supernatural agency, was said to be a creature of the duke; Carte, however, assures us that Buckingham was not even acquainted with Lambe's person.<sup>1</sup> The vulgar nevertheless styled him "the duke's devil." The fact is remarkable that on the day that Lambe was torn in pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell down in the high commission chamber at Lambeth,—an omen which, when all men were superstitious, and the majority discontented, was eagerly hailed as a certain prognostic of his fall.

But the most extraordinary prediction was that of the mad prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies,<sup>2</sup> who certainly foretold the time of the duke's death with wonderful precision. Many of her other prophecies having proved singularly correct, she had acquired so much importance with the vulgar that the government thought it expedient at one time to bring her to trial. One or two anagrams, into which she had twisted her

<sup>1</sup> Carte's assertion is in a great degree borne out by the evidence of a letter of the time, by which it appears that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a design against the duke's life.

<sup>2</sup> She was the fifth daughter of George Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, by Lucy his wife, daughter of James Mervin, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire, and wife of the political and quarrelsome Sir John Davies. She died in 1652.

name, considerably raised her in her own estimation. Her maiden name of

Eleanor Audley,

by transposing the letters, she easily converted into

Reveal, O Daniel.

When the silly lady appeared in court, a clever lawyer turned the laugh against her by producing another anagram, which, as Lady Eleanor's is not a perfect one, has the most credit of the two :

Dame Eleanor Davies,  
Never so mad a ladie.

The lawyer was probably not far from the truth.

## CHAPTER IX.

### GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham's Presentiment that His End Was Approaching — His Solemn Parting with Charles — His Farewell Conversation with Archbishop Laud — Remarkable Ghost Story of Sir George Villiers — Incidents during the Duke's Fatal Journey to Portsmouth — His Assassination by Felton — Apprehension of Felton — Charges against Alexander Gill — Felton's Trial — His Condemnation, Repentance, and Execution — Charles's Grief on the Death of Buckingham — Intended Magnificence of the Duke's Funeral — Its Actual Meanness and Obscurity — Particulars Concerning His Widow.

BUCKINGHAM, as has been already observed, was himself impressed with an idea that his end was fast approaching. His parting with Charles was remarkable for a solemnity that was foreign to his nature. The duke being indisposed, the king, attended by the Earl of Holland, came in person to pay him a visit, and remained with him for some time in serious and private conversation. When he rose to bid his favourite farewell, “the duke,” says Wotton, “embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and in like sort his friend the Earl of Holland, as if his soul had divined he should see them no more.”

Again, when Buckingham took leave of Archbishop Laud, his countenance and manner were strangely foreboding of evil. "I know," he said, "your lordship has good access to the king; pray put his Majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." Laud, who was himself singularly superstitious, struck with the peculiarity of Buckingham's manner, inquired if he had any presentiment that misfortune was likely to befall him. "I think," said the duke, "I am as likely to fall as another man." The probability of his dying by the hand of an assassin does not appear to have occurred to him. When his friends advised him to wear secret armour, "No," he said, "there is no need of it; there are no Roman spirits left." On another occasion of his being urged to adopt similar precautions, he replied: "Against popular fury, a shirt of mail will avail nothing; against a single man I am able to defend myself."

But what bears in the most remarkable manner on this portion of our history, is the famous "ghost story" of Sir George Villiers. This strange tale is not only related by more than one contemporary writer, but even Lord Clarendon has departed from the dignity of history, and lent it the credit of his name. The account of Lilly, the astrologer, which is less known, is as follows: "An aged gentleman," he says, "one Parker, as I remember, having formerly belonged unto the duke, or of great

acquaintance with the duke's father, and now retired, had a *dæmon* appear several times unto him, in the shape or image of Sir George Villiers, the duke's father. This *dæmon* walked many times in Parker's bedchamber, without any action of terror, noise, hurt, or speech, but at last broke out into these words: 'Mr. Parker, I know you loved me formerly, and my son George very well at this time. I would have you go from me,— you know me very well to be his father, old Sir George Villiers, of Leicestershire,— and from me acquaint him that he above all refrain from the counsel and company of such and such,' whom he then nominated, 'or else he will come to destruction, and that suddenly.' " Parker, it seems, partly from doubting whether he was really awake, and partly from the fear of being thought in his dotage, took no heed of the night's adventure. But, only a few nights afterward, the spirit again walked "quick and furiously," into the apartment. "Mr. Parker," it said, apparently in anger, "I thought you had been my friend so much, and loved my son George so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I desired, but yet I know that you have not done it. By all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver what I formerly commanded you unto my son." Parker objected that the duke was extremely difficult of access, and, moreover, that he himself should only be

thought a “vain man,” coming with such a message from the dead. “Whereunto,” says Lilly, “the *dæmon* thus answered: ‘If he will not believe you have this discourse from me, tell him of such a secret,’ and named it, ‘which he knows none in the world ever knew but himself and me.’”

Parker, being now satisfied that he was really awake, lost no time in repairing to Buckingham, to whom he seriously delivered his father’s warning message. “The duke,” says Lilly, “heartily laughed at the relation, which put old Parker to the stand; but at last he assumed courage, and told the duke that he acquainted his father’s ghost with what he now found to be true, viz., scorn and derision. ‘But, my lord,’ saith he, ‘your father bade me acquaint you by this token, and he said it was such as none in the world but your two selves did yet know.’ Hereat the duke was amazed and much astonished, but took no warning or notice thereof, keeping the same company still, advising with such counsellors, and performing such actions as his father by Parker countermanded. Shortly after, old Sir George Villiers, in a very quiet but sorrowful posture, appears again unto Mr. Parker, and said, ‘Mr. Parker, I know you delivered my words unto George, my son. I thank you for so doing, but he slighted them, and now I only request this more at your hands, that once again you repair unto my son, and tell him, if he will not amend and follow the counsel I have given him,

this knife or dagger,' and with that he pulled a knife or dagger from under his gown, 'shall end him ; and do you, Mr. Parker, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.'"

Parker, though with great unwillingness, again repaired to the duke, but with no better success. Buckingham desiring the old man to trouble him no more with such messages and dreams. " Yet," says Lilly, " within six weeks after he was stabbed with a knife, according to his father's admonition beforehand ; and Mr. Parker died soon after he had seen the dream or vision performed."

Lord Clarendon gives a somewhat different relation of the duke's manner on the occasion of his interview with Parker. Sir Ralph Freeman, he says, was present, and, watching the countenance of the duke closely, observed that his colour changed, and that he showed great emotion. Parker afterward told Sir Ralph that, when he mentioned the secret which the apparition had disclosed to him, the duke swore he could have come to the knowledge of it only through the devil. Buckingham was at that time about to proceed on a hunting excursion. During the whole day he paid no attention to the sport, and on his return alighted unexpectedly, and apparently in deep thought, at his mother's lodgings at Whitehall. Their conversation, which was in private, was carried on with so much animation that their voices were heard in the adjoining apart-

ments. When the duke quitted her, his countenance exhibited much anger, — a circumstance the more remarkable since his intercourse with his mother had ever been distinguished by the most profound respect.

It would appear that the real name of the person whom the spirit selected as his confidant was not Parker, but Nicholas Towse. Plot, the natural historian, has published a letter addressed to him by a Mr. Edmund Windham, purporting to give an account of the whole affair, as the latter received it from Towse himself. The relation differs but little from those of Clarendon and Lilly. It may be interesting to those who have never seen an apparition, to be informed that the ghost, on his last appearance to Towse, had become so familiar to him that “he was as little troubled with it as if it had been a friend or acquaintance that came to visit him.” Mrs. Towse had also a miraculous story to relate as well as her husband. She told Windham that, on the day Buckingham was stabbed, she was sitting with her husband in an apartment in Windsor Castle,<sup>1</sup> when the latter suddenly started up from his chair, exclaiming, “Wife, the Duke of Buckingham is killed.” Towse, she says, subsequently prophesied to her the very day on which he should himself die, and she adds that the prediction proved true.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Clarendon also, it may be mentioned, places the scene of the drama in Windsor Castle.

The apparition of Sir George Villiers is, after all, at least, as well authenticated as most of the ghost stories of modern times ; and, as in the generality of such cases, we may trace the phenomenon to natural causes. What, indeed, can be more likely than that the Countess of Buckingham — aware of her son's increasing unpopularity, and trembling at the idea of his falling by the hand of an assassin — should have furnished an old retainer of her family with an important secret, and despatched him on the extravagant errand ? The supposition is certainly not at variance with what we know of her character. Buckingham, in all probability, suspected the cheat, and when he subsequently parted from his mother in anger, it was, probably, owing to his having elicited the truth.

During the duke's fatal journey to Portsmouth, there occurred two incidents which would have disturbed the equanimity of any other man. He had proceeded a few miles, when a messenger rode up to him in great haste. This person had been despatched by Sir George Goring, afterward Earl of Norwich, with a letter, advertising the duke of a design against his life, and advising him by all means to change his intended route. Buckingham quietly put the letter in his pocket, without either changing countenance or, apparently, attaching the least importance to its contents. He had proceeded some way further, when his attendants were addressed by an old woman, who requested

earnestly that she might be brought to his Grace. "She had overheard," she said, "a conversation in the town, through which the travellers were about to pass, in the course of which a party of desperate men had agreed to assassinate his Grace." The duke's attendants, who were not more than seven or eight in number, strongly recommended their master to travel by a different road. Buckingham, however, was obstinate. "Hereupon," says Sir Henry Wotton, "his young nephew, Lord Fielding, out of a noble spirit, besought him that he would at least honour him with his coat and blue riband through the town, pleading that his uncle's life, whereupon lay the property of his whole family, was of all things, under heaven, the most precious to him. At which sweet proposition, the duke caught him in his arms and kissed him, yet would not accept of such an offer from a nephew, whose life he tendered as much as himself, and so liberally rewarded the poor creature for her good-will." Just as the cavalcade entered the suspected town, a drunken or mischievous sailor suddenly caught hold of the bridle of the duke's horse; one of his attendants, however, rode violently against the ruffian, and compelled him to relinquish his hold.

The particulars of Buckingham's assassination are minutely described in the letters of the time. The duke, according to Howell, on the morning of the fatal day, having "cut a caper

or two," and been under the hands of the barber, descended to breakfast. There were present some French gentlemen, as well as several influential officers, who were about to accompany him to Rochelle. The conversation happened to be loud and animated, especially on the part of the French, who, by their vehement gesticulations, gave it somewhat the appearance of a quarrel. The meal being over, the duke rose from table. In passing under some hangings which covered the doorway leading into the passage, he encountered Colonel Fryar, who had come to speak to him on business. It was at this instant that Felton, a wretched enthusiast, raising his hand suddenly over Fryar's shoulder, thrust a knife into the duke's heart. Uttering the words, "The villain has killed me," Buckingham made a step toward the assassin, at the same time laying his hand on his sword, which he succeeded in half drawing from the scabbard. The next moment he was seen staggering toward a table which was near him, and, while in the act of plucking with his own hand the knife from his body, fell insensible into the arms of the bystanders. At first, it was thought that he had merely fainted, but the blood, which almost instantly gushed from his mouth and wound, discovered the dreadful nature of the disaster.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Sir Symonds D'Ewes, he was placed upon a table, where he continued struggling for life for about a quarter

The duchess, who was with child at the time, was unfortunately in the house when the accident occurred. Hearing the noise, she came forth from her bedchamber, and from the balcony beheld her husband weltering in his blood. Lord Carleton thus describes the painful scene in a letter to Henrietta Maria: "The Duchess of Buckingham," he says, "and the Countess of Anglesea came forth into a gallery which looked into the hall, where they might behold the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him. Ah, poor ladies! such was their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again." Such is the fate of greatness, or, rather, such was the ingratitude of Buckingham's friends and retainers, that those (says Sir Philip Warwick) "who a little before had crowded to be his remotest followers so soon forsook his dead corpse that he was laid upon the hall table nigh to which he fell, and scarce any of his domestics left to attend him." "Thus," he adds, "upon the withdrawing of the sun does the shadow depart from the painted dial." Wotton says that there was "no living creature in either of the chambers, no more than if he had lain on the sands of *Æthiopia*."

So admirably had Felton selected both time and of an hour. This statement, however, is entirely opposed to the accounts of other writers.

place, that, had it not been for his own recklessness or imprudence, he would probably have escaped with impunity. Suspicion (awakened by the angry tones in which they had so lately conversed) had at first rested on the foreigners; indeed, had not some individuals in authority interposed their cooler judgments, the innocent Frenchmen would in all probability have fallen by the swords of the bystanders. In the meantime, the assassin had passed through the throng, and, while the uproar was at its height, was standing quietly and unnoticed in the kitchen. He had taken the precaution to tie his horse to a hedge outside the town, but whether bewildered at the retrospect of his fearful crime, or from having missed his way in the passages of the house, he neglected to avail himself of the means of flight. Felton, in the hurry of the moment, had lost his hat, which, almost immediately afterward, was discovered by those who went in quest of the murderer. There were found in it the following remarkable documents, intended, no doubt, as an apology for his conduct, in the event of his being slain by the duke's friends on the spot:

“If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself; it is for our sins that our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished.

“JOHN FELTON.”

“He is unworthy of the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country.

“JOHN FELTON.”

It was, of course, evident that the owner of the hat could be no other than the murderer of the duke. In the meantime, Felton had quitted the kitchen, and was walking composedly in front of the house. A bystander, observing a stranger without a hat, exclaimed, “Here is the fellow that killed the duke;” others crying, “Where is the villain? Where is the butcher?” Felton quietly drew his sword, and advancing toward them, “I am the man,” he said; “here I am.” Several persons immediately rushed upon him with their drawn swords, to which Felton coolly exposed his breast, preferring to die thus than by the hands of the executioner. Lord Carleton,—who has himself described the scene,—with the assistance of Sir Thomas Morton and others, preserved him, though with difficulty, from the fury of the duke’s retainers.

Felton, morose and silent, exhibited neither remorse for the crime which he had committed, nor fear for its consequences. When, in order to aid the purposes of justice, they told him that the duke was only dangerously wounded, he smiled incredulously, observing “that the blow,” he

was certain, "had determined their hopes." When asked at whose instigation he had committed so execrable a crime, he answered, "that no man living possessed sufficient influence to have persuaded him to it; that though he himself had been twice passed over in his regiment, yet that he had been far from actuated by private wrongs; that his conduct had alone been swayed by a feeling of duty; by the manner in which Buckingham had been branded in Parliament, and by his own firm belief that the duke was an enemy to the State." He afterward added "that Eglesham's scurrilous pamphlet had, in a great degree, instigated him to commit the crime."

Felton, who was a lieutenant in the army, though a man of small stature, had been remarkable among his associates for his determined disposition and undaunted courage. On an occasion, it is said, of his having received an insult, he sent his adversary a challenge, accompanied by a piece of one of his little fingers, which he had himself amputated, intended to denote how little he cared for pain, and how ready he was to peril his life. The patriots, who regarded him as a Brutus, confidently hoped that he would uphold his sentiments, and justify his conduct to the last. As he passed through Kingston-on-Thames, an old woman, alluding to the death of Goliath, called out to him, "Now, God bless thee, little David!" His admirers lost

no opportunity of doing him honour. The letters which composed his name were formed into the anagram of

No flie not,  
John Felton.

The conceit will be found imperfect, the letter *h* being omitted.

It may be mentioned that the weapon which cut short the life of the princely Buckingham was a common knife, purchased for tenpence at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill. Being extremely poor, the fanatic had travelled to Portsmouth principally on foot.

On Felton being brought to the Tower, a multitude of people flocked thither in order to feast their eyes on the political martyr; Felton, all the time, beseeching them to pray for him, and they, on their part, with a general voice, crying, "The Lord comfort thee! the Lord be merciful unto thee!" and similar expressions of sympathy and good-will. We are informed that he was well lodged in the Tower, having been allowed two dishes of meat a day.

The manner in which Felton subsequently humbled himself, and expressed his penitence, at his trial, was as far from agreeable to his admirers as it was gratifying to the court. The political, and many of the religious, enthusiasts of the day regarded the act as one of Roman

devotion, and looked upon the homicide as a martyr. We find one, Alexander Gill,<sup>1</sup> a Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford, and an under master of St. Paul's School, fined two thousand pounds, and degraded from his ministry, for having drunk Felton's health, and having expressed his regret at being deprived of the honour of the deed. There were two other charges brought against Gill: one, that he had made use of the expression, "The duke is gone down to hell to meet King James there;" the other, his saying that "the king, instead of ruling a kingdom, was fitter to stand in a shop in Cheapside, crying, What lack ye?" The expression respecting the king was omitted in open court.

Felton, at his trial, expressed, in more than one striking manner, his contrition for his crime. When the knife, with which he had stabbed Buckingham, was produced in court, he is said to have

<sup>1</sup> This Gill was the son of Doctor Gill, head master of St. Paul's and the schoolmaster of Milton. The son was also the friend of the poet, as appears by three Latin epistles, addressed to him by Milton. He appears to have been a vulgar and boisterous demagogue, and was once tossed in a blanket by the scholars of Trinity College for his indecent conduct in the chapel, when performing the duties of reading-clerk. Wood tells us that he was several times imprisoned; and in 1635 he was compelled to resign his office at St. Paul's, on account of severity to the scholars. Eventually his republican principles brought him into the Star Chamber, where he was sentenced to lose both his ears, and to pay a fine of 2,000*l.* His ears, however, were saved at the entreaties of his father.

shed tears; and when asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he lifted up the hand which had done the deed, requesting "that it might be first cut off, and that afterward he might suffer death in the manner the court should think fit."

There being reason to suspect that he had been instigated by the Puritans, it was proposed to put him to the torture, in order to elicit the names of his accomplices. When Laud, then Bishop of London, hinted to him this intention of the court, he replied "he could not tell what extreme anguish might draw from him, as in that case he might implicate his lordship himself, or any of the peers present." The question, whether he could legally be put to the rack, was subsequently referred to the principal law officers, who decided in the negative. William, Earl of Pembroke, who was present at Felton's examinations, remarked "that he had never seen valour and piety more temperately mixed in the same person."

After his condemnation, he made two requests to the king,— one, that he might be allowed to receive the communion before he suffered; and the other, that on the scaffold he might be clothed with sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and a halter around his neck, in testimony of his sincere repentance. To the Duchess of Buckingham he sent a message imploring her to pardon him for the death of her husband. She kindly sent him her

forgiveness, a boon which he acknowledged with gratitude in his last moments. Felton mentioned a curious fact to those who were about him. He said that, at the instant when he stabbed the duke, he repeated the words, “God have mercy on thy soul!” No wonder it was imagined he had been instigated by the Puritans. “When I struck,” he said, “I felt the force of forty men in me.” Felton was hanged at Tyburn, from whence his body was conveyed to Portsmouth, where it remained suspended for a considerable time in chains.

The court happened to be about four miles from Portsmouth when the news of Buckingham’s fate was conveyed to the king. Charles was at prayers with his family and attendants, when Sir John Hippesley, suddenly entering the room, without heeding the sacredness of the occasion, went directly up to the king, and whispered the tidings in his ear. Much as Charles loved his favourite, he respected his religious duties more. Whatever may have been the shock to his feelings, he allowed the ceremony to proceed, and even preserved his countenance unmoved. As soon, however, as prayers were over, he hurried to his bedchamber, and, throwing himself on his bed, paid an affectionate tribute to the memory of his earliest companion by shedding many tears, and displaying the most passionate grief. It would appear that Charles subsequently endeavoured to drown his sorrow by a stricter

application to public affairs. According to a letter of the period, “The king, in fourteen days after the duke’s death, despatched more business than the duke had done in three months before: some, that observe the passages in court, say the king seems as much affected to the duke’s memory as he was to his person; minding nothing so much for the present as the advancement of his friends and followers.” Lord Carleton writes, “His Majesty’s grief for the loss of him was expressed to be more than great, by the many tears he hath shed for him.”

The duke’s body was conveyed to his residence at York House in the Strand. His bowels were inhumed at Portsmouth, where his sister, the Countess of Denbigh, erected a monument to his memory. It had been the king’s intention to honour his deceased favourite by a public funeral, the preparations for which are thus spoken of in a letter from a person on the spot: “On Thursday last the heralds were sent for by my lord treasurer, who gave them order to project as ample and sumptuous a funeral as could be performed; and so they brought in a proportion of some things larger than were in the funeral of King James. And all this must be done at the king’s charge; and, it is said by the courtiers, would stand his Majesty in 40,000*l.*; and that my Lord Fielding, master of the wardrobe, would gain by the London measure and the lists, 5,000*l.*”

The large amounts, however, of Buckingham's debts, as well as the murmurs which would have been excited, had a splendid funeral been awarded to one whose memory was so generally odious, seem to have induced the king to abandon his original intention. Moreover, the reduced state of the royal finances presented another obstacle. A sumptuous interment, argued the treasurer to Charles, would be but the show of an hour, while a monument would be not only less expensive, but would remain a lasting memorial to the duke's honour. The slovenly manner in which Buckingham's obsequies were eventually conducted may afford food for meditation to the despiser of human greatness. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville: "Notwithstanding that on yesterday was se'nnight all the heralds were consulting with my lord treasurer to project as great a funeral for the duke as ever any subject of England had; nevertheless, last night, at ten of the clock, his funeral was solemnised in as poor and confused a manner as hath been seen, marching from Wallingford House over against Whitehall to Westminster Abbey; there being not much above one hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin borne upon six men's shoulders, the duke's corpse itself being there interred yesterday, as if it had been doubted the people in their madness might have surprised it. But to prevent all disorder, the train-bands kept a guard on both sides

of the way all along, from Wallingford House to Westminster church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual at a mourning. As soon as the coffin was entered the church, they came all away, without giving any volley of shot at all. And this was the obscure catastrophe of that great man." Buckingham was assassinated on the 23d of August, 1628, having at the time scarcely completed his thirty-sixth year. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed about 4,000*l.* a year, and 300,000*l.* in jewels. His debts amounted to 61,000*l.* Clarendon says that, though he died possessed of a large estate, yet he had never been tempted by the love of money to commit either an unjust or an unkind action.

Of the duke's widow but few particulars have been recorded. According to the fashion of the age, Sir William Davenant addressed a copy of verses to her on the assassination of her husband, in which the virtues of the duke form the principal topic :

" . . . gone is now the Pilot of the state,  
The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate ;  
The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,  
The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Wilson tells us that, though the duchess became a zealous Protestant after her marriage, she afterward, at her mother's instigation, returned to the

Romish faith. Lord Clarendon, who was personally acquainted with her, says nothing of these tergiversations, but, on the contrary, speaks highly of her wit and spirit. The following lines are annexed to a scarce print of the duchess, engraved by Delaram :

“ The ancients, who three Graces only knew,  
Were rude and ignorant: look here and view  
Thousands in this one visage; yea in this,  
Which of the living but a shadow is.  
If these her outward graces be refined,  
What be the interior beauties of her mind.”

Cowley also addressed a copy of verses to her, in which encomium almost amounts to hyperbole :

“ If I should say that in your face were seen  
Nature’s best picture of the Cyprian Queen;  
If I should swear under Minerva’s name,  
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame  
The future age would think it flattery;  
But to the present, which can witness be,  
’Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,  
As you above the rest of women are.”

The duchess, after the death of her husband, married Randolph Macdonald, Earl and Marquis of Antrim. The king expressed himself much displeased with the match, though he afterward forgave the widow of his friend. Buckingham had four children by his duchess : Charles, who died an infant ; George, the witty duke, who suc-

ceeded him ; Francis, who fell gallantly fighting in the civil wars ; and Mary, afterward Duchess of Richmond. The king ever regarded and treated them as his own children, and indeed educated them with his own family.

## CHAPTER X.

### THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Remarkable Party at the Council-table of Charles I. — Wretched Fate of All Who Composed It — Early Life of Thomas Wentworth — His Marriage — He Is Created a Baronet by James I. — His Second Marriage — Death of His Second Wife — Wentworth's Love for His Children — His Violent Opposition to the Court — His Sudden Leap from a Patriot to a Courtier — His Elevation to the Peerage — Pym's Animosity — Wentworth's Illustrious Ancestry — His Further Advancement in Honours and High Offices — His Third Marriage — He Is Created Earl of Strafford — He Becomes Unpopular — He Is Impeached of High Treason — His Apprehension — His Trial in Westminster Hall — Memorable Letter to Him from Charles — His Confidence in the King's Promise — Terrible Dilemma in Which Charles Was Placed — The King's Agony in Signing Strafford's Death-warrant — His Subsequent Remorse — Strafford's Letter to Charles — Interview of the Former with Secretary Carleton — Detection of Strafford's Plan of Escape from the Tower — His Preparation for Death — His Secretary Slingsby — Strafford's Progress to the Scaffold — His Last Address — His Execution.

THEY were a remarkable party who assembled around the council-table of Charles I. Besides the unfortunate monarch, there sat the magnificent Buckingham, the loyal Hamilton, the severe Strafford, the high-churchman Laud, the

melancholy Falkland, and the gay and graceful Holland. In the midst of their haughty councils and high resolves, how little did they foresee the wretched fate which awaited them ! There was not one of that assembly whose death was not violent. Charles, Hamilton, Strafford, Laud, and Holland died on the scaffold ; Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin ; and Falkland, under circumstances almost as melancholy, perished on the battle-field.

Were we to select from the royal party a single individual, whose brilliant qualities and open character would most strongly contrast with the more fanatical, and often vulgar, enthusiasts of the age of Charles, our choice would undoubtedly fall on the stately Strafford. The nobleness of his disposition, his mental and personal accomplishments, his steadfast fidelity to his sovereign, his high bearing and graceful manners, are in strong relief, not only to the Harrisons and Barebones, but to the Pyms and Iretons of the day. Fortunately, it is the brilliant qualities of Strafford, and not his grave political misdemeanours, on which it is our province to dwell.

The subject of the present memoir was the eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, Bart., of Wentworth-Woodhouse, in the county of York. His birth took place in Chancery Lane, London, on the 13th of April, 1593. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, from whence he



country, followed, and the gay and general  
mirth. In the midst of their mirthy exultation  
and high merriment this cut-throat buried the  
royal boy which spangled these. That was  
not one of that assembly, whose death was not  
settled. George, the Queen's Servant, Lady and  
Helen did in this mirth; Buckingham fell  
in the hand of a woman; and Talbot, under  
circumstances about as indelicate, perished on  
the battlefield.

Why not to absent from the royal party a single  
notable, whose talents, qualities and opportunities  
would much exceed those of any other  
gentleman, and whose talents, qualities of the age  
of Charles, and those which subsequently fall in  
the reign of James, are the subjects of his  
*Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.*

Photo-etching from a rare old print.

He is a man of great talents, and a man of mind,  
and well to the purpose and business, but he  
was, I presume, dead on the day. Fortunately,  
it is the arbitrary opinion of Archdeacon Rivers  
that he perished in the battle, and may only be  
presumed to absent.

The author of the present memoir and the  
obituary of Sir William Wentworth, Bart., of  
Wentworth Woodhouse, is the editor of *York.*  
His birth and place is Cemetery Lane, London,  
on the 13th of April, 1816. He was educated at  
the Duke's College, Canterbury, from whence he





proceeded on his travels with his tutor, a Mr. John Greenwood, for whose character he ever retained particular respect. He returned to England early in the year 1613, and was shortly afterward married to Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland. He had no issue by this lady, who died in 1622, and was buried at York.

On the death of his father, in 1614, he succeeded to the estates and title of his family. In the Parliament of 1621, he was returned as one of the representatives of Yorkshire, having, previously to his election, been sheriff of that county. On the 24th of February, 1625, he united himself to Arabella, second daughter of John Holles, first Earl of Clare. This lady died in October, 1631, leaving him with three children: William, who in 1655 was restored to his father's titles; Anne, married to Edward Watson, Earl of Rockingham; and Arabella, married to John M'Carthy, Viscount Mountcashel, in Ireland.

The Lady Arabella, his second wife, is described not only as having been very beautiful, but as having possessed all those mental qualities which were likely to endear her to such a man as Strafford. He appears to have loved her sincerely, and at her death to have deeply lamented her loss. It was of her, and of the children which she bequeathed him, that he subsequently spoke in so touching a manner at his trial. The enemies of



Strafford, indeed, raised a scandalous report, which accused him of having been the occasion of her death. It was asserted that, having been accused by her of intriguing with another woman, the proofs of which had accidentally come to her knowledge, he struck her a blow on the breast; and that, being with child at the time, her death was the consequence. The story, there is every reason to believe, was an utter falsehood.

There is no passage in Strafford's life where his character appears in a more amiable light than in his love for his young offspring. When, in 1639, owing to the troubles of the period, he was compelled to send his daughters to the care of their grandmother, the Countess of Clare, he addressed a letter to that lady, which strongly exhibits his affection and his unwillingness to be deprived of their society. "I must confess," he says, "it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived the looking upon them, who, with their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least, of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto. But I have been brought up in afflictions of this kind, so that I still fear to have that taken first that is dearest unto me." He afterward adds: "Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost; more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body than that I wish they should much delight or

practise it when they are women. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also ; and they are both very apt to learn that, or anything they are taught. Nan, I think, speaks French prettily, which yet I might have been better able to judge, had her mother lived. The other also speaks, but her maid being of Guernsey, the accent is not good. But your ladyship is in this excellent, so that, in all things which may befit them, they may, and I hope will, learn better with your ladyship than they can with their poor father, ignorant in what belongs to women, and otherways, God knows, distracted, and so wanting unto them in all, save in loving them ; and therein, in truth, I shall never be less than the dearest parent in the world."

The Lady Anne—or, as her father styles her, "Nan"—was Strafford's favourite daughter ; indeed, this may be readily gleaned from the manner in which he dwells on her accomplishments in the foregoing extract. On an occasion of Strafford being absent from Yorkshire, while his family mansion was undergoing repairs, we find the accomplished child, then between three and four years old, overlooking the workmen, and taking much interest in seeing their work advance. Sir William Pennyman writes to Strafford : "Your children are all very well, and your lordship needs not fear the going forward of your building, when you have so careful a steward as Mrs. Anne. She

complained to me very much of two rainy days, which, as she said, hindered her from coming down, and the building from going up." The affectionate father was, doubtless, pleased with this instance of his child's precocious pleasantry ; indeed, much older people have said many worse things.

Strafford, it is needless to remark, had been for some years distinguished in the House of Commons for his able and violent opposition to the court. His apostacy is no less notorious. Whether his defection was owing to ambition, to the love of power, or to an awakened dread for the constitution of his country ; whether he was influenced by the splendid promises of Charles, — eager to gain over so powerful a mind, — or whether it was from a conviction that the popular party was proceeding to too great lengths, it is now impossible to determine. At all events, his sudden leap from a patriot to a courtier was as severely felt by his own party as it proved a triumph to the court. To the astonishment of all men, he was created suddenly, 22d July, 1628, Baron Wentworth, New-marsh, and Oversley. Shortly after his elevation, meeting his old friend Pym, "You see," said Strafford, "I have left you." "So I perceive," was the demagogue's reply ; "but we shall never leave you as long as you have a head on your shoulders." Pym kept his word, and never lost sight of Strafford till he brought him to the block.

It would be curious to discover whether a rivalry for the favours of the enchanting Countess of Carlisle had any share in their animosity. They were certainly both of them admirers of her beauty, and at different times apparently successful candidates for her favours ; but the supposition that their mutual success engendered mutual hatred, certainly rests upon no other foundation than mere conjecture.

As Strafford had apparently no other claims to a peerage, it was given out that he was indebted for his elevation to his illustrious ancestry. Accordingly, we find the preamble to his patent emblazoned with a long list of honourable names ; his descent being deduced lineally from John of Gaunt, which, of course, showed him to be allied to the blood royal. When the latter fact was mentioned to Lord Powis, “D——e !” he said, “if ever he comes to be King of England, I’ll turn rebel !” On the 10th of December, 1628, Strafford was advanced to be Viscount Wentworth, and, in 1629, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and president of the North. In February, 1633, he was nominated Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in which country his splendid services are well known.

Previously to his departure for his government, Strafford united himself, in October, 1632, to his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, Knt., of Great Houghton in Yorkshire.

The ceremony took place in private, and, as it was some time before Strafford divulged it to the world, it was probably a connection of which he had no great reason to be proud. His letters, moreover, to this lady are commonplace, and, though they do not betray a want of affection, they seem to indicate that she possessed but little influence over him, and that she was gifted even with less intellectual capacity. The earl was ever an ardent admirer of female charms, and in this instance had probably been captivated by mere personal beauty. The following letter may be taken as a specimen of his correspondence with his third wife. The allusion to the two ladies who had preceded her could scarcely have been very gratifying to the young bride. The letter is dated 19th November, 1632, the month after their marriage.

“DEAR BESS:—Your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them, in regard I take them to be full, as of kindness, so of truth. It is no presumption for you to write unto me. The fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension. So I desire it may ever be betwixt us; nor shall it ever break on my part. Virtue is the highest value we can set upon ourselves in this world, and the chief which others are to esteem us by. That preserved, we become capable of the noblest im-

pressions which can be imparted unto us. You succeed in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time. Equal them in those excellent dispositions of your mind, and you become every ways equally worthy of anything that they had, or that the rest of the world can give. And be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can through the whole course of my life, wherein I shall be no other to you than I was to them, to wit,

“Your loving husband,

“WENTWORTH.”

Strafford strangely mixes the care of his wife's morals with that of her personal appearance. In the postscript of a letter, dated a few days afterward, he writes: “If you will speak to my cousin Radcliffe for the paste I told you of for your teeth, and desire him to speak to Doctor Moore in my name, for two pots of it, and the doctor will see it be good,—for this last indeed were not so,—you may bring me one down, and keep the other yourself.” By his third wife Strafford had two children, Thomas and Margaret, who both died unmarried.

In 1640 his final honours were conferred on him. On the 12th of January, 1640, he was created Baron Raby of Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, with a special remainder, and Earl of Strafford; and on the twelfth of September

following, he was invested with the Order of the Garter.

Strafford's defection from his friends, his powerful intellect and undoubted courage, his entire devotion to his sovereign and to the Church of England, his imperious disposition, as well as his notorious intentions of enslaving the law, and establishing despotism in England by means of a standing army, had for some time aroused the fears of the popular party, and had rendered him the object of their invincible hatred. In England it was the fashion to speak of him as the common enemy of freedom and mankind. In Scotland, his vigorous opposition to the rebels and covenanters, in the cabinet as well as in the field, had long rendered him an object of detestation; while in Ireland, in which country he had already contrived to establish a military despotism, he was regarded with no less aversion.

Strafford had no sooner arrived from Ireland for the last time, in 1641, than his former friend, but now his sworn enemy, Pym, commenced the attack. Having informed the House of Commons that he had matter of the utmost importance to communicate to them, he significantly desired that the doors might be locked, and the keys laid upon the table. Pym's speech on this famous occasion is well known. After speaking of the earl as an enemy to his country, and even descending to a low abuse of his private character, especially as

regarded his admiration for women, he changed his tone by paying the highest compliments on Strafford's courage, enterprise, and capacity, which, combined with his imperious nature and arbitrary views, rendered him, as Pym very justly observed, the most dangerous person in England. The result was the immediate impeachment of Strafford. So menacing, indeed, were the proceedings, that, before any friend of the earl could warn him of what had been passing in the House of Commons, Pym had carried up the accusation to the bar of the House of Lords.

There is extant a curious contemporary journal, addressed by Dr. Robert Baillie, principal of the University of Glasgow, to the Presbytery of Irvine in Scotland. This person, having been delegated by the covenanting lords in Scotland to draw up the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud, happened to be on the spot at the time, and thus we are indebted to him for the following interesting account of the apprehension of Strafford.

“ All things go here as we could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday rested, and on Wednesday came to Parliament; but ere night he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression call to Heaven for vengeance! The lower house closed their doors; the Speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went

up with a member at his back to the higher house, and, in a pretty short speech, did, in the name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas, Lord Strafford, of high treason, and required his person to be arrested till probation might be made. So Mr. Pym and his pack were removed. The lords began to consult upon that strange and unpre-meditated motion. The word goes in haste to the lord lieutenant, where he was with the king. With speed he comes to the House of Peers, and calls rudely at the door. James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens. His lordship, with a proud, glooming countenance, makes toward his place at the board head; but at once many bid him void the house. So he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation he stands, but is told to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delivered to the black rod to be prisoner till he is cleared of the crimes he is charged with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be-gone without a word. In the outer room, James Maxwell required of him, as prisoner, to deliver him his sword. When he had got it, with a loud voice he told his man to carry the lord lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people toward his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood uncovered, all crying, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'A

small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter!' Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so he behoved to return the same way through a world of gazing people. When at last he had found his coach, and was entering it, James Maxwell told him, 'My lord, you are my prisoner, and must go in my coach!' so he behoved to do so. For some days too many went to see him; but since, the Parliament has commanded his keepers to be straiter. Pursuivants are despatched to Ireland to open all the ports, and to proclaim that all who had grievances might come over."

The famous trial of the Earl of Strafford took place in Westminster Hall, on the 22d March, 1641. At the upper end of the hall was placed a throne for the king and a chair for the prince. Charles, however, though present, did not publicly exhibit himself. On each side of the throne were erected temporary closets, covered with tapestry. In one of these sat some French nobles who were then in England; and in the other the king and queen, with several ladies of the court. A curtain was attached to the front of this box, which was intended to preserve the royal party unseen, but Charles, for some reason, tore it down with his own hands. The queen, we are told, and the court ladies, were observed constantly taking notes during the trial.

Immediately beneath the throne, on seats covered with green cloth, sat the peers in their parliamentary robes ; and near them the judges, on "sacks of wool," in their scarlet gowns. Lower down were ten ranges of seats for the members of the House of Commons. A bar, covered with green cloth, ran across the centre of the hall. Behind this was placed a table and desk for the convenience of the prisoner, and a chair which he could make use of if he felt fatigued. Close to him stood Sir William Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower. Strafford employed four secretaries, who sat at a desk behind him, and on one side of them were placed the witnesses for the prosecution. Galleries had been erected on each side of the hall, which were filled with spectators, including such members of the House of Commons as were not actually concerned in the impeachment.

Strafford, on each day of his trial, was brought from the Tower by water, attended by six barges, and guarded by a hundred soldiers. On his landing at Westminster, he was received by a hundred of the train-bands, who conducted him to the hall, and who afterward guarded the doors. Strafford and the peers generally arrived about eight in the morning, the king usually preceding them by about half an hour.

Rushworth, who was employed to take notes of the evidence, has supplied us with most of these particulars. Principal Baillie speaks of it as "daily,

the most glorious assembly the isle could afford," and furnishes us with some interesting particulars of Strafford's carriage. "All being set," he writes, "the prince in his robes, in a little chair on the side of the throne, the chamberlain and black rod went and brought in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black. At the entry he made a low courtesy ; proceeding a little, he gave a second ; when he came to his desk, a third ; then, at the bar, the fore face of his desk, he kneeled ; rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the house, and then sat down. Some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage."

The judgment and ability with which Strafford defended his cause are matters of history. Had he not been foredoomed, his unanswerable arguments and pathetic eloquence would probably have acquitted him. Pointing to his children who stood beside him, he thus concluded his last and most brilliant speech : " My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these pledges that a saint in heaven has left me." He then paused and wept. " I should be loath, my lords, — what I forfeit for myself is nothing ; but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity ; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and, there-

fore, I will leave it. And now, my lords, for myself, I thank God I have been, by his good blessing toward me, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility and all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and freely to your judgments, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or to death, —

“ Te Deum laudamus, Te Deum confitemur.”

Even his enemies beheld his demeanour, and listened to his eloquence, with admiration. After giving evidence against Strafford, Sir William Pennyman burst into tears. But the strongest testimony is that of Whitelock, who was chairman of the committee that drew up the impeachment. “Never,” he says, “any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person, and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity.” When Cardinal Richelieu was told of Strafford’s execution, “The English nation,” he said, “were so foolish that they would not let the wisest head among them stand upon its own shoulders.”

It was while the trial was still proceeding that

the earl received the following memorable letter from Charles :

“ STRAFFORD :— The misfortune that is fallen upon you, by the strange mistaking and conjunction of these times, is such that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs ; yet I cannot satisfy in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now in the midst of all our troubles, that, upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant, as you have shown yourself to be ; yet it is as much I conceive as the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

“ Your constant and faithful friend,

“ CHARLES R.”

This solemn promise of Charles, and the certainty that no crime amounting to treason could be proved against him, appear to have satisfied Strafford that his life, at least, would not be sacrificed. “ Sweet heart,” he writes to his wife ; “ albeit all be done against me that art and malice can devise, with all the rigour possible, yet I am in great inward quietness, and in a strong belief God will deliver me out of all these troubles. The more I look into my case the more hope I have, and sure, if there be any honour and justice left,

my life will not be in danger." In another letter he writes: "Your carriage, upon this occasion, I should advise to be calm, not seeming to be neglective of my trouble, and yet as there may appear no dejection in you. Continue in the family as formerly, and make much of your children. Tell Will, Nan, and Arabella, I will write to them by the next. In the meantime I shall pray for them to God that he may bless them, and for their sakes deliver me out of the furious malice of my enemies, which yet, I trust, through the goodness of God, shall do me no hurt. God have us all in his blessed keeping. Your very loving husband,

"STRAFFORD."

It is painful to perceive how confident and yet how fruitless was the earl's reliance on the king's solemn promise. In one of his last letters to his wife, he writes: "I know at the worst his Majesty will pardon without hurting my fortune, and then I shall be happy. Therefore comfort yourself, for I trust these clouds will away, and that we shall have fair weather afterward."

That a most alarming popular convulsion, if not actual revolution, would have been the consequence of Charles exercising the royal prerogative, and refusing his assent to Strafford's death, there can be little doubt. Whitelock says: "A rabble of about six thousand men, out of the city, came

thronging down to Westminster, with swords, cudgels, and staves ; calling out for justice against the Earl of Strafford, and pretending decay of trade and want of bread.” Moreover, reports of foreign invasion, of conspiracies against the Commons, and of a general rising in England, were ingeniously and successfully promulgated by the enemies of Strafford and the court. So terrified were the king’s personal friends, that, almost to a man, they endeavoured to persuade him to leave Strafford to his fate ; while the queen, with tears in her eyes, earnestly beseeched him to consult the safety of his family and allow the law to be put in force. A more terrible mental conflict than Charles was exposed to at this period can scarcely be conceived. Strafford, it must be remembered, was his personal friend ; he believed the sentence passed on him to have been an illegal one ; every political act of Strafford since he had been his minister had met with the king’s thorough approval. The crime, therefore, of the one was the crime of the other ; moreover, Charles had pronounced the word of a king and of a gentleman to Strafford that he should not die. With what conscience, therefore, could he attach his signature to the death-warrant of his faithful minister and friend ? But, on the other hand, as we have mentioned, Charles had to struggle against the tears of his wife, and the arguments and entreaties of his friends. Was it to be

expected of him, they said, that, in order to save the life of one man, he should risk the loss of his crown, deprive his children of their inheritance, and incur the responsibility of shedding the blood of thousands? The struggle was indeed an agonising one. There were none of his own subsequent misfortunes which affected Charles half so painfully as the agony of these distressing moments.

Charles, in the meantime, strained every nerve to save the life of Strafford. A plot to effect the earl's escape from the Tower—in which the king very unconstitutionally implicated himself—having signally failed, on the first of May Charles summoned the two Houses of Parliament to his presence, and fervently implored them to save the earl. So satisfied was he, he said, of Strafford's innocence of the crime of high treason, that neither fear nor any other motive should induce him to consent to his death. At the same time he admitted that the earl had doubtless been guilty of many misdemeanours; indeed, so satisfied did he express himself of the fact, that he solemnly promised never again to employ him in any place of trust; "no," he added, pointedly, "not even in that of a constable."

The final effort which he made to save Strafford from the block was on the eleventh of May, the day preceding the earl's death, when he sent the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords, with a

letter written in his own hand, in which he implored the Lords to seek a conference with the Commons, and to use their utmost endeavours to spare the earl's life. Unfortunately, the security of the patriots lay in the death of Strafford, and the king's entreaties were accordingly unavailing. When Charles at length was induced to affix his signature to the death-warrant, "My Lord of Strafford's condition," he said, "is more enviable than mine."

The king, in all probability, would have risked the worst, rather than have consented to Strafford's execution, but for a letter which he received from the earl himself. In this letter,<sup>1</sup> Strafford strongly urges Charles to pass the bill for his attainder, as the only means of restoring his royal master to the affections of his people. After using many arguments to this effect, "Sir," he concludes, "my consent shall more acquit you to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done; and, as by God's grace, I forgive all the world, so I can give up the life of this world with all cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favour; and only beg that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his sisters,

<sup>1</sup> Strafford's letter, the authenticity of which has been most unreasonably called in question by Carte, will be found in the Harleian Miscellany.

less or more, and no otherwise than their unfortunate father shall appear more or less worthy of his death. God long preserve your Majesty." With most men, this noble act of self-sacrifice would have had a very different effect than that which it apparently produced on the mind of Charles.

The injustice which he was guilty of to Strafford was ever looked back upon by Charles with the deepest penitence and remorse. We have already seen the king making a solemn vow, that, should opportunities hereafter offer, he would perform public penance for the death of his servant. To the queen, also, he writes in one of his letters, "Nothing can be more evident than that Strafford's innocent blood hath been one of the great causes of God's just judgments upon this nation." He afterward put to paper some reflections on Strafford's death, which afford painful evidence of his remorse. "I never," he says, "bore any touch of conscience with greater regret, and I have often with sorrow confessed it both to God and man." The bitter recollection haunted him even on the scaffold. Almost in his last moments he exclaimed: "God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he doth pay justice by an unjust sentence; that is ordinary. I will only say this,—that an unjust sentence, that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sen-

tence upon me." If the world blamed Charles, Charles at least blamed himself more.

The king had no sooner consented that Strafford should die, than, in great perturbation of mind, he despatched Secretary Carleton to the Tower, to excuse his conduct to the condemned earl, and to communicate to him the fatal tidings that his days were numbered. Strafford could scarcely credit his senses. Whitelock says he "seriously asked the secretary whether his Majesty had passed the bill or not; as not believing, without some astonishment, that the king would have done it." When the other assured him it was but too true, Strafford rose from his chair, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and laying his hand upon his heart, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation." In a letter to his faithful secretary, Slingsby, "Your going to the king," says Strafford, "is to no purpose. I am lost; my body is theirs, but my soul is God's. There is little trust in man."

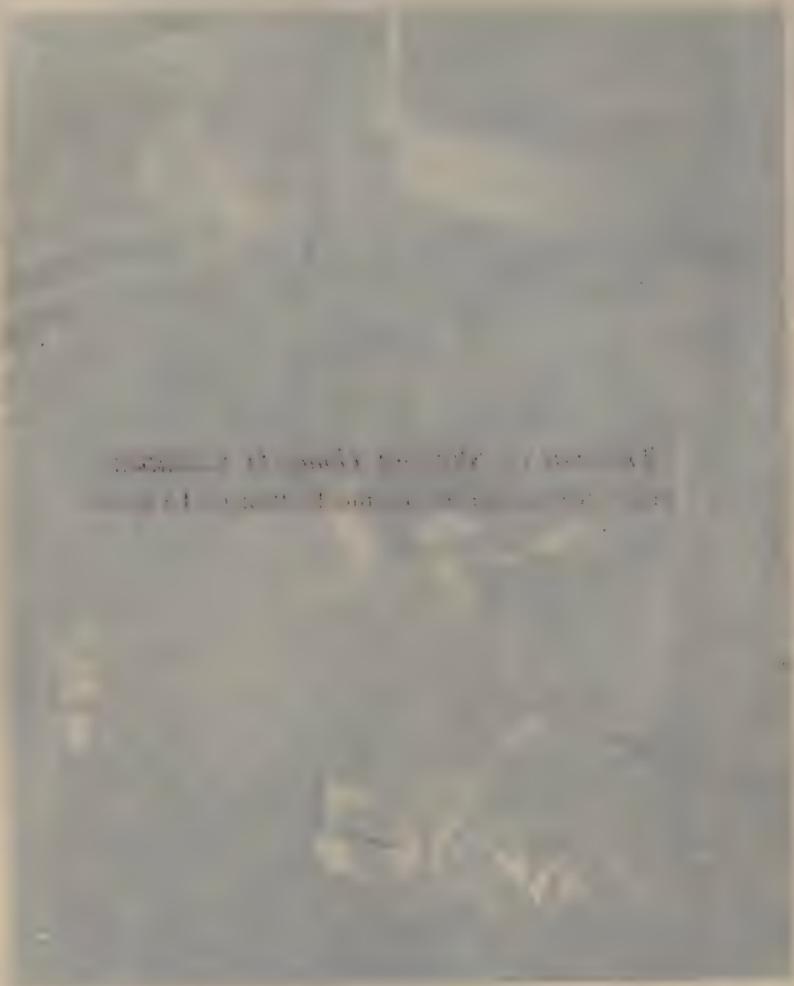
Strafford, perceiving that his royal master was either unable or unwilling to exercise the royal prerogative, prepared himself for the fatal stroke with a piety suited to a Christian, and the dignity becoming a great man. In his last hours he addressed an affectionate letter of advice to his young son, and another to his faithful secretary, Guildford Slingsby; the latter a very beautiful composition.

He passed to his execution less with the appear-

ance of a condemned criminal than like a general at the head of his army. The lieutenant of the Tower recommending him to make use of a coach, lest the people should rush on him and tear him to pieces, "No," said the earl, "I dare look death in the face. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner, or the fury of the people."

Strafford was accompanied to the scaffold by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and others of his intimate friends. Even in that awful moment, the haughty earl seems to have seized an opportunity of showing his contempt for the vulgar; his parting speech, we are told, having been addressed rather to the archbishop and to his immediate friends, than to the rabble who hooted him to the death. He asserted that never at any moment had he intentionally entertained a thought in opposition to the welfare and happiness either of the king or the people. He expressed himself a true son of the Church of England, adding that he bore enmity to no man, but freely forgave all. "Since I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "unto this day, I never had thought or doubt of the truth of this religion; nor had any ever the boldness to suggest to me the contrary to my best remembrance."

Having shaken hands with his friends, and his chaplain having opened the Book of Common



and it is continuing indeed that the progress  
of the last of the story. The discussion is yet  
more interesting. Sir Edward makes a speech  
that the people should trust the King and trust  
not the people, when he says, "I have told you  
of your king, who, said the monk, "I have told  
you of the King. Have you a care that I do not accuse  
of the King? And I care not how I do, provided by the hand of  
the executioner, be the body of the people."

Stratford was accompanied to the scaffold by  
the Ambassador of France, the Earl of Warwick,  
his mother, the Queen, the Duke and  
others of his kinsfolk. There is a  
curious moment. The Justice calls out to the King,  
and in apparent want of words, he continues  
with an effort, "I have a speech to make to you."

### *The Earl of Strafford Going to Execution.*

Photo-etching after the painting by Paul De La Roche.

He says, "My master bid me particularly  
make a speech in opposition to the religion and  
against either of the King or the people. He  
presented himself a true son of the Church of  
England, adding that he bore arms to no man,  
but Trinity forgave all. "Since I was an excommunicate  
gentleman," he said, "till to this day, I never had  
thought or doubt of the truth of this religion; nor  
will any man that boldness to suggest to me the  
contrary or the least remonstrance."

He then comes home with his friends, and his  
mother, and the Duke of Gloucester.





Prayer on a chair, they kneeled down together, and remained praying for about half an hour. He then rose, and, beckoning his brother toward him, desired him to carry his love to his wife and sister. It was his solemn and dying injunction to his son, he said, that he should continue firm in the doctrine of the Church of England, and in his duty to his king; that he should entertain no thought of revenge against his father's enemies, and that he should aim at no higher distinction than that of dispensing justice on his own estate. "Carry my blessing, also," he added, "to my daughters Anne and Arabella. Charge them to serve and fear God, and he will bless them; not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself; God speak for it and bless it. I have well-nigh done. One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all."

The earl then took off his doublet. "I thank God," he said, "I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Having put on a white cap, he thrust his hair underneath it with his own hands. He then inquired for the executioner, who came forward and requested his forgiveness. "I forgive you," said Strafford, "and all the world." Kneeling down at the block, the

archbishop being on one side of him and another clergyman on the other, the latter clasped the earl's hands in his, while they fervently prayed. Their devotions being at an end, Strafford told the executioner that he would first make an experiment of the block by laying his head on it, but desired him not to strike till he gave him a sign by stretching out his hands. Shortly afterward, placing his head a second time on the block, he gave the appointed signal, when at one blow his head was severed from his body. The executioner held it up to the people, exclaiming at the same time, "God save the king!"

Such was the end of the gifted and imperious Strafford, who, whatever may have been his political crimes, died the death of a pious Christian and of a gallant gentleman. The eulogium of his enemy, Whitelock, deserves to be his epitaph. "Thus," he says, "fell this noble earl, who, for natural parts and abilities, and for improvement of knowledge by experience, in the greatest affairs; for wisdom, faithfulness, and gallantry of mind, hath left few behind him that can be ranked as his equals." Strafford was executed on Tower Hill, on the 12th May, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Summary of Laud's Character — His Education and Preferments in the Church — Scurrilous Attacks on His Birth and Parentage — His Personal Appearance — Curious Parallel between Wolsey and Laud — Laud's Abhorrence of Puritanism: Anecdote — His Belief in Prognostics — His Visions — His Supposed Inclination to the Church of Rome: Anecdotes — His Private Virtues and Munificent Benefactions — His Unpopularity — Scurrilous Libels — Attack on Lambeth Palace Defeated — Impeachment of Laud — He Is Voted Guilty of High Treason and Sent to the Tower — His Papers Destroyed by Bishop Warner — The Original Magna Charta — Seizure of Laud's Private Diary — Anecdotes of His Imprisonment — Last and Affecting Interview between Laud and Strafford — Laud's Reception of the Fatal Sentence against Him — His Passage to the Scaffold — His Execution — His Character by Judge Whitelock — Insight of James into Laud's Character — Burial of Laud's Remains.

NEXT to Strafford, there was no man living whom the popular party and the Puritans regarded with such intense aversion and fear as this well-meaning but weak-minded prelate. Imperious constantly, even rude, in his converse with others; petulant by nature, unversed in the ways of the world, and entirely unacquainted with the science and practice of politics, the ele-

vation of Laud to the See of Canterbury was one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen either his sovereign, his country, or himself.

Weak men are very often influenced by one prevailing and obstinate idea. That of Laud was to establish sacerdotal supremacy in England, and to enforce at all hazards the doctrine of non-resistance and the divine right of kings. The darling purpose of his life was the exaltation and grandeur of the Church. To effect his object, no persecution appeared to him to be too rigorous; no fines too severe; no dungeon too deep; no stripes too numerous; no mutilations too cruel. We have only to call to mind the appalling severities practised by Laud in the Star Chamber and High Commission Court and his systematic persecution of the Puritans, and we shall cease to wonder at the intensity of their hatred and the dogged determination with which they brought him to the block.

It would be injustice, however, to Laud not to admit — and this we freely do — that, in committing the atrocities of which he was guilty, he conscientiously believed he was doing God good service. The apology, however, is very insufficient for the crime. For the safety of the human race, it is necessary that things should be called by their right names, and that no morbid consideration for the motives of human action should

permit us to confound right with wrong. If every malefactor were allowed to plead in his defence the circumstances which induced him to commit crime, how few punishments would there be, and, consequently, how few examples! Society, we think, is not very wrong, when, as in the case of Laud, it looks upon atrocious acts of cruelty as atrocious crimes, and, accordingly, hands over the oppressor to retributive justice.

These remarks on the character and conduct of Archbishop Laud are not made without reluctance, nor even without pain. Bitter as was his persecution of the Brownists, the Separatists, and other ignorant sects, and insolent as was his demeanour at the tribunal of justice, and to those who differed with him in opinion, Laud was, nevertheless, far from being deficient in private virtues. His piety we believe to have been sincere; his industry was great; his learning extensive, and his private conduct unimpeachable. His charities were munificent. He was meek and amiable in his own family, and kind and courteous in his general intercourse with the world.

William Laud was born at Reading, in Berkshire, on the 7th of October, 1573. He was educated at the free school of that town, and afterward at St. John's College, Oxford. In 1607 he was inducted into the vicarage of Stan-ford, in Northamptonshire, and after enjoying successively the bishoprics of St. David's, Bath and

Wells, and London, was raised to be primate of England in 1633.<sup>1</sup> His predecessor in the See of Canterbury was the amiable but puritanical Abbot. At the period of that prelate's death, Laud happened to be on his way from Scotland, apparently little anticipating the elevation that awaited him. It was first announced to him by Charles himself. When Laud entered the presence-chamber, the king addressed him somewhat playfully, "My Lord's Grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," and instantly issued directions for his translation.

James the First, with more sagacity than his successor, had contrived to discover the true character of Laud. When Lord Keeper Williams urged the king to select Laud for the vacant bishopric of St. David's, James for some time obstinately opposed his elevation. He had always made up his mind, he said, to exclude Laud from any place of rule or authority; he knew his character well; he was a man who could never see when matters went well; a man who "loved to toss and change, and bring things

<sup>1</sup> Those who murmur at the plurality of church benefices at the present time will scarcely credit the extent to which favouritism was carried in the reign of the first James. Bishop Williams, the enemy, and, as some would say, the victim of Laud, was, at one and the same time, Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, Prebend and Residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral, and Rector of Walgrave in Northamptonshire.

to a pitch of reformation floating in his brain." When at length the united influence of the lord keeper and Buckingham induced James to yield the point, "Then take him," said the king, "but on my *saul* you will repent it."

The double prognostic of the old king proved but too true. When, on the accession of Charles, the lord keeper fell into disgrace and was deprived of the great seal, Laud not only deserted his former patron, but, as Bishop Hacket informs us, shunned him as the old Romans shrank from the soil which had been blasted by lightning. It is satisfactory to ascertain that they subsequently made up their differences. Many years afterward, when the one had become Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other Archbishop of York, and when both were prisoners in the Tower, misfortune seems to have taught them that Christian charity was preferable to political hate, and accordingly, though they seem never to have met, they are said to have frequently interchanged messages of consolation and love.

Heylin, the archbishop's biographer, thinks it necessary to defend him against the charge of extreme meanness of birth, which had been brought against his patron by Lord Brook; and which was echoed in the thousand libels to which his splendour and unpopularity gave birth. His origin was what may be termed respectable. His father was a clothier of Reading, and his

mother a sister to Sir William Webbe, afterward Lord Mayor of London.

Laud, in the days of his magnificence, appears to have felt deeply these scurrilous attacks on his birth and parentage. Heylin mentions an occasion of his having been ushered into his presence in the episcopal garden at Lambeth, when he found the countenance of the archbishop full of care. He held in his hand a gross pasquinade, in which, as he told Heylin with much emotion, he was accused of as mean a parentage as if he had been raked out of a dunghill. Nevertheless, he exclaimed (and his countenance brightened as he dwelt on the virtues of his parents), “that though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor, and had left a good name behind them.” Heylin pleasantly and ingeniously reminded his patron of what had been retorted by Pope Sextus the Fifth when similarly attacked. “If the sun’s beams,” said that pontiff, “found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father’s cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born.” Heylin tell us that the comparison implied in this pleasing anecdote was far from displeasing to Laud.

Our imaginations would naturally lead us to regard this imperious prelate as a man of lofty

stature and commanding appearance. The contrary, however, was the case. Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks of him as a "little, low, red-faced man." He was, certainly, below the common height, and his complexion was florid. Fuller describes him as "one of low stature, but high parts; piercing eyes, and cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded." In a curious parallel between Wolsey and Laud, published in the lifetime of the latter, "Laud," says the writer, "was of less size, but might be called a pretty man; both were of ingenious and acute aspects, as may appear by this man's face, the other's picture." The incident is somewhat singular, that, at the university, Wolsey should have been nicknamed the "boy-bachelor," and Laud the "little bachelor."

Laud's abhorrence of Puritanism, and his high notions of the dignity of the church, were amusingly displayed on the occasion of his accompanying Charles the First into Scotland to be crowned. It was decided that during the ceremony the king should be supported, on each side, by the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow. The latter prelate, being inclined to the tenets of the Puritans, appeared in the procession without his episcopal robes. Laud, disgusted beyond measure, actually thrust him from the king's side. "Are you a churchman," he said, "and want the coat of your order?"

Laud was singularly superstitious, even for the age in which he lived. Owing to a strange presentiment which he conceived of approaching evil, his elevation to the archbishopric of Canterbury appears to have been a source rather of annoyance to him than of satisfaction and pride. In a letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated the 9th September, 1633, alluding to his change of residence from Fulham to Lambeth, he writes: "I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there one year, for instead of all the jolting which I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the court and Star Chamber; and, in truth, my lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do." His curious diary is full of the most idle fancies and ridiculous prognostics. The falling of the episcopal arms at Canterbury cathedral in a storm and of his own picture by the breaking of a string unequal to its weight, appear to have caused him not only uneasiness, but positive distress. Even the idle predictions of the silly prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies, are more than once alluded to with apprehension in his letters. On the 15th of November, 1633, he writes from

Fulham, to his friend, the Earl of Strafford: "The indisposition of which I spake unto your lordship, I thank God, passed over quickly, though I find I cannot follow your counsel, for Croyden is too far off to go often to it, and my leisure here hath hitherto been extremely little, I may truly call it none; besides, the Lady Davies hath prophesied against me, that I shall not many days outlive the 5th of November, and then to what end should I trouble myself with exercise, or the like?" He not only attached a singular importance to dreams, but usually committed the particulars to his common-place book. Among his papers was discovered a curious account of his father's spirit presenting itself to him in a dream, in 1639, looking, as the archbishop informs us, as well and cheerful as he had ever seen him in his lifetime. Laud inquiring of the spirit how long he proposed to extend his visit, the latter added portentously that he should remain till they departed together. The father, it seems, had been dead forty-six years, and as Laud was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age, he was at least old enough to attach their due share of importance to such phenomena.

Some of the visions, however, which he has chronicled, have a somewhat suspicious reference to the tenor of his waking thoughts. A visit which he received, in his sleep, from his old patron, the Lord Keeper Williams, to whom he had

behaved so ungratefully, appears to have been anything but agreeable.

“ December 14th, Sunday night.— I did dream that the lord keeper was dead ; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him ; that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. The dream did trouble me.”

“ January 14th, Sunday.— Toward morning dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln (the lord keeper) came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback ; went away, neither could I overtake him.”

Laud’s attachment to church ceremonials, his undisguised predilection for vigils, holydays, and relics, and his introduction of histrionic pageantry and pantomimic gestures, gave almost as much offence to the community as his religious persecutions. The notorious facts that Archbishop Cranmer had questioned the efficacy of the laying on of hands, that Bishop Hooper had declined to wear the episcopal robes at his consecration, that Bishop Jewel had designated them “a fool’s coat,” and that Bishop Ridley had substituted tables for altars in the several churches in his diocese, seem to have been either forgotten, or else were entirely disregarded, by Laud. Violating the ecclesiastical canons and the Articles of the Church of England, he approached as near as

he possibly could to the Church of Rome without actually professing himself one of her disciples.

Can we be surprised, then, that the world believed Laud to be at heart a Roman Catholic? The fact is undoubted, that the Pope sent him a serious offer of a cardinal's hat; indeed, Laud, in his Diary, records the circumstance. On one occasion, a daughter of William, Earl of Devonshire, having been questioned by the archbishop as to her motives for forsaking the Church of England for that of Rome, she playfully replied that she disliked travelling in a crowd. Her meaning being obscure, the archbishop asked her what she meant. "I perceive," she said, "your Grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and, therefore, to prevent being crowded, I have gone before you." Notwithstanding the satire of this lively lady, proof might be readily adduced, that not only was Laud regarded by the Catholics as unfriendly to the interests of their faith, but that he was even considered at Rome as a formidable enemy.

Laud, it would seem, had long entertained a pious but impracticable scheme of reconciling the religions of Rome and England by mutual concessions. Arthur Wilson, in his life of himself, mentions the particulars of an interview he had, at Bruges, with one Doctor Weston, a Roman Catholic. "The little Archbishop of Canterbury," he says, "Weston could not endure. I pulled a book

out of my pocket, written by the provincial of the English friars, which tended to reconcile the Church of England and the Church of Rome. 'I know the man,' said Weston, 'he is one of Canterbury's trencher-flies, and eats perpetually at his table; a creature of his making.' 'Then,' said I, 'you should better approve of my Lord of Canterbury's actions, seeing he tends so much to your way.' 'No,' replied he, 'he is too subtle to be yoked; too ambitious to have a superior. He will never submit to Rome. He means to frame a motley religion of his own, and be lord of it himself.'

The rigorous persecution, by the Church of Rome, of Franciscus, a Franciscan friar, for publishing a work in which he endeavoured to unite the two religions by mutual concession, affords sufficient evidence that Laud's favourite project was regarded but with little favour by the Papal See. The Roman Catholics, we are told, looked upon it as a "union between hell and heaven, Christ and Luther!"

According to Doctor Johnson, "Hell is paved with good intentions." No man, perhaps, ever entertained better intentions than Archbishop Laud. After his death, which took place at the mature age of seventy-one, there was found among his papers a long list of benefits which, had he lived, it was his intention to have conferred on mankind. He had intended, it seems, not only to

have been a munificent benefactor to the poor, but also a magnificent patron of the fine arts. "But for his untimely fate," says Anthony Wood, "St. Paul's would have silenced the fame of ancient wonders ; the English clergy would have been the glory of the world ; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, had outstripped the Vatican, and his public structures overtopped the Escurial." As it was, the benefits which Laud had already conferred upon society were of no mean order. He subscribed munificently to the building of St. Paul's. He procured an important charter for the University of Oxford, where he founded an Arabic lecture, besides presenting them with a magnificent collection of books. He repaired and adorned St. John's College, Oxford, and obtained for it the valuable living of St. Lawrence, Reading, the parish in which he was born. Moreover, he obtained a charter for Trinity College, Dublin ; established a Greek press in London ; and also founded some almshouses at Reading, with an adequate revenue. It may be questioned whether, since the days of Laud, any of his successors on the bench of bishops can prefer so good a claim to the gratitude of posterity. The dissolution of the Parliament, on the 5th of May, 1640, was generally attributed to the instigation of Laud. His unpopularity had now reached its height. On one occasion, a mob of about two thousand persons suddenly entered St. Paul's Cathedral, exclaiming,

“No bishop!” “No high commission!” Pictures, representing him in the most undignified postures, were displayed in the shop windows; scurrilous libels were affixed to the walls in every quarter of the town; and ballads, holding him up to derision, were sung in the ale-houses, and every scene of low debauchery. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to the archbishop, “His lot,” he said, “was not worse than that of David;” and at the same time he quoted the sixty-ninth Psalm, verse 12, “They that sat in the gate speak against me, and I was the song of the drunkards.”

A paper, which was publicly posted in the Exchange, inciting the apprentices to attack Lambeth Palace, very nearly led to fatal consequences. In the dead of night, about five hundred persons suddenly made their appearance at the gate, and attempted to effect a violent entrance. Laud, however, had made preparations for their reception, and accordingly, after breaking a few windows, and venting some bitter execrations against the archbishop, they dispersed. The next day some of the ringleaders were arrested. Only one person, however, Bensted, a sailor, suffered capital punishment.

The famous Long Parliament, which assembled on the 3d of November, 1640, lost but little time in wreaking its vengeance on Laud. He was solemnly accused in the House of Commons, of high

treason, in having endeavoured to subvert the laws and constitution of his country.

After a deliberation of only half an hour, the charges against him were carried up to the House of Lords by Denzil Holles, son of the Earl of Clare, and he was immediately committed to the custody of the black rod. Ten weeks afterward, fourteen articles of impeachment having been brought up to the Lords, the old prelate was voted guilty of high treason, and sent to the Tower. The Commons attacked him in the most opprobrious terms. Harbottle Grimston spoke of him in his speech as the great and common foe of goodness and good men; a viper, who instilled his poison into the sacred ear of majesty. Again, "this man," said Sergeant Wilde, "is like Naaman, the Syrian, a great man, but a leper." The charge of popery was confidently insisted against him as a crime, in allusion to which, Nicholas, another lawyer, in a violent attack styled him repeatedly, "the pander to the whore of Babylon."

Laud was conveyed to the Tower amidst the shouts and revilings of the populace. From Cheapside to the Exchange their behaviour and language are described as "beyond barbarity." Laud all the time sat quietly in his coach; exhibiting neither the contempt which he must have felt, nor the fear to which he was a stranger. "I look," he said, "upon a higher cause than the tongues of Shimei and his children."

Laud, on his having been committed to the custody of the black rod, had sent the key of his cabinet to Warner, Bishop of Rochester, desiring him either to burn or to conceal such papers as might be prejudicial either to his own interests or those of his friends. Warner had been engaged in the task about three hours, and had only just completed it, when a messenger arrived from the House of Lords for the purpose of sealing up the cabinet. Among the documents carried off by Warner was the original Magna Charta, which valuable piece of antiquity was found among Warner's papers at his death. It subsequently came into the possession of Bishop Burnet, and is now in the British Museum.

From the hour of his committal, to that of his death, Laud's equanimity appears never for a moment to have forsaken him. On his arrival at the Tower, being told by the lieutenant that he was conducting him to the apartments recently occupied by Bishop Williams, as affording the best accommodation in the place, Laud requested he might be lodged in any other rooms ; "he was certain," he said, "they would smell so of Puritanism."

When a friend, who came to visit the aged prelate, asked him how he fared, "I thank God," he said, "I am well. The king has provided me with a comfortable lodging ; I have good and wholesome fare, and by none of my troubles have

I been deprived of an hour's rest." He said of the Tower, that, if he ever quitted it, he would take care to have it beautified and improved. At this period he frequently repeated the sixth and seventh verses of the eighty-second psalm: "I have said, ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

There had long existed a feeling of mutual affection between Laud and Strafford. On the night previous to his execution Strafford sent a message to Laud, by the Primate of Ireland, requesting that he would pray for him in his extremity. To this he added a further request that when, on the following morning, he should pass by the archbishop's apartment on his way to the scaffold, Laud would present himself at his window, in order that they might bid each other a last farewell. Accordingly, the next morning, as Strafford passed to his execution, he looked up to Laud's window, but the archbishop was not there. "Though I do not see him," said Strafford to the lieutenant of the Tower, "give me leave, I pray you, to do my last observance toward his rooms." In the meantime Laud had been informed of the earl's approach, but being feeble, aged, and deeply affected at the contemplation of Strafford's death, it was not without much difficulty that his attendants could lead him to the window. Thus these two celebrated men beheld each other for the last

time. Strafford solemnly requested the prayers and blessing of the archbishop, on which Laud, lifting up his hands to heaven, fervently blessed and prayed for him. A moment afterward, overcome by grief and infirmity, he sank to the ground. On his recovery, he expressed much concern lest his weakness should be attributed to dread of his own approaching fate. “I hope,” he said, “by God’s assistance, and through my own innocence, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford’s loss than I am of my own.”

It was not till after he had been a prisoner in the Tower for three years that Laud was brought to his trial, which took place on the 12th of March, 1643, and continued during twenty days.

That Laud had committed no crime which amounted to high treason, and consequently that the judgment which sentenced him to death was illegal, there can be little question. True it is that he had been a great offender; that he had endeavoured to extend the royal prerogative in the most unconstitutional manner; that his mistaken and ill-timed zeal had done infinite mischief in the councils of his sovereign, and that his system of ecclesiastical government had been arbitrary, illegal, and cruel. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the proceedings against him were both unjust and tyrannical; that the evidences of his guilt were accumulated in a very

dishonourable manner ; and that even Laud himself had never been guilty of a more stupid, illegal, or unconstitutional act than that which sentenced the venerable prelate to a violent death.

Laud prepared himself to die with singular composure and fortitude. "No one," he said, "can be more desirous to send me out of life than I am to go." He passed the night previous to his death in a sound sleep. When he was awakened on the fatal morning by the lieutenant of the Tower, it was remarked that his countenance betrayed not the slightest dismay, but exhibited the same freshness of colour by which it had ever been distinguished.

It was with the same serenity that he passed to the scaffold, amidst the revilings and hootings of the populace. In his last moments we find him even jesting with his fate. In his discourse on the scaffold, he said, "I am not in love with this passage through the red sea, for I have the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh and blood plentifully in me : and I have prayed with my Saviour, *ut transiret calix iste*, that this cup of red wine might pass from me ; but, if not, God's will, not mine, be done." Perceiving, through a chink in the boards, some people standing underneath the scaffold, immediately below the spot where the block was placed, he requested the authorities to remove them. "He was unwilling," he said, "that his blood should fall on the heads of the people."

The revilings of the mob, which rung in his ears to the last moment, had no power to ruffle the composure of his mind. One fanatic in particular, Sir John Clotworthy, a prominent speaker in the House of Commons, continued harassing him with impertinent questions, and even attempted to draw him into a controversy. Laud answered him mildly and pertinently ; but his tormentor still persisting in his ill-timed zeal, the archbishop turned to the executioner, and appealed to him to do his duty. Presenting him with some money, he requested him to perform his task with as much adroitness as possible. Kneeling down, he repeated a brief but appropriate prayer for the welfare of the kingdom, and for his own eternal salvation through the merits of his Redeemer. Then, laying his head upon the block, he gave the appointed sign to the executioner by uttering aloud, “Lord, receive my soul !” when, at one blow, his head was severed from his body.

Laud suffered on Tower Hill, on the 10th of January, 1645, in the seventy-second year of his age. His old friend, Judge Whitelock, has described his character in a few words. “He was too full of fire, though a just and good man. His want of experience in state matters, and his too much heat and zeal for the Church, had he proceeded in the way he was then in, would have set the nation on fire.”

Had Laud been left unmolested in prison by

the popular party, he would probably in our day have been remembered only from his severities and his blunders. His enemies, however, thought proper to confer on him a crown of martyrdom. The consequence has been that we too often lose sight of his intolerance and his cruelties in the indignation which we feel at the illegal sentence which hurried him to the block ; and in our admiration of the courage with which he endured adversity, and the Christian composure with which he met his fate.

The remains of Laud were decently interred in the church of Allhallow's Barking, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tower. In 1663 they were removed to Oxford, and deposited with some ceremony near the altar of St. John's College chapel, in that university.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HENRY RICH, EARL OF HOLLAND.

Holland's Character and Despicable Apostacy — His Lineage — His Service in the Dutch Wars — His Rapid Advance in Honours — His Subserviency to Buckingham — Carlisle's Friendship for Holland — Marriage of the Latter — Holland House, Kensington — Holland's Wealth and Beauty — His Influence with Women — His Conduct in the Expedition against the Scots — His Scandalous Defection — The Queen's Anger against and Contempt for Him — His Time-serving Conduct to Charles at the Siege of Gloucester — His Reception by the King at Oxford — His Second Desertion to the Parliament — He Is Distrusted and Held in Contempt by Both Parties — His Flight into Huntingdonshire, and Apprehension by the Parliamentary Horse — His Trial and Condemnation — His Last Moments — His Execution and That of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel.

THE personal beauty and untimely fate of Holland have thrown an interest over his history, which neither his capacity nor his conduct would otherwise have justified. It is to the credit of human nature that meanness and ingratitude are the crimes which the world is ever the least inclined to forgive. For the despicable apostacy of Holland there can scarcely be an excuse. Without any especial merit of his own, he had been

raised to wealth, honour, and titles, by the personal regard of two sovereigns. And yet, after basking for more than a quarter of a century in the sunshine of royalty, he deserted his unfortunate master, Charles I., in his utmost need, and leagued himself with his most inveterate enemies. His ingratitude met with its proper reward. Scarcely six weeks after the execution of his royal benefactor, the once brilliant courtier was dragged to the scaffold, sick, miserable, and unpitied.

Henry Rich was a younger son of Robert, Lord Rich (created Earl of Warwick in 1610), by Penelope, sister of Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century. As his family, though noble, were not wealthy, and, moreover, were extremely numerous, the future favourite was content to enlist as a volunteer in the Dutch wars.

After two or three campaigns, the army being in winter quarters, he paid a visit to his friends in England. His handsome person soon caught the eye of James, and accordingly honours were heaped on him with almost unexampled rapidity. Within the space of a few years he was made Knight of the Bath, gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, captain of the King's Guard, created Viscount Fenton in Scotland in 1615,

Baron Kensington in Middlesex, 8th March, 1622, and 24th September, 1624, Earl of Holland in Lincolnshire. He was also made a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. Holland was employed in Spain at the period of Prince Charles's matrimonial visit ; and the following year was sent to Paris, with Hay, Earl of Carlisle (two as accomplished courtiers, we are told, "as were to be found in the palaces of all the princes of Europe"), to negotiate the marriage between the prince and Henrietta Maria.

Holland, on his first introduction to the royal favour, had encountered a dangerous rival in the Duke of Buckingham. He had, however, sufficient good sense to perceive the improbability of his being able to supersede that great favourite, and, accordingly, he wisely contented himself with occupying the second place in the royal affections. His politic conduct on this occasion is dwelt upon by Lord Clarendon. "He took all the ways he could to endear himself to the duke, and to his confidence, and wisely declined the receiving any grace or favour but as his donation ; above all, he avoided the suspicion that the king had any kindness for him, upon any account but of the duke, whose creature he desired to be esteemed, though the Earl of Carlisle's friend ; and he prospered so well in that pretence, that the king scarcely made more haste to advance the duke, than the duke did to promote the other." It was suspected that



Holland in Art has given birth to the rapid  
interior, but interrupted a diagonal trend in the  
Duke of Berwickshire. He has, however, sufficient  
good sense to perceive the impracticability of his  
present course. In *Henry Rich, Earl of Holland.*

## *Henry Rich, Earl of Holland.*





Holland's attachment to the sumptuous Carlisle had originated in interested motives, and that he too frequently availed himself of the purse of his friend. In whatever manner their intimacy may have commenced, the regard seems to have been mutual, and only ceased with their lives.

King James is said to have conferred on Holland, within a few years, nearly 150,000*l.* Moreover, he exercised the royal prerogative by uniting his handsome favourite to one of the richest heiresses in England. This lady was Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who brought with her, as part of her marriage portion, the manor and seat of Kensington. The family residence of the Copes, which now bears the name of Holland House, had been built by her father in 1607. It was afterward purchased by Henry Fox, who from this circumstance assumed the title of Baron Holland, on his elevation to the peerage in 1762.

His wealth and personal beauty rendered Holland in an eminent degree the idol of the fair sex. With the exception of the Duke of Buckingham, he was perhaps the handsomest man of his time. Even some fulsome verses, addressed to him by Mercer, appear scarcely to have exaggerated his personal advantages :

“ Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men;  
Thy courtly presence, and thy princely grace,  
Add to the splendour of thy royal race.”

In early life, his manners were gay and joyous, his conversation extremely fascinating, his dress and equipages magnificent. The world was captivated by so brilliant a combination of showy qualities, and, from the queen to the maid of honour, there were too many who confessed his influence over their hearts. Arthur Wilson speaks of his “features and pleasant aspect as equalling the most beautiful women ;” to which he adds, that he had excellent natural parts, but was “youthfully expensive.” Lord Clarendon also mentions his “lovely and winning presence.” The noble historian, moreover, does credit to his courage ; though, according to Sir Philip Warwick, he was more fitted for the drawing-room than the field of battle.

In 1639 we find Holland employed as lord general of the horse under the Earl of Arundel, in the expedition against the Scots. Certainly, from his conduct at this period, either his loyalty or his valour may be reasonably called in question. It was not long afterward, in 1641, that, having been denied a trifling boon by his sovereign, he betrayed the secrets of his royal benefactor, and transferred his allegiance to the popular party. Probably motives of self-interest had their share in effecting his scandalous defection. The tide of royalty was beginning to ebb, and the sun, in which he had long basked, was rapidly withdrawing his beams. “Whilst the weather was fair,” says Lord Clarendon, “he continued to flourish,

but the storm no sooner arose than he changed as quickly, and declined from that character of honour of which he was formerly supposed to be master."

If the queen's attachment to Holland had ever amounted to tenderness, it was at this period converted into anger and contempt. At her express desire, he was dismissed from his post of first gentleman of the bedchamber, Henrietta affirming that she would never live in the court as long as he continued to keep his place. From this period his conduct became so vacillating that he was trusted by no party and despised by all.

In 1643, the king's affairs presenting a more favourable aspect, Holland thought proper to secede from his new friends, and renewed his professions of duty and allegiance to his sovereign. He presented himself to Charles at the siege of Gloucester, and, notwithstanding the coldness with which he was received, persisted in following the king to the battle of Newbury, in which engagement he behaved with so much credit that the queen was induced to extend to him her forgiveness.

After the battle of Newbury the earl again hastened to the king at Oxford. Imagining that his recent services had obliterated all recollection of his former misconduct, he flattered himself that the king would receive him with open arms, that all unkindness would be forgotten, and that he should be fully restored to the royal confidence

and his former honours. Had he condescended to make proper concessions, and freely admitted that he had been guilty of a great offence, it is probable—inasmuch as the queen was again his staunch friend—that he would have been reinstated in the favour of his sovereign. Not only, however, did he refuse to make the slightest apology for his past conduct, but, foolishly regarding himself as a very injured person, talked in so high a tone of his own services, and the coldness of the king's manner, that Charles was unable to conceal his indignation. “His Majesty,” says Lord Clarendon, “observed that the earl behaved himself with the same confidence and assurance as he had done when he was most in his favour; and that he retained still the old artifice at court, to be seen to whisper in the king's and queen's ear, by which people thought there was some secret, when the matter of those whispers was nothing but what might be said in the open court.” Lord Clarendon himself sought out the earl, and endeavoured to persuade him to confess his fault, and sue for the king's pardon. Holland, however, indignantly refused to make the first advances, insisting that he had committed no crime which called for a humble submission; but adding that, should the king think proper to confer on him any public mark of favour, his own inclination would lead him to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong. Charles, though anxious to retain the ser-

vices of a man of high rank and large fortune, of course shrank from so unworthy a compromise ; and accordingly Holland—whether imagining the king's affairs to be in a worse posture than they really were, or disliking the cold looks which he encountered alike from the king and his courtiers —determined to seize the first opportunity of effecting his escape from Oxford.

Having, in the first instance, retired to a small village in the neighbourhood, he took advantage of a dark night, and, not without some difficulty, found his way to the headquarters of the Parliamentary forces. Here, however, his reception was again very different from what he had anticipated. The Parliament was no sooner made aware that the apostate earl was in their power, than they committed him to prison and sequestered his estate. After a short confinement, however, his liberty and property were restored to him, and he was allowed to retire to his own house. He subsequently published a defence of his conduct, which was chiefly conspicuous for its want of truth. By both parties Holland seems to have been regarded as one whose services could do them no good, and whose enmity no harm.

His famous and hopeless rising in favour of the king, in 1648, appears to have been a last and painful effort to wipe away the infamy which attached to his name, and to retrieve his lost character as a man of honour. If praise can

decently be conferred on so weak, vain, and vacillating a person, this last effort for his sovereign, entailing a bloody campaign in an almost hopeless cause, may claim some slight commiseration for the apostate. The story of his defeat at Nonsuch ; of the hurried pursuit of the gallant loyalists into Kingston-on-Thames ; of the romantic death of the young and beautiful Francis Villiers, and of the adventurous flight of his brother, the Duke of Buckingham, and of Holland himself, is tolerably well known. Holland fled into Huntingdonshire, in which county he was seized at an inn, near St. Neots, by the Parliamentary horse. He delivered himself to the officer of the troop without a struggle, and was subsequently carried as a prisoner to Warwick Castle.

The end of this once brilliant and envied minion of two successive sovereigns was sufficiently miserable. Bishop Warburton says “that he lived like a knave and died like a fool.” Holland, however, was in a deplorable state of health, and disease and an accusing conscience are but little calculated to cast an adventitious grace or dignity over a public trial and execution. At his trial he urged but little in his defence. His manner is said to have been that of a man who would willingly have received life as a boon, but who seemed to feel that he had little claim to it, from the goodness of his cause. Heath tells us that he was so extremely weak that, when he made his

defence, it was found necessary to give him a spoonful of cordial at the end of each sentence.

Having been found guilty of treason, “this unfortunate fine gentleman,” as he is styled by Echard, was condemned to death, though by a majority only of three or four votes.<sup>1</sup> It may be mentioned that the famous Bradshaw—whom Walker amusingly styles “the horse-leech of hell”—sat as president at the trial. Much interest was used to save the earl’s life. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, exerted his powerful influence, and it seems that the Presbyterian members of the House of Commons were favourable to him to a man. He owed his death, it was said, to the animosity of Cromwell, of whom he had formerly spoken with contempt. That Cromwell despised and detested him for his mean and vacillating conduct is extremely probable, but, on the other hand, that he hurried Holland to the block from any motive of personal dislike requires weightier evidence to prove than his enemies have hitherto adduced.

<sup>1</sup> At the same time with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, a gallant and loyal Welshman, was also condemned to the block. When the latter heard his sentence, he made a bow to the court, and returned them his most grateful thanks. “It was a very great honour,” he said, “to a poor gentleman of Wales, to lose his head in such noble company;” and making use of a great oath, “he was afraid,” he added, “they would have hanged him.” Owen, however, at the intercession of Ireton, was afterward pardoned.  
—Echard.

After his condemnation, Holland was removed to St. James's Palace, where he remained till the day of his execution. It was decided that the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the gallant Lord Capel should be executed on the same day, and on the same stage. Horace Walpole writes: "It was a remarkable scene exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connections with the queen, could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men to whom and from whom he had deserted,—while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity." That memorable scaffold was erected in front of Westminster Hall. On the 9th of March, 1649, not six weeks after the murder of the king, the three prisoners were conducted from St. James's to the residence of Sir Robert Cotton, at the upper end of the hall,—a house of some note, from so many great and unfortunate men having at different times partaken of its melancholy hospitality, in their passage to the grave.

The Duke of Hamilton was the first who was

brought forth to execution. The judges were sitting when he passed through the hall, and from their places could behold the fatal scene. Hamilton, who to the last had entertained hopes of a reprieve, lingered for some time in the hall. The Earl of Denbigh, however, coming up to him, and whispering in his ear that there was no hope, he forthwith mounted the scaffold, and after an address to the people submitted himself to the executioner with decent courage.

Holland came next. He was so exhausted by his long illness that it was with extreme difficulty he was able to address the crowd. Walker, in his "History of Independency," supplies us with some interesting particulars relating to his last moments. "After some divine conference with Mr. Bolton for near a quarter of an hour, and having spoken to a soldier that took him prisoner and others, he embraced Lieutenant-Colonel Beecher, and took his leave of him. After which he came to Mr. Bolton, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself to the block; whereupon, turning to the executioner, he said: 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes. I am now fit. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.' Then taking farewell of his servants, he kneeled down and prayed for a pretty space with

much earnestness. Then going to the front of the scaffold, he said to the people, 'God bless you all; God give all happiness to this kingdom, to this people, to this nation.' Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space; and then lifting up his head, seeing the executioner by him, he said, 'Stay while I give the sign;' and presently after, stretching out his hand, and saying, 'Now! now!' Just as the words were coming out of his mouth the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body." In his last moments he expressed deep regret at having deserted his royal master, and died penitent and a Christian. When his head was struck off, the slight effusion of blood which followed proved the insidious inroads which disease had made in his emaciated frame.

Lord Capel was the last who was summoned. He passed through Westminster Hall with a serene countenance, greeting his friends and acquaintances as he went along. Having ascended the scaffold, he inquired whether the other lords who had addressed the people had stood bare-headed. Having been assured that they had, he took off his hat, and delivered that fine and effective appeal which, more than any other circumstance, elevated the character of monarchy. "Like Samson," says Heath, "he did the Philistines more harm by his death than he had done by his life." His demeanour at the last afforded a beau-

tiful picture of dignified virtue and Christian courage. Even Cromwell, though he refused to interfere to save his life, did honour to the talents and probity of this high-minded nobleman. On the other hand, the meanness and tergiversation of the unfortunate Holland prevented all commiseration for his fate. Of all those persons who had basked in the sunshine of his favour, who had fought side by side with him on the field of battle, or who had shared with him the enjoyments of social life, there was perhaps not a single individual, with the exception of the members of his numerous family, who shed a tear when they heard of his tragical end.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

Summary of the Character of This Nobleman — His Early Life — Large Property Bequeathed to Him by His Grandmother — His Imprudent Marriage, and the Implacable Resentment of His Father — His Retirement to a Country Life, and Devotion to Literature — His Hospitality at Burford to Men of Letters — His Reasoning Powers — Compliment Paid Him by Suckling — Panegyrics by Cowley and Waller — Falkland's Connection with the Popular Party — His Appointment as Secretary of State — His Personal Appearance — Anecdotes of His Wife — His Sons — His Mental Distress at the Breaking out of the Civil War — His Attachment to a Military Life — His Magnanimity at Edgehill — Voluntary Sacrifice of His Life at Newbury — Aubrey's Account of Falkland's Motives for His Rash Act — Clarendon's Explanation — Manner of Falkland's Death — Clarendon's Eulogy.

THE beautiful character which Lord Clarendon has drawn of his friend, Lord Falkland, is familiar with most persons. At the time when that famous character was drawn, their friendship had lasted more than twenty years. Nothing can be more exquisite than the portraiture, nor apparently more admirable than the person whom he recommends to our admiration and our esteem. The historian dwells fondly on the virtues of his friend,

till admiration warms into enthusiasm, and we distrust the truth of the portraiture almost from its very beauty. Wit, learning, eloquence, and generosity; the highest sense of honour, blending with an almost feminine tenderness of heart; transcendent parts; the purest virtue, united to the sweetest Christian humility,—such is the assemblage of excellences with which Lord Clarendon has invested his friend. Let us turn from the sketch of one eminent historical portrait-painter to that of another. “There never,” says Horace Walpole, “was a stronger instance of what the magic of words, and the art of a historian, can effect, than in the character of this lord; who seems to have been a virtuous, well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war because it boded ill; and yet, by the happy solemnity of my Lord Clarendon’s diction, Lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work.” Between the sneer of Walpole, and the exaggerated encomiums of Clarendon, it may not be very difficult to form a proper estimate of Lord Falkland’s character.

That the conduct of Lord Falkland, both in public and private life, was almost faultless, there can be little doubt. He was evidently possessed of deep scholastic knowledge; his memory was singularly retentive, and his eloquence, if not first-rate, was at least of a high order. He was superior to the passions and artifices of vulgar minds;

was favourable to religious toleration ; most exemplary in his private conduct, and loved truth and justice for their own sake. On the other hand, his natural talents appear to have been much exaggerated. He seems, moreover, to have been affected with an infirmity of mind,—a dread of incurring moral responsibility, an overscrupulosity in deciding between what was right and what was wrong,—which, though the weakness detracts not from the amiability of his character, divests it to a certain degree of its dignity.

Lucius Cary, eldest son of Henry, Lord Falkland, is supposed to have been born at Burford in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610.<sup>1</sup> The circumstance of his father having been Lord Deputy of Ireland led to his boyhood having been passed in that country, and to his having been a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He was subsequently removed to St. John's College, Cambridge.

In early life, the future statesman and moralist appears to have been remarkable only for wildness and frolic. Aubrey says : “ My lord in his youth was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to state and do bloody mischiefs ; but it was not

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Wood says : “ Whether this Lucius was born at Burford, as some think he was, the public register of that place, which commences about the beginning of the reign of King James I., takes no notice of it. However, that he was mostly nursed there by a wet and dry nurse, the ancients of that town, who remember their names, have some years since informed me.”

— *Ath. Oxon.*

long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student." For one of his indiscretions he was confined in the Fleet. There is extant a moving petition, addressed by his father to the king, in which he prays for the release and pardon of his offending son. Shortly after this period, accompanied by a suitable tutor, he departed on his travels; and from this time we hear nothing more of the profligacy or extravagance of Lord Falkland.

Lord Falkland was not of age when his grandmother, who was heiress of Lord Chief Baron Tanfield, bequeathed him a considerable property, independent of his parents. He had scarcely come into possession of the estate, when he unfortunately offended his father by contracting an imprudent marriage. "Before he was of age," says Lord Clarendon, "he committed a fault against his father, in marrying a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion, which exceedingly offended him, and disappointed all his reasonable hopes and expectation of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune, and desperate hopes at court, by some advantageous marriage of his son, about which he had then some probable treaty. Sir Lucius Cary was very conscious to himself of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it, which (though he could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most

signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children, in which he took great delight) yet he confessed it in the most dutiful and sincere applications to his father for his pardon, that could be made ; and, for the prejudice he had brought upon his fortune by bringing no portion to him, he offered to repair it by resigning his whole estate to his disposal, and to rely wholly upon his kindness for his own maintenance and support ; and to that purpose he had caused conveyances to be drawn by counsel, which he brought, ready engrossed, to his father, and was willing to seal and execute them, that they might be valid. But his father's passion and indignation so far transported him, though he was a gentleman of excellent parts, that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate ; so that his son remained still in possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterward to rejoice. But he was for the present so much afflicted with his father's displeasure that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to buy some military command, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession ; but being disappointed in the treaty he expected, and finding no opportunity to accommodate himself with such a command, he returned again into England, resolving to retire to a country life, and to his books, that,

since he was not like to improve himself in arms, he might advance in letters."

Lord Falkland persevered in his resolution; and, though extremely attached to the society of London, determined to absent himself from the capital for some years, and to devote himself entirely to study. The death of his father, it seems, compelled him to visit the metropolis before the period of his self-exile had expired. As soon, however, as he had arranged his affairs, he returned to the country, and resumed the severe course of study which he had prescribed for his mental improvement. Before he had attained the age of twenty-three he had obtained a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, and was deeply conversant with all the theological controversies which perplexed the age. His house at Burford, within twelve miles of Oxford, was the resort of the principal persons of the university, and was frequently visited by the most learned scholars of the metropolis. Lord Clarendon says: "They found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they

could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society." According to Anthony Wood, such was the opinion entertained by the University of Oxford of Lord Falkland's reasoning powers, that it was a common remark, at the time, that if the Devil or the Grand Turk were open to conviction, his lordship and Chillingworth<sup>1</sup> would be able to effect their conversion. Lord Falkland was, at this time, a gay and cheerful man, and his delightful conversation was not the least attraction to this happy academical retreat. He continued this laudable course of life for a few years, and when he again entered the world, at the age of twenty-six, he was acknowledged to be one of the deepest scholars and ablest reasoners of his day.

It would be useless to dwell on the writings of Lord Falkland, which have doubtless their merit, but which are now either forgotten, or remembered only by name. In early life he had been an ardent admirer of the Muses, and was himself a poet. Suckling pays him a beautiful compliment in his "Session of the Poets." Apollo has summoned Falkland to his presence, but —

"He was of late so gone with divinity,  
That he had almost forgot his poetry;

<sup>1</sup> William Chillingworth was one of the most profound scholars, and, perhaps, the acutest and closest disputant, of his day. He died in January, 1644.

Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,  
He might have been both his priest and his poet."

Swift tells us (it is doubtful on what authority) that Lord Falkland, in his writings, whenever he entertained any doubt as to the intelligibility of a sentence he had written, "used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided, whether to receive or to reject it."<sup>1</sup> Lord Falkland used to remark that "he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a wet day."

Not a few of his contemporaries have paid a grateful tribute both to his genius and to his social qualities. Cowley writes, on the occasion of his joining the expedition against the Scots :

"Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just;  
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;  
Return him safe. Learning would rather choose  
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.  
All things that are but writ or printed there,  
In his unbounded breast engraven are.  
There all the sciences together meet,  
And every heart does all her kindred greet."

Waller, also, in a poem on the same subject, thus panegyrises him :

<sup>1</sup> "Letter to a young gentleman lately entered into Holy Orders." A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Rousseau.

“ Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes;  
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose  
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,  
To civilise and to instruct the North ? ”

Lord Falkland’s reverence for Parliaments and for a representative form of government, his distaste to the frivolities of a court, and his admiration of the character of Hampden had early induced him to connect himself with the popular party. Even when the extreme lengths, to which he believed the patriots were proceeding, induced him to secede from his former friends, it was not without great difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to declare his adherence to the court. So fearful was he that his conduct might be attributed to interested motives, that, although Charles openly courted his friendship and invited him to several personal interviews, his manners to his sovereign, to say the least, were far from conciliatory ; while, to the hangers-on of the court, they were commonly morose and almost insulting. When disinclination at length yielded to his high sense of duty, and he accepted the appointment of secretary of state, he carried his chivalrous notions of probity to a laudable, though unfortunate weakness. At a period when the Parliamentary party entertained no scruples, and made no secret of their intentions to ascertain the secrets of the court by any means which lay in their power, Lord Falkland, acting on a chivalrous, but

mistaken, sense of honour, refused either to employ a spy, or open a suspected letter. The consequences may be readily conceived. Lord Falkland, too pure for the generation in which he lived, became the dupe of knaves and hypocrites ; and though the reflection that his political career had been unimpeachable may have been extremely gratifying to himself, it was no satisfaction to the sovereign whose affairs were thrown into confusion by his fastidiousness. A statesman may act with sense and prudence without imitating the perfidies of a Machiavelli.

The personal advantages of Lord Falkland were not of a high order. Lord Clarendon says, in his autobiography : “ His person and presence were in no degree attractive or promising. His stature was low, and smaller than most men ; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting that it had somewhat in it of simplicity ; and his voice, the worst of the three, so untuned, that, instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue ; and sure no man was less beholden to Nature for his recommendation into the world.” Anthony Wood tells us “ that he had no great strength ; that his hair was black and somewhat flaggy, and his eye black and lively.”

His marriage, imprudent as it was considered by his relatives and worldly friends, was productive, as far as can be ascertained, of no un-

happiness either to Lord Falkland or to the lady of his choice. Wood informs us that "her Christian name was Lettice, and that she was a daughter of Sir Richard Morison, Knight, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire." Lord Clarendon styles her "a lady of most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life." Aubrey affords us an amusing insight into Lord Falkland's domestic life. "I will tell you," he says, "a pretty story from Will Hawes, of Trinity College, who told me that my lady was, after the manner of women, much governed by and indulgent to the nursery. When she had a mind to beg anything of my lord for one of her maids, women, nurses, etc., she would not do it of herself if she could help it, but put this gentleman, Lord Falkland's former tutor, upon it, to move it to my lord. My lord had but a small estate to his title, and the old gentleman would say, 'Madame, this is so unreasonable a motion to propose to my lord that I am certain he will never grant it.' At length, when she could not prevail on him, she would say, 'I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it of my lord ; it will cost me but the expense of a few tears.' " The old antiquary slyly presumes that "there were kisses and secret embraces that were also ingredients ; and thus," he adds, "being stormed by her tears, would this pious lady obtain her unreasonable desires."

Wood speaks of Lady Falkland, after the death

of her gifted husband, as “a disconsolate widow, and the most devout, pious, and virtuous lady of the time she lived in.” Granger also remarks: “When that great and amiable man was no more, she fixed her eyes on Heaven, and, though sunk in the deepest affliction, she soon found that relief from acts of piety and devotion which nothing else could have administered.” It would appear that, in her widowhood, the greater portion of her time was spent in religious worship, in family prayer, “singing psalms,” and catechising her children and her servants. She constantly visited her poor neighbours, and read aloud to them from religious books, while they employed themselves in spinning. Lord Falkland paid the highest possible compliment to her amiability and good sense by bequeathing her the whole of his property, and entrusting his three sons to her care.

Of these sons, Lucius, Lord Falkland, a young man of considerable talent, died at an early age at Paris. Henry, who succeeded him in the title, appears to have been remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, but, like his father, had contracted an early taste for dissipation. He is even said to have parted with the family library for “a horse and a mare.” But, like his father, he afterward reformed, and, by his great diligence, made up for time misspent and talents misapplied. He was for some time member for the county of Oxford. When he first took his seat in the

House of Commons, an old senator, objecting to his youthful appearance, asked him whether he had sown his “wild oats ?” “If I have not,” said the young lord, “I am come to the properest place, where there are so many geese to pick them up.” The youngest son, who also became Lord Falkland, died in 1693.

Let us return to the subject of the present memoir. The breaking out of the civil war, and the miseries which threatened his country, embittered more and more the happiness of Lord Falkland’s life. In moments of mental anguish he was frequently heard to exclaim, “Peace, peace;” and he himself remarked “that the calamities of the kingdom robbed him of his sleep, and would shortly break his heart.” Depressed, however, as his spirits usually were, on the morning of a battle he ever appeared singularly cheerful, and it was remarked that the nearer the danger approached the more his animation increased. He had a natural inclination, he said, for the profession of a soldier, and, consequently, the camp had especial charms for the philosopher. Though it was merely as a volunteer that he served in the civil war, he ever took his share in the hour of danger, and, indeed, attached himself to the commander who was most likely to lead his followers into the thickest of the fight. At the battle of Edgehill he incurred considerable risk by interposing in favour of the flying and defenceless wretches who had

thrown down their arms. "Some thought," says Lord Clarendon, "that he had come into the field out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and out of charity to prevent the shedding of blood."

There seems to be but little doubt that Lord Falkland voluntarily threw away his life at the battle of Newbury. Flinging himself into the middle of the fight, he may be almost said to have bared his breast to the weapons of his foes. Whitelock tells us that, on the morning of the battle, he asked for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it,<sup>1</sup> "If I am slain," he said, "they shall not find my body in foul linen." When his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from risking his life, "I am weary," he said, "of the times, and foresee the misery of my country; I believe I shall be out of it before night." At another time, when remonstrated with by a friend, he replied "that he had made himself so conspicuous from his desire of peace, that it was necessary to show how little he dreaded the worst hazards of war."

On the morning of the battle of Newbury, Lord Falkland, as usual, appeared remarkably cheerful. He insisted on being placed in front of Sir John Byron's regiment, which it was supposed would be engaged in the hottest of the action. If his prayer was for death, it was not breathed in vain. In

<sup>1</sup> It is amusing to find so daily an act of cleanliness requiring an explanation. If the days of chivalry are over, the days of comfort are at least improved.

charging a body of infantry, "riding," to use the words of Aubrey, "like a madman," he was shot from behind a hedge in the lower part of the stomach, and almost instantaneously fell dead from his horse. "The next day," says Aubrey, "when they went to bury the dead, they could not find his lordship's body; it was stripped, and trod upon, and mangled. There was one, that waited on him in his chamber, would undertake to know it from all other bodies, by a certain mole his lordship had in his neck, and by that mark did find it."

Lord Clarendon mourns affectionately over his unfortunate friend. "In that unhappy battle," he says, "was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts, of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it would be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." The praise of Whitelock is almost equally warm, while his political hostility toward Lord Falkland renders it of far more value than the partial encomiums of a friend.

Lord Falkland was slain on the 20th of September, 1643, having only completed his thirty-third year. His remains were interred in the church of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LUCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

Summary of This Lady's Character — Her Marriage to James Hay, afterward Earl of Carlisle — Her Intimacy with Strafford — Death of Her Husband — Homage to Her Charms by Waller, Davenant, and Voiture — Character of Her by Sir Toby Mathews — Suckling's Poem "On the Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Gardens" — Her Desertion of the Court and Betrayal of Its Secrets to the Republicans — Her Second Change of Politics at the Restoration — Her Sudden Death.

LUCY, Countess of Carlisle, the "Erinnys of her time," as she is styled by Bishop Warburton, was perhaps the most enchanting, and certainly was the most remarkable woman at the court of Charles. She is said to have been successively the mistress of the accomplished Strafford, and of the republican Pym; next to the far-famed Sacharissa, she was the goddess of Waller's idolatry; her wit and loveliness were celebrated by Voiture, Suckling, and half the poets of the seventeenth century; and, moreover, such is said to have been the fascination of her manner and address, that her very foibles added to the enchantment. These

foibles, however, it is to be feared, were more numerous even than her accomplishments.

The Lady Lucy Percy was the youngest daughter of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland. On the 6th of November, 1617, she married, without her father's consent, the fantastic spendthrift, James Hay, afterward Earl of Carlisle. Of the terms on which they lived together but little is known. As Lady Carlisle, however, early conceived a distaste for the duties and calm pleasures of domestic life, it is probable that their union was not a happy one. There is also every reason to believe that her intimacy with Strafford commenced during the lifetime of her husband. Her name is frequently mentioned with interest in the Strafford Letters. On the 9th of January, 1633, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl, who was then in Ireland : "My Lady Carlisle hath not been well of late, looks well, but hath utterly lost her stomach, insomuch that she is forced to leave the court for awhile, and be at Mr. Thomas Cary's house in the Strand, for the taking of physic and recovery of her health ; which house her lord hath taken at 150*l.* a year rent, ever since Mr. Cary was designed ambassador for Venice." It must be admitted that the fact of her intrigue with Strafford has been sometimes questioned. That their intimacy, however, whether criminal or not, was of a very affectionate character, is sufficiently proved by more than one letter among the Sidney Papers. Sir Toby Mat-

thews insists that she “contented herself to play with love as with a child.”

In 1636 her husband left her a young and beautiful widow. It was on this occasion that Waller composed his fine verses, “To the Countess of Carlisle in mourning,” in which he addresses her so happily as :

“A Venus rising from a sea of jet.”

Perhaps she did not mourn deeply for her eccentric lord, for the poet proceeds in his consolation in rather a singular strain :

“ We find not that the laughter-loving dame  
Mourned for Anchises ; 'twas enough she came  
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,  
And that his living eyes such beauty fed ;  
Had she been there, untimely joy, through all  
Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral. ”

Sir William Davenant, also, addressed a copy of verses to her on the same melancholy occasion. They commence with some elegance :

“ This cypress folded here, instead of lawn !  
These tapers winking, and these curtains drawn !  
What may they mean ? ”

Voiture, who was probably acquainted with her when he was in England, has also celebrated her charms.

There exists a well-known character of Lady Carlisle, drawn by Sir Toby Matthews, which, notwithstanding its bombastic solemnity, obtained considerable note at the time, but which is scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred to these pages. Though intended to be a panegyric, it leaves an impression as little favourable to the lady's character as to the author's sense. It is to this "Character," that Suckling alludes in his "Session of the Poets." In introducing Sir Toby to Apollo's notice, as one of the candidates for the laurel, he proceeds with much pleasantry :

"Toby Matthews (plague on him! how came he there?)  
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;  
When he had the honour to be named in court,  
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't.

"For had not her character furnished you out  
With something of handsome, beyond all doubt  
You and your sorry lady-muse had been  
In the number of those that were not let in."

Another poem of Suckling's, entitled "On the Lady Carlisle's Walking in Hampton Court Gardens," consists of an amusing dialogue in verse, which is presumed to take place between Suckling and his friend, Thomas Carew. The latter, who appears to have been deeply smitten with Lady Carlisle's charms, apostrophises them in the following exquisite verse:

“ Didst thou not find the place inspired ?  
And flowers, as if they had desired  
No other sun, start from their beds,  
And for a sight steal out their heads ?  
Heard’st thou not music when she talked ?  
And did’st not find that as she walked  
She threw rare perfumes all about,  
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,  
Or chafed spices give ? — ”

Suckling of course laughs at the romance of his friend, on which the latter breaks out passionately :

“ Twas well for thee she left the place,  
There is great danger in that face.”

But at this point Carew’s praises grow far too glowing for further insertion.

A poem of Waller’s, on Lady Carlisle’s bed-chamber, commences with the following happy couplet:

“ They taste of death that do at heaven arrive,  
But we this paradise approach alive.”

How strange are the anomalies of the human mind ! Rich, witty, beautiful, and high-born, this frivolous lady suddenly deserted the gay and refined society in which she had been bred from her childhood, to become the companion of gloomy enthusiasts and surly republicans. Her panegyrist tells us that ambition often led her into extremes, and that notoriety was as dear to her as life.

Weariness, disgust, vanity, diminished influence, and decaying beauty are too often the real motives of human actions.

But Lady Carlisle had condescended to become a spy before she became an open traitor. She had been under many personal obligations to Queen Henrietta Maria, and had long been trusted by her in her most private affairs. Moreover, her intimacy with Strafford, and her acquaintance with the leading politicians of the time, had initiated her into many of the secrets of the council-table, and into the projects and sentiments of the court. The defection, therefore, of the fair renegade was hailed with delight by the republicans. She not only had the baseness to discover to them every secret with which she had been entrusted, but zealously plotted and intrigued against her former friends. It was at this period, if we are to credit Sir Philip Warwick, that she, who had won the affection, and listened to the eloquence of the lofty Strafford, became the mistress of his deadly enemy, Pym. Probably the Puritan was really dazzled with her charms. Certain it is, however, that she attended the worship of the enthusiasts; affected to listen with deep interest to their sermons, and even took notes of their discourse.

At the restoration of Charles the Second, we find this volatile lady embarking in new intrigues. The court of the young king was likely to be a gay and brilliant one, and Lady Carlisle was in

hopes that Queen Henrietta might forget and forgive. Accordingly, in a letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th May, 1660, it is stated: "The Queen of England's party is much dejected, their designs and projects being totally defeated. They have daily consultations at the Lady Carlisle's, and some of them have expressed that they wished things had not succeeded in this manner, if the Marquess of Ormond and Sir E. Hyde must govern." This passage evidently refers to the disinclination expressed by the Parliament to consent to the return of Henrietta into England, which Lady Carlisle, in order to curry favour with her royal mistress, appears to have been desirous to effect. However, she survived the date of this letter but a very few months, dying on the 5th of November, 1660, about the sixtieth year of her age.

Her death took place suddenly at Little Cashionbury House. Having dined heartily about two hours before, she was employed in cutting some ribbon, while waiting the arrival of her sedan-chair, which was to convey her to the court of the queen-dowager, when she suddenly fell down lifeless, without uttering a word. The Earl of Leicester says in his diary, "It may be observed that she died upon the fifth of November, the day of the powder treason, for which her father was suspected and imprisoned." The coincidence loses its ill-natured point, since, as Lord Leicester must

have well known, the stout old earl was as innocent of that detestable treason as he was himself.

The countess was buried near her father, in the burial-place of the Percys, at Petworth.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Inconsistencies in the Character of This Personage — His Father, Sir Everard Digby — Sir Kenelm's Inheritance — He Proceeds on His Travels — Is Knighted by King James — Sir Kenelm's Courtly Qualities — Venetia Stanley — Scandal against Her — Sir Kenelm's Autobiography — His Singular Narrative of His Love for, and Marriage to, Venetia — His Expedition against the Algerines — His Gallant Exploit at Scanderoon — His Marvellous Stories — His Combat with M. Mount le Ros — His Jealousy of Venetia — Numerous Portraits of That Lady — Her Husband's Strange Expedients to Increase the Lustre of Her Charms — Her Death — Report that Digby Had Poisoned Her — Destruction of Her Tomb — Ben Jonson's Poem on Her Death — Sir Kenelm's Grief at the Loss of His Wife — He Is Imprisoned by the Long Parliament — His Release and Sojourn in France — His Quarrel with the Pope — His Return to England and Connection with Cromwell — Pursuits of His Latter Years — His Interview with Des Cartes — His Character by Lord Clarendon — His Death and Burial.

GRACEFUL, eloquent, and chivalrous; with a genius as diversified as that of The Admirable Crichton; with a vast capacity and amazing knowledge; how deplorable it is that littleness, vanity, and wrong-headedness should have been allowed

to sully so many accomplishments. Changeable in religion, fantastic in his ideas of virtue, and false in his notions of honour, we find the hero turning braggart, the philosopher disregarding truth, the orator wasting his eloquence in the drawing-room, the royalist becoming a suppliant to republicans, and the metaphysician condescending to write a cookery-book !

Sir Kenelm was born on the 11th of June, or 11th of July, 1603. His father was Sir Everard Digby, reputed to have been the handsomest man of his time, but far better known as the misled but conscientious fanatic, who, at the age of twenty-four, suffered for his share in the gunpowder conspiracy. The mother of Sir Kenelm was Mary, daughter and sole heiress of William Mulsho, Esq., of Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire. By the attainer of Sir Everard a portion of their large property was lost to the Digbys, and, accordingly, we find his son complaining bitterly that a “foul stain on his blood” was the whole of his inheritance. At another time he speaks of the “scanty relics of a shipwrecked estate.” Lord Clarendon, however, informs us that he inherited a “fair and plentiful estate ;” amounting annually, it would appear, to the then considerable income of 3,000*l.*

In his fifteenth year, Sir Kenelm was entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford. His tutor was Mr. Thomas Allen, a scholar of great eminence, whom he ever afterward treated with regard and respect.

In 1621, accompanied by Mr. Aston Cockaine, a person of graceful character and literary attainments, he proceeded on his travels into France, Italy, and Germany. In 1623, we find him at Madrid, at the period when Prince Charles and Buckingham were on their visit to that capital. In October following, when only in his twenty-first year, he was knighted by King James at Hinchinbrooke, that monarch paying him, in the presence of Prince Charles and the court, a very handsome compliment on his scholastic acquirements. He held, at different times, the appointments of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Trinity House.

Sir Kenelm was exactly formed for a courtier, and was consequently consulted in all the gay plans and elegant diversions of the court of Charles. The king admired him for his genius, the queen for his grace and figure, and the courtiers for his good nature, his vivacity, and his delightful powers of conversation.

The name of Venetia Stanley is invested with a peculiar charm. The singular story of her life, the influence which she exercised over the eccentric philosopher, her reputed accomplishments, and especially the beautiful portraits of her by Vandyke, which still bloom with her unexampled loveliness, will ever excite an interest in whatever is connected with the memory of this frail but

beautiful woman. How strange and undefinable is the feeling which attracts us to the erring beauties of former times, and which induces us to regard, with more than Christian forgiveness, the memory of such fallen fair ones as Jane Shore, the Fair Rosamond, and Nell Gwynne, *La Belle Gabrielle*, *La Vallière*, and many others! How singular that those who were shunned and contemned in their lifetime, over whose sorrows and frailties the prude triumphed and the virtuous wept, should excite so deep an interest by the sight of their portraits, or the unvarnished story of their lives! How often has the grave of tainted beauty been brightened by the sunshine of romance and sympathy, while the libertine who occasioned the ruin, and the prude who sneered at it, lie unnoticed or unremembered in their graves!

There exists a curious volume entitled, “*Loose Fantasies*,” in which, introducing himself under the name of Theagenes, and Venetia Stanley under the name of Stelliana, Sir Kenelm Digby tells the story of his own life. They were written after their marriage, and were never intended to see the light.<sup>1</sup> His admiration of Venetia’s beauty, and an evident desire to flatter himself into a belief of her purity, appear to have been the

<sup>1</sup> They have been published within the last few years by Sir Harris Nicolas from the original among the Harleian MSS. The introductory memoir will be considered by many readers as more entertaining than the autobiography itself.

motives which induced Sir Kenelm to commit these singular "Fantasies" to paper. His apologies for her very questionable conduct were doubtlessly received from her own mouth.

Venetia Stanley was a daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tongue Castle, in Shropshire, a Knight of the Bath, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Derby. Her mother, who died when Venetia was but a few months old, was Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland. Sir Kenelm may well boast of the genealogy of his bride.

Sir Edward, Venetia's father, deeply affected, it is said, at his wife's death, thought proper to seclude himself altogether from the world, and to commit his infant to the care of a kinsman. Aubrey places the scene of her childhood at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire.

The residence of Lady Digby, Sir Kenelm's mother, was in the neighbourhood of Euston, and consequently the two children found themselves frequently in each other's society. Their early, indeed almost infantine, attachment is reverted to in after-life with considerable pathos by the handsome philosopher. "The first time," he says, speaking of "Theagenes" and "Stelliana," "that ever they had sight of one another they grew so fond of each other's company that all who saw them said assuredly that something above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into

their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses among their innocent sports ; and whereas other children of like age did delight in fond play and light toys, these two would spend the day in looking upon each other's face, and in accompanying these looks with gentle sighs, which seemed to portend that much sorrow was laid up for their more understanding years ; and if at any time they happened to use such recreations as were suitable to their age, they demeaned themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately that one would have said that Love was grown a child again, and took delight to play with them. And when the time of parting came, they would take their leaves with such abundance of tears and sighs as made it evident that so deep a sorrow could not be borne and nursed in children's breasts, without a nobler cause than the usual fondness in others."

The fair Venetia was still extremely young, when she accompanied her father to London on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the elector palatine. "Her beauty and discretion," says her future husband, "did soon draw the eyes and the thoughts of all men to admiration." Aubrey's account of her visit is very different. "She was a most beautiful desirable creature," he says, "and being *matura viro*, was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire ; but as private as that place was, it seems

her beauty could not lie hid. The young eagles had spied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, which to abuse was great pity. I have now forgot who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who was her contemporary, that she was so commonly courted that it was written over her lodging one night *in literis uncialibus*:

“‘ Pray come not near,  
For Dame Venetia Stanley lodgeth here.’”

Aubrey enters still further into these exaggerated details. “ In those days,” he says, “ Richard, Earl of Dorset, eldest son and heir to the lord treasurer, lived in the greatest splendour of any nobleman in England.<sup>1</sup> Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty creature’s fame came to his lordship’s ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. He was her greatest gallant, and was extremely enamoured of her, and settled on her an annuity of five hundred per annum.”

According to the strange account in the “ Loose Fantasies,” it was about this period that Venetia was wooed by a nobleman of the court, who is distinguished by the name of Ursatius. Sir Kenelm freely admits that, not only did the libertine

<sup>1</sup> Richard, third Earl of Dorset, was the grandson, not the son, of the lord treasurer. He died in 1624, at the age of thirty-five.

courtier entertain not the remotest thoughts of marriage, but that he offered an indignity to her, which, considering her high birth, it is impossible to believe he would have been guilty of had her conduct been previously irreproachable. Faithful to her old lover, Venetia rejects Ursatius. Ursatius, however, bribes her attendant, who, by persuading her mistress that she has made an appointment for her with Digby, contrives to decoy Venetia into the hands of Ursatius. Sir Kenelm thus describes what follows : “ She was scarce gone half way to the appointed place, when five or six horsemen, well mounted, overtook the coach ; who, speaking to the coachman that was instructed what to do, he stayed his horses, and two of them alighting, came into the coach to her, and drawing their poignards, threatened her with death if she cried out or made any noise, assuring her withal, that from them she should receive no violence if she would sit quietly : and therewithal drew the curtains, that none might see who was in the coach as they passed by.”

The concluding scenes of this extraordinary adventure may be described in a few words. Venetia, according to Sir Kenelm’s statement, is hurried to a house in the country, when, overcome with fatigue and distress, she retires to bed. Presently she is awoke by a person stumbling at her chamber door, when, rising half upright in her bed, she perceives she is alone with Ursatius. The

intruder falls on his knees, and a long conversation follows, which is interrupted by the housekeeper entering with supper. The meal being over, we suddenly find Venetia and Ursatius taking an amicable walk in the garden. At length, the evening drawing to a close, they return to Venetia's bedchamber,—which "by this time was dressed up, and the bed made to receive her,"—when Ursatius very properly leaves her to her rest. During the whole of this scene,—as is justly observed by Sir Kenelm's biographer,—no mention is made of the hour at which Venetia rose, neither are we enabled to ascertain whether her admirer even quitted the room while she made her toilet. And yet all this is related by her own husband.

Ursatius having retired, we find Venetia tying her sheets together, and letting herself drop from the window. In her flight she is attacked by a wolf, from whose fangs she is rescued by a young nobleman, who conducts her to the house of a female relation. Fortunately, her old lover, Sir Kenelm, happened to be in the neighbourhood. So averse, however, was his mother to their union, and so closely were they watched, that a meeting appeared to be almost impracticable. Sir Kenelm, however, tells us that, having picked up a glove which Venetia had dropped, and having first kissed it, he placed a letter in it, in which he implored her to grant him an interview, and pointed out the

means by which it might be accomplished. There happened to be a hunting-party on the following day. Accordingly, taking the first opportunity of separating herself from the rest of the company, Venetia turned her horse into a secluded path, and was, of course, immediately joined by her lover. Having discovered a convenient thicket, Sir Kenelm describes himself and Venetia as reclining gracefully on the grass, with their horses grazing beside them ; renewing the most tender vows of everlasting attachment.

It was shortly after this period that Sir Kenelm departed on his travels. His prowess and erudition, his extraordinary personal strength and his gigantic stature, rendered him the wonder and admiration of foreign courts. It was said of him, in allusion to his powers of persuasion, that, had he dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected. The Jesuits admitted the truth of the flattery, adding, however, that he must first have remained where he fell for at least six weeks, in order to give time for his accomplishments to develop themselves. Aubrey observes, alluding to his personal advantages, “ He was a person of extraordinary strength ; I remember one at Shirburne protested to us, that he, being a middling man, being set in a chair, Sir K. took him up, chair and all, with one arm ; he was of an undaunted courage, yet not apt in the least to give offence.”

But we must follow the philosopher in his account of himself.

If we are to believe Sir Kenelm, the Queen of France, Marie de Medicis, fell deeply in love with him at a mask, at Paris. At last, he says, her admiration increased to such violence that, in order to preserve his faith to Venetia, he was not only compelled to quit the French court, but, also, in order to avoid the effects of the queen's jealousy, found it expedient to cause a report to be spread of his death. It is singular that, many years afterward, Sir Kenelm should have been released from confinement in Winchester House, at the express intercession of this princess.

From Paris, Sir Kenelm proceeded to Angers, and thence into Italy. From Florence he addressed a letter to Venetia, renewing his protestations of unaltered love, and cautioning her to place no credence in the reports of his death. Unfortunately, the letter was intercepted by his mother, and accordingly Venetia was impressed with the conviction that her lover was no more. Overcome with grief, she excluded herself from all society, with the single and dangerous exception, however, of the young nobleman who had rescued her from the fangs of the wolf. Sir Kenelm insists that Venetia remained constant to him, and that she rejected the importunities of her new lover; yet he freely admits that she "so far forgot her wonted discretion as to admit

his rival to a nearer familiarity than, in terms of rigour, was fit for her." He further acknowledges that she consented to sit for her picture, which her admirer "used afterward to show as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections."

Although there is a passage in Aubrey's *Memories* which seems to throw some light on the story, it is impossible to fix with any certainty the name of this fortunate rival. "Venetia Stanley," says Aubrey, "was first a miss to Sir Edward Wyld; so he had her picture, which, after his death, Sergeant Wyld, his executor, had; and, since the sergeant's death, hangs now in an entertaining room, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire; the sergeant lived at Droitwich." Aubrey relates the same story in another place. "Sir Edmund Wyld," he says, "had her picture, and, you may imagine, was very familiar with her; which picture is now at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, at an inn."

According to Sir Kenelm, Venetia, after mourning her early lover for more than a year, at length consented to become the wife of his rival. Her long silence had for some time plunged him into a deep melancholy; and when at length the news of her approaching marriage, "coupled," he says, "with such circumstances as went much to the prejudice of her honour," was communicated to him, he sought in vain for consolation in those philosophical studies and pursuits in which he had

hitherto so much delighted, and became a victim of misery and despair. But, in the meantime, the marriage between Venetia and his rival had been broken off in England. The "young nobleman," it seems, while on a visit to his country-seat, had been captivated by "a new rural beauty," and Venetia, having been informed of his defection, not only refused to admit him to an interview, but treated his subsequent attempts to effect a reconciliation with indignation and scorn.

At this period, Sir Kenelm, ignorant of what was passing in England, and that Venetia was once more free, was proceeding on his way to Madrid, where his relation, the Earl of Bristol, was then ambassador. In his journey he tells us that he encountered a Brahmin, who not only convinced him that Venetia's honour remained unspotted, but even conjured up her spirit to his view. His description of her supernatural appearance, — "seated," he says, "in the attitude of grief, at the foot of a blasted tree, her long hair hanging dishevelled over her white shoulders, and her head leaning on her hand," — is given in very poetical language; but, of course, can only be considered as a beautiful picture.

On his arrival at Madrid, Sir Kenelm found himself in the midst of the rejoicings and festivities occasioned by the romantic visit of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham to that capital. He subsequently returned to England

in the train of the prince, with whom he landed at Portsmouth, on the 5th of October, 1625. On entering London, one of the first persons whom he encountered was Venetia. "After so long an absence," he says, "her beauty seemed brighter to him than when he left her; as she sat pensively in one side of the coach by herself, Apelles might have taken her counterfeit to express Venus sorrowing for her beloved Adonis." Having succeeded in discovering her abode, he called upon her the next day, on which occasion, though he was still fully convinced of her unworthiness, he describes their meeting as having been rapturous in the extreme. "It can be conceived," he says, "by no one, but such as have loved in a divine manner, and have had their affections suspended by misfortunes and mistakes." The interview concludes by Venetia, like a true woman, convincing her lover of her purity and faith.

And yet, it requires no deep knowledge of human nature to discover, in Kenelm's own statement, internal evidence that he himself discredited the purity of his beautiful mistress. There is, throughout his narrative, an entire want of candour, and a plausible and manifest attempt to apologise for his foolish marriage. Considering how frequent are his allusions to their "high and divine friendship," it will scarcely be credited that the philosopher made more than one attempt to

induce Venetia to become his mistress. Such insults to virtue are impossible. The scion of a race far prouder than his own, had Venetia Stanley been really as unspotted, and his own love as pure and “divine,” as he would make us believe, he would scarcely have ventured upon such an insult, even in thought. Venetia no sooner perceived, says Sir Kenelm, that he addressed her “without mention of any provision for her honour,” than, her heart “swelling with a noble anger and disdain,” she passed on him the “hard sentence” of banishing him for ever from her presence. It was a long time, he adds, before his “unfeigned sighs of deep repentance” induced her once more to admit him to a “fraternal affection.” The comedy continues to the end. Sir Kenelm, in raptures with Venetia’s dignified rejection of his lawless overtures, deduces fresh arguments in favour of her spotless virtue. And yet, only a few nights are allowed to elapse before we find him stealing into her bedchamber, while she is fast asleep. Venetia is of course in the highest degree indignant; and yet, what are we to think of her offended virtue, when we find Sir Kenelm consenting to withdraw from her apartment, on condition that she will sing to him while he dresses himself!

There must certainly have been much temptation in that beautiful face. Aubrey says: “She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, and delicate

dark brown hair. She had a perfect healthy constitution ; strong ; good skin ; well-proportioned, inclining to *bona roba*. Her face, a short oval ; dark brown eyebrow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall.” No wonder, when Sir Kenelm quitted her chamber, that he meditated on the “miraculous perfections” which had met his eye. There are none of her contemporaries who do not speak of Venetia Stanley as the loveliest creature they had ever beheld.

It is probable that, but for one circumstance, Sir Kenelm would have yielded to the entreaties of his mother and the arguments of his friends, and that Venetia would never have become his wife. The circumstance to which we allude was an act of feminine generosity which the nobleness of his nature enabled him fully to appreciate. Having been selected to accompany the Duke of Buckingham, on his splendid mission to France to conduct Henrietta Maria to England, he found his means inadequate to enable him to present a proper figure in so illustrious a pageant. Venetia saved him from the threatened mortification, by pawning her plate and jewels, and making him master of all she possessed in the world. Accordingly, his heart relented toward her, and, either disbelieving or disregarding the stories to her

discredit, he made her an offer of his hand. To his astonishment, Venetia refused to listen to his suit. "She had consented," she said, "to marry another man, and had allowed him to possess himself of her picture." "Hereafter," she added, "the heat and edge of his passion might be somewhat abated, and he might give another interpretation to her past actions than now he did, and peradventure deem her not so worthy of his affection and respect." To the most chivalrous person of his age, a mere hint was sufficient. Sir Kenelm tells us that he challenged his rival to single combat, but that the latter proved "unworthy to be his enemy." He preferred returning the picture into Sir Kenelm's hands ; at the same time stating in writing that he had been guilty of falsehood if he had ever slandered Venetia's honour.

In consequence of Sir Kenelm's mother continuing strongly opposed to his union with Venetia, their marriage took place in private. Lord Clarendon, in recording the circumstance, merely observes that his friend "married a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of as extraordinary a fame." Aubrey tells us that Sir Kenelm was in the habit, once a year, of taking his beautiful wife to visit her old lover, the Earl of Dorset ; on which occasions, he adds, the earl would "with much desire and passion behold her ; but only kissed her hand, Sir Kenelm being still by." Their first child was born in October, 1625, Lady Digby's confine-

ment having been hastened by a fall from her horse.

Marriage had but little impaired the activity of Digby's character, and, as he himself informs us, he longed to give proof of it to the world. At this period, in consequence of some disputes with the Venetians, and frequent acts of piracy on the part of the Algerines, the English trade in the Mediterranean was suffering to a ruinous extent. Accordingly, having succeeded in obtaining the king's commission, we find Sir Kenelm fitting out a squadron at his own cost, with which he sailed from England on the 29th of December, 1627. His parting with Venetia he describes as having been affecting in the extreme.

Shortly after sailing, a disease broke out in his ships, and made great havoc amongst the crews. His officers endeavoured to persuade him to return, but he insisted on pursuing his course. Fortune at length favoured him. After capturing several armed vessels of the Algerines, and setting many English slaves at liberty, he suddenly fell in with a combined French and Venetian squadron in the Bay of Scanderoon. Though his own force was greatly inferior in point of numbers, he determined on giving them battle, Sir Kenelm himself setting a gallant example to his followers by bringing his own vessel alongside the flag-ship of the enemy, and fighting at close quarters. Lord Clarendon says: "He encountered their whole fleet, killed

many of their men, and sunk one of their gallies ; which, in that drowsy and inactive time, was looked upon with a general estimation, though the Crown disavowed it." Ben Jonson thus celebrates the engagement :

"Witness thy action done at Scanderoon,  
Upon thy birthday, the eleventh of June."

Owing to the difficulty of fixing the precise day of Digby's birth, this indifferent couplet has given rise to far more controversy than it would otherwise have deserved. There is no reason to believe that the poet is doubly at fault in his chronological data. Both Anthony Wood and Aubrey — the latter on the authority of Ashmole and Napier — insist that his birth took place, not on the eleventh of June, but of July, and that Jonson altered the month for the sake of the rhyme. Moreover, it appears by Digby's own letter, describing the action of Scanderoon, that the battle was fought not on the eleventh, but on the sixteenth of June. As the sixteenth would have suited the metre as well as the eleventh, probably Jonson in this instance was really misled. As regards, however, the month in which Sir Kenelm was born, the question as to the poet's correctness is not so easy to be decided.

The fact is somewhat remarkable, that the eleventh of June should subsequently have proved the day of Digby's decease. Ferrar's epitaph, while it

echoes the conceit of Jonson, improves it by this rather important addition to the coincidence :

“ Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,  
And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon;  
It’s rare that one and the same day should be,  
His day of birth, of death, and victory.”

With the account of his famous naval success Sir Kenelm concludes his autobiography. Had it not been for the difficulty which we find at arriving at plain facts, and the vanity and hectoring which sully its pages, it would be a valuable, as it certainly is an entertaining, work. It is to be feared, however, that truth was not the golden mean in the code of Sir Kenelm’s philosophy. We learn from his contemporaries that, agreeable as they admit his conversation to have been, his stories of what he had seen and heard were received with considerable caution by his auditors. We even find Henry Stubbe, the physician, styling him, without any hesitation, “the Pliny of his age for lying.” A few of the strange stories which he was in the habit of relating have been handed down to us by his contemporaries. Anthony Wood, in particular, mentions a story related by Sir Kenelm, which he says “put men to very great wonder,” “viz., of a city in Barbary, under the King of Tripoli, that was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapour that fell upon the place, that is, men, beasts, trees, houses,

utensils, etc. ; everything remaining in the same posture, as children at their mother's breasts, etc." It is but fair to add that, although the account was certainly transmitted by him to England, Sir Kenelm was not the originator of this absurd fiction. His authority was the librarian to the grand duke at Florence, who, it appears, received it from the grand duke himself.

A story almost as strange is related by the philosopher himself in his "Powder of Sympathy." He had a beautiful female relation, he says, who was on the point of becoming a mother. Unfortunately she had not only fallen into the detestable fashion of wearing patches on the face, but was conspicuous for the number which she wore, and the pains which she took in the nicety of their arrangement. Sir Kenelm, it seems, had a peculiar and very proper abhorrence of this new and unbecoming mode. "Have you no apprehension," he said to the lady, in hopes of frightening her out of the impropriety, "that your child may be born with half moons upon its face ; or, rather, that all those black patches may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of its forehead ?" His words, he says, had the desired effect. Sir Kenelm, however, asserts that, such was the power of imagination, a female child, to which she gave birth, was actually born with a mark on its brow "as large as a crown of gold."

Lady Fanshawe, in her charming memoirs, men-

tions an occasion of her meeting Sir Kenelm at dinner, at the house of the governor of Calais, when several French gentlemen were present. He took the lead in conversation, she says, and entertained them with a number of stories, far too marvellous to be true. "But," she adds, "the concluding one was that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration they unanimously burst out in laughter, believing it altogether false; and to say the truth, it was the only thing true that he had discoursed with them. That was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts and a very fine-bred gentleman."

On another occasion, at the house of a chemist in France, a question having arisen among the company respecting the dissolvent of gold, we find the chivalrous philosopher relating another of his astonishing stories. "One of the royal houses in England," he said, "having stood covered with lead for five or six ages, and being sold after that time, was found to contain three-fourths of silver in the lead." He further said, "that a fixed salt, drawn out of a certain potter's earth at Arcueil in France, being for some time exposed to the sun-beams, became saltpetre, then vitriol, then lead, tin, copper, silver, and, at the end of fourteen months, gold; which he affirmed to have expe-

rienced himself, as well as another able naturalist.”<sup>1</sup>

Let us conclude the strange story of Venetia Stanley. After her marriage, even her stern stigmatiser Aubrey admits that her conduct was irreproachable. To Sir Kenelm’s uxorious admiration of her unrivalled loveliness, we owe many of the beautiful portraits which remain of her. In the picture of her, formerly at Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, she was painted in a Roman habit, a serpent in one hand, and a pair of white doves resting on the other. In the picture of her at Windsor she is painted in a different dress, but with the same emblems. The doves seem to denote her innocence, and the serpent her triumph over the envenomed malignancy of her detractors. Possibly, however, they may have had reference to the text in the Scriptures, “Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.” Beneath her is a prostrate Cupid, and behind, a figure of Calumny bound to the earth. These devices were doubtless invented by her eccentric husband. Notwithstanding his professed indifference to female virtue, these, and many other, incidents denote how willingly he would have been a believer in the chastity of his own wife.

By the desire of Sir Kenelm, Venetia sat on

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Mr. Oldenberg to Mr. Boyle, dated Paris, 20th March, 1660.—*Birch.*

several occasions to Vandyke for her portrait. In one of these she is represented as treading on Malice and Envy, unhurt by a serpent which twines around her arm. At Althorpe there is an interesting picture of her by that great artist, taken after she was dead.

At Gothurst there were two busts of her in brass ;<sup>1</sup> and Sir Kenelm had also her feet, her hands, and her face moulded in plaster.

“Sitting and ready to be drawn,  
What mean these tiffany, silk, and lawn,  
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,  
When every limb takes like a face ?”

The world believed that her husband made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms ; that he invented cosmetics to improve her complexion, and that, among other fantastic experiments, he fed her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, only a small quantity of brains having been found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper wine ; but, says Aubrey, “ spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her.” Pennant tells us

<sup>1</sup> The busts and portrait of Venetia Stanley, after having been preserved at Gothurst for more than two centuries, were purchased by the late Francis Mills, Esq., to whose love for literature and the arts, and to whose social virtues, the author takes this opportunity of recording his sincere and grateful testimony.

that the most northern residence of the great snail, or *Pomatia*, which is of exotic origin, is in the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst. He adds, "Tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady."

His notorious jealousy of his beautiful wife, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report that her death had been caused by poison. It certainly seems not improbable that her dissolution was hastened by his eccentric experiments. This beautiful woman was found dead in her bed on the 1st of May, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age. She was discovered in the attitude of sleep, her head resting upon her hand. Her remains were interred in Christ Church, near Newgate, under a monument of black marble, which supported a bust of her in copper gilt. The tomb was completely destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and her vault was partially opened by its fall. The bust, however, escaped, and was afterward seen by Aubrey exposed for sale in a brazier's stall. Unfortunately he neglected to purchase it, and he afterward discovered that it had been melted down as ordinary waste metal.

Ben Jonson composed no fewer than ten poems on the death of Lady Digby. Of her descent he says :

"I sing the just and uncontrouled descent  
Of Dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair,

For mind and body the most excellent,  
That ever nature, or the later Ayre,  
Gave two such houses as Northumberland,  
And Stanley, to the which she was coheir.  
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand  
At either stem, and know the veins of good  
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand  
Meeting of graces, that so swelled the flood  
Of virtues in her, as in short she grew  
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood."

But the poet joins still higher praises :

" She was in one a many parts of life!  
A tender mother, a discreeter wife;  
A solemn mistress: and so good a friend,  
So charitable to religious end;  
In all her petite actions so devote,  
As her whole life was now become one note  
Of piety and private holiness."

Jonson calls her his muse, and lingers on her person and character with unbounded admiration.

Sir Kenelm appears to have felt sincerely and deeply the loss of his wife. He shut himself up in Gresham College, where he amused himself with the study of chemistry, and the conversation of the professors. No less eccentric in sorrow than he had been in adversity, he allowed his beard to grow in testimony of his grief, and was constantly to be seen wandering along the courts of the college, in a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat. At length the breaking out of

the civil troubles afforded him a long-wished-for opportunity of displaying his energy and love of action. He enlisted on the side of royalty ; and, having made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the popular party, was confined in Winchester House,<sup>1</sup> by order of the Long Parliament. Here he remained till the year 1643. Having at length obtained his release, at the intercession of his old admirer, Marie de Medicis, he retired to France, where he divided his time between his philosophical pursuits and the brilliant society of the French metropolis. About the year 1648, we find him despatched by Henrietta Maria as her envoy to the Pope. The circumstance of his being a Roman Catholic, his majestic appearance, and his great learning occasioned his being an object

<sup>1</sup> Winchester House, one of the most interesting and ancient dwelling-houses in London, was in the act of being demolished (1839) while these pages were being written. It stood in a street which bears its name, to the west of Bishopsgate Street. In the windows were to be seen, in stained glass, the motto of the Powletts, "*Aimez Loyaulté.*" Every one remembers the glorious defence of Basing House, from 1643 to 1645, during which its gallant lord, John, fifth Marquis of Winchester, wrote that famous motto of his family with a diamond in every window. When, in 1602, William Powlett, the fourth marquis, was reduced by his magnificent style of living to sell the family mansion, it appears to have been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, afterward lord mayor, from whom it came into the family of the present proprietor. When the author bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her courtiers, he found them the scene of busy trade, and was told that their occupants were packers !

of admiration with the enthusiastic Romans. His eccentricity, however, soon led him into scrapes, and the Pope even declared that he was mad. Wood tells us that he "grew high, and huffed his Holiness ;" adding, what is perhaps not exactly true, that having been trusted with some of the funds of the Catholics, he proved a very indifferent steward on the occasion. It has been asserted that, on one occasion, he flatly gave his Holiness the lie.

It would be difficult to decide at what period of his life Sir Kenelm became a Roman Catholic ; or indeed whether at heart he was ever of any other religion. Later in life his political conduct appears to have been as strange and vacillating as were his religious principles. Cromwell had no sooner assumed the Protectorate, than Sir Kenelm, notwithstanding he was under the ban of the government, returned to England. To the astonishment of all men, Cromwell not only received him with civility, but appears to have derived singular pleasure from his society. Unaccountable as are Sir Kenelm's actions at this, and indeed at every other period of his life, we must hesitate before we stigmatise him with the name of traitor. There is certainly no reason to suppose that his connection with Cromwell was productive of any injury to his royal master. Considering the eccentricity of his character, it is possible that, in visiting England, he was actuated quite as much by a desire to

promote the interests of his sovereign as by a selfish expectation of advancing his own.

In 1656 the state of his health induced Sir Kenelm to pay a visit to the south of France. He passed the summer at Toulouse, and part of the following year at Montpelier. At the latter place, it was his good fortune to encounter several learned and scientific persons, who had formed themselves into a kind of academy, and to whom he read his famous discourse on the "Sympathetic Powder." Part of the years 1658 and 1659 were spent in Lower Germany, where he went by the name of Count Digby; and in 1660 we again find him at Paris. At the Restoration he returned to England, and at the formation of the Royal Society was appointed one of the council. The few remaining years of his life were passed in literary and scientific pursuits. Chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy had severally their charms for him; and from the meetings of the new society he was but rarely absent. Aubrey tells us that his residence was a house westward in the north portico of Covent Garden, where he had his laboratory, and where Anthony Wood informs us that he died.

His admiration of genius and thirst after knowledge induced Sir Kenelm on one occasion to pay rather an interesting visit to a brother philosopher. The account of their interview is related by Des Maizeaux in his "Life of St. Evremond." Accord-

ing to that writer, Sir Kenelm, having perused the writings of Des Cartes with great interest, conceived so strong a desire to become personally acquainted with him that he undertook a journey to Holland expressly with that object. Having discovered the philosopher in his retirement, he engaged him in conversation, and, without revealing his name, continued to discourse with him for some time on philosophical matters. At last, Des Cartes, who was acquainted with some of Digby's writings, on a sudden remarked, inquiringly, that "it must certainly be the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby with whom he was conversing?" "And if you were not the celebrated Des Cartes," said the other, "I should not have quitted England on purpose to visit you."

Lord Clarendon's character of his friend is admirably drawn. "He was a person," he says, "very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life, from his cradle to his grave, and inherited a fair and plentiful fortune, notwithstanding the attaignment of his father. He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed

natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery. He had a fair reputation in arms, of which he gave an early testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterward in an action in the Mediterranean Sea. In a word, he had all the advantages that nature and art and an excellent education could give him ; which, with a great confidence and presentness of mind, buoyed him up against all those prejudices and disadvantages, as the attainder and execution of his father for a crime of the highest nature ; his own marriage with a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of as extraordinary a fame ; his changing and rechanging his religion ; and some personal vices and licences in his life which would have suppressed and sunk any other man, but never clouded and eclipsed him from appearing in the best places and the best company, and with the best estimation and satisfaction."

Cowley dedicated to Sir Kenelm Digby his comedy of "Love's Riddle," composed when the poet was a Westminster scholar. He addresses him :

" While you, great Sir, two laurels wear, and are  
Victorious in peace as well as war ;  
Learning, by right of conquest, is your own,  
And every liberal art your captive grown."

Whatever may be Sir Kenelm's merit as an author, his magnificent donation of books to the

Bodleian Library at Oxford will ever procure for him the gratitude of the learned. His death took place on the 11th of June, 1665, at the age of sixty-two. He desired, by his will, to be buried in the same vault with his wife, and that no inscription should be placed on his tomb.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a view of Venetia's tomb in the "Antiquarian Repertory."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Summary of Sir John's Character — His Precocity — His Military Service under Gustavus Adolphus — His Wit and Showy Person — Costliness of His Entertainments — His Conduct as a Gambler — His Fondness for the Game of Bowls — The Goddess of His Poetry — Affray between Suckling and Sir John Digby — Suckling's Cowardice — One of His Frolics in Company with Davenant and Jacob Young — Suckling's Merit as a Poet — His Prose — His Splendid Troopers — Their Dastardly Flight from the Enemy — Lampoons on the Occasion — Suckling Accused of Treason — His Flight into France — Singular Circumstances Attending His Death.

THE delight of the court and the darling of the Muses, Suckling was one of the sweetest poets, the most refined gentleman, and perhaps the wildest and most reckless cavalier of the age in which he lived. Among the younger of Charles's followers there were many who, in proportion as the Puritans cropped their hair closer, and affected an increased sourness in their looks, considered it imperative on their part to add to the gaudiness of their attire, and to startle by the dissipation of their lives. Of these sprightly reprobates one of the most conspicuous was Suckling.

Though his reputation as a poet has faded in the eyes of posterity, the story of his life is fortunately not without interest.

The poet was the son of Sir John Suckling, one of the principal secretaries of state in the reign of James I., and afterward a privy councillor and comptroller of the household in the reign of Charles. The father is spoken of as a person of great gravity. Aubrey, however, very slightly speaks of him as a “dull fellow,” and informs us that “the wit came by the mother.”

His gifted son, according to Lloyd, was born at Witham, in Middlesex, in April, 1613, though the writers of the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” without quoting their authority, state that he was baptised at Twickenham, in February, 1608-9. As his death is generally reported to have taken place either in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, the period at which Lloyd fixes his birth is probably correct.<sup>1</sup> When only eleven years of age he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he remained three or four years. Like most persons of a vivacious genius, he appears to have quitted the university without having taken a degree. He is said, however, to have conversed in Latin when only five years old.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he set out on

<sup>1</sup> However, Anthony Wood states that, at the decease of his father in March, 1627, he was nineteen, which would certainly place his birth in 1608.

his travels over Europe, and, eventually, made a campaign under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present in three battles and five sieges. He returned to England with somewhat of foreign effeminacy in his manners, but with an openness of heart, a sprightliness of conversation, and, we are sorry to add, an utter recklessness of conduct, which distinguished him to the close of his short career.

His agreeable discourse, his exquisite love-poetry, and showy person rendered him an especial favourite with the ladies of the court. Aubrey styles him an “extraordinary and accomplished gentleman;” and adds, that “he was incomparably ready at reparteeing, and his wit was most sparkling when set upon and provoked.” As long as his finances lasted, he presented a splendid figure at the court of Charles. His entertainments were costly in the extreme. One in particular is mentioned, to which none but the young and the beautiful appear to have been invited. The last service was fantastic enough. On the covers being removed from the dishes, they were found to contain, not the delicacies of the season, but a profusion of silk stockings, gloves, and garters. When his play of “Aglaura” was acted at court, Suckling thought proper to provide the splendid dresses of the actors out of his own purse. There was no tinsel, we are told, but all was “pure gold and silver.” Such lavish expen-

diture must of course very soon have reduced a moderate fortune to its lowest ebb ; and, accordingly, after a time, as we are informed, there was not a single shopkeeper who would trust him with the value of a sixpence.

Suckling was not only an inveterate gamester, but, it is to be feared, resorted to very dishonourable practices to ensure success. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, informed Pope, on the authority of Lady Dorset, that Suckling had bribed the principal card-makers at Paris to attach certain marks to their cards, which, being known only to himself, gave him, of course, a very great advantage over his victims. Like all gamblers, he was affluent at one time and a beggar at another. He always, however, affected the most splendour when in the greatest distress, contending that it had the effect of raising his spirits.

He was a skilful player at bowls, at that time the most fashionable game in England. The great resort of the bowlers was Piccadilly Hall,<sup>1</sup> a place then far removed from the bustle of the metropolis, but which has since given a name to one of our principal streets. On one occasion we find his sisters following him to this place while he was

<sup>1</sup> Lord Clarendon describes it "as a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where was an upper and lower bowling-green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation." The hall itself stood at the north-east corner of the Haymarket.

engaged in his favourite pastime, and entreating him, with tears in their eyes, not to risk their all. In his “Session of the Poets,” Suckling himself alludes to his delight in the game :

“Suckling next was called, but did not appear;  
But straight one whispered Apollo i’ the ear,  
That of all men living he cared not for ‘t,  
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;  
And prized black eyes, and a lucky hit  
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.  
And Apollo was angry, and publicly said —  
‘Twere fit that a fine were set on his head.”

The goddess of his poetry was Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. As she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage, it is probable that her intimacy with Suckling commenced after that event; she was, indeed, scarcely twenty-one when Suckling died. As Lady Dorset survived till 1692 (at which period she must have been in her seventy-third year), she became the contemporary of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whom she related some of the scandal of former times. The duke told Pope that so vain was she of her intimacy with Suckling that, whenever he addressed any verses to her, she herself used to send them to the printer. He added, that she took a singular pride in boasting of the familiarities which had passed between them.

Aubrey mentions a Countess of Middlesex, with whom Suckling had been in love, and on whom he had squandered several thousand pounds. This must be a mistake. There was only one Countess of Middlesex, a contemporary of Suckling, and, unhappily, that lady was the mother of his idol. As Lady Dorset, however, afterward became sole heiress of her brother Lionel, third Earl of Middlesex, and as her son Charles eventually united the titles of Dorset and Middlesex in his own person, this close connection of names probably led Aubrey into the error.

Notwithstanding his having served in a campaign under the great Gustavus, Suckling appears to have been but little suited for the profession of arms. The result of a quarrel which he had with Sir John Digby, brother to Sir Kenelm, places his personal courage in a very questionable point of view. Suckling, it seems, supported by two or three friends, suddenly set upon Digby as he was leaving the theatre, a dastardly mode of revenge not unfrequently resorted to at that period. The poet was slight in his person, while Digby was one of the most powerful men, and one of the best swordsmen in England. The consequence was, that the latter, with only the aid of his servant, gallantly crossed swords with his assailants, and, without much difficulty, put them to a disreputable flight.

In a letter from Mr. Garrard to the Earl of

Strafford, dated 10th November, 1634, the motives for Suckling's unjustifiable attack upon Digby are thus related : "I come now to a rodomontado of such a nature as is scarce credible. Sir John Suckling, a young man, son to him that was comptroller, famous for nothing before, but that he was a great gamester, was a suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's in Derbyshire, heir to a thousand a year. By some friend he had in court, he got the king to write for him to Sir Henry Willoughby, by which means he hoped to get her ; for he thought he had interest enough in the affections of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she entreated a young gentleman, who also was her suitor, a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's, to draw a paper in writing which she dictated, and to get Sir John Suckling's hand unto it ; therein he must disavow any interest he hath in her, either by promise or other ways. If he would undertake this, she said, it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection to her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London where he thought to find him ; but meeting Suckling on the way, he saluted him, and asked him whither he was going ; he said on the king's business, but would not tell him whither,

though he pressed him, if not to Sir Henry Willoughby's? He then drew forth his paper and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it; he would not, and with oaths confirms his denial. He told him he must force him to it. He answers, nothing could force him. Then he asked him whether he had any such promise from her as he gave out. In that he said he would not satisfy him. Mr. Digby then falls upon him with a cudgel, which, being a yard long, he beat out upon him almost to a handful, he never offering to draw his sword; Suckling's two men standing by and looking on. Then comes in Philip Willoughby with his man, a proper gentleman, a man held stout, and of a very fair reputation, who was assistant to this Suckling in all his wooing business. Mr. Digby presses him also to avow, by word of mouth, that Suckling had no such interest in his kinswoman as he pretended. He denies to do it; whereupon he struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist. They then cried out that they were the king's messengers, and that they should have some other time to speak with them. This report comes quickly to London; Sir Kenelm Digby comes to Hampton Court before the king comes up; to his friends there avows every particle of this business. Since, Suckling and Philip Willoughby are both in London, but they stir not. Also Sir Henry Willoughby and his daughter are come hither, Lawrence Whitaker

being sent by the king for them. One affront he did them more, for finding them the next day after he had so used them, in a great chamber at Sir Henry Willoughby's, he asked the young gentlewoman what she did with such baffled fellows in her company? Incredible things to be suffered by flesh and blood, but that England is the land of peace."

The world laughed at the poet, and the ill-natured delighted in his discomfiture. At an entertainment, given shortly afterward by Lady Morey, he was taxed by his mistress Lady Dorset with having run away, and, we are told, "some other ladies had their flirts." His hostess, perceiving his discomposure, kindly drew toward him. "Well," she said, "I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come and sit down by me, Sir John." He, of course, obeyed her. His wit and good-humour sparkled as before, and he again became the delight of the company.

What man is there of so little taste or imagination, with whom the romance of the past has not at times predominated over the reality of the present? Who is there that has not dreamed himself into the society of former days? There is in the retrospect of every age a kind of literary oasis, a particular knot of gifted beings, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, or in whose social mirth it would have been delight to join. To have drunk sack with Shakespeare and

his brother actors ; to have made a third with Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden ; to have listened to the wild wit of Charles, Buckingham, Rochester, and Killegrew ; to have dived into Will's and Button's ; to have associated with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, or in later times with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick ; who is there that has not imagined some such intellectual treat, and, perhaps, improved himself by the contemplation ?

There are some who will consider it an affront to such names as the above, to speak of Suckling, Davenant, Lovelace, and Carew. But wit will always have its charms ; and, moreover, at a period when there was a more universal religious as well as political gloom than, perhaps, ever pervaded a country, — when the people were sad because it was the fashion, and the courtiers because trappings and revellings were in danger, — the gay meetings, the wild humour and jollity of the cavalier poets, presented a striking contrast to the moroseness of the age.

One of their frolics is related by the gossiping Aubrey. Suckling, Davenant, and Jacob Young had agreed upon accompanying each other on a journey of pleasure to Bath. Having provided themselves with a handsome carriage, a good supply of books, and several packs of cards, they travelled by easy stages, passing the first night at Marlborough. While strolling on the Downs, they

came upon some country girls, who were drying clothes upon bushes. Young was struck with the beauty of the prettiest of them, and, having found an opportunity of whispering his admiration in her ear, he persuaded her to promise to meet him at midnight. Unluckily for him, their conversation was overheard by his friends, who were on the other side of the hedge, and who laid their plans accordingly.

It was their custom every night to play at cards till a late hour; this night, however, Young pretended to be fatigued, and retired early to his chamber. The landlady shortly afterward entering the parlour with supper, Suckling and Davenant put on very long faces. Their poor friend, they told her, had his mad fit coming on him, and as it was very probable that about twelve he would become outrageous, they beseeched her to lock the doors of his apartment, and to have a powerful hostler in readiness to prevent him from destroying himself. About midnight, the occupants of the inn were disturbed by a violent uproar. Young, finding himself locked in, had managed to break the door open, and was proceeding down-stairs in hopes of being in time for his appointment, when he was encountered by the hostler. The fellow, prepared at all hazards to prevent his egress, told him to bear God in mind and not to think of self-destruction. A good deal of bewilderment followed, which ended by the hostler actually

forcing back Young into his room. In the meantime, the kind-hearted landlady, imagining him weak and dispirited, had brought a “porringer of cawdle” to comfort him ; Young, however, was so exasperated at his disappointment, and at the ill-timed attention of the landlady, that he threw the porridge in her face. Suckling and Davenant are described as almost dying with laughter at the success of their joke.

Considering that his literary productions consist of the scattered and careless verses of a fine gentleman, Suckling has great merit as a poet. With the exception of the beautiful love verses of Sedley, and the fine lyrics of Waller, there are none of his school that can compete with him. He has as much wit and poetry as either Rochester, Carew, Dorset, or Lansdowne, and more nature than any one of them. Though much of his “Session of the Poets” has lost its point with modern readers, it is still rich in wit and humour. His verses on Lady Carlisle are as smoothly versified and have as much real beauty as anything in the language ; his ballad also on a wedding, supposed to be Lord Orrery’s, has great merit :

“ I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest thing have seen,” etc.

But what can excel the description of the bride,  
as she is supposed to be represented by a gaping  
rustic to his friend ?

“ The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,  
For such a maid no Whitson-ale  
Could ever yet produce ;  
No grape that’s kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

“ Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on which they did bring,  
It was too wide a peck.  
And to say truth, for out it must,  
It looked like the great collar, just,  
About our young colt’s neck.

“ Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light.  
But oh ! she dances such a way  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight.

“ He would have kissed her once or twice,  
But she would not, she was so nice,  
She would not do it in sight ;  
And then she looked as who should say,  
I will do what I list to-day,  
And you shall do it at night.

“ Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison,  
Who sees them is undone ;  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Katherine pear,  
The side that’s next the sun.

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin ;  
Compared to that was next her chin,

Some bee had stung it newly;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

“Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thoud’st swear her teeth her words did  
break,  
That they might passage get;  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours or better,  
And are not spent a whit.”

His “Dream,” besides possessing considerable merit as a poem, is perhaps the origin of a conceit which has since become extremely popular. The song, “Why so pale and wan, fond lover?” is still a universal favourite. Of Suckling’s prose, his “Account of Religion by Reason,” addressed to Lord Dorset, is a remarkable production ; proving that the most dissipated have their moments of reflection, and that the gamester, the drunkard, and the debauchee have at least their conceptions of right and wrong. The letters, published as Suckling’s, are without merit. The wit is overstrained, and the sentiment frequently unnatural.

Suckling not only accompanied his royal master in his expedition against the Scots, but also raised a splendid troop, at the expense of twelve thousand pounds, for the service of the Crown. His men were well armed and horsed ; and, in their “white doublets, scarlet breeches, and scarlet

coats, hats, and feathers," appear to have been the admiration of the fair sex. Their efficiency in the field, however, seems in no degree to have corresponded with the gallantry of their appearance. In an encounter with the enemy on the English border, it was not their lace alone that was tarnished. In fact, no sooner did danger meet them face to face, than Suckling and his gaudy troopers — at whose recent departure from London casements had been thrown open, and white handkerchiefs had waved — very unceremoniously took to their heels. It was on this occasion that his former friend, Sir John Mennes (the poetical admiral), composed his once celebrated ballad. It was adapted to a gay tune, and not only became popular with the Parliamentary party, but for many years afterward was sung by those who had, perhaps, never so much as heard of Suckling or his disaster. The following is another song on the same subject. It is less known, and not without merit :

“ Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,  
To Scotland for to ride-a ;  
A brave buff coat upon his back,  
A short sword by his side-a :  
Alas, young man, we Sucklings can  
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

“ He danced and pranced and pranked about,  
Till people him espied-a ;  
With pye-ball'd apparel, he did so quarrel,  
As none durst come him nigh-a.

But soft, Sir John, ere you come home,  
You will not look so high-a.

“ Both wife and maid and widow prayed,  
To the Scots he would be kind-a ;  
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,  
They should no favour find-a.  
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,  
He was in another mind-a.

“ His men and he, in their jollity,  
Did quarrel, drink, and quaff-a !  
Till away he went like a Jack of Lent ;  
But it would have made you laugh-a,  
How away they did creep like so many sheep,  
And he like an Essex calf-a.

“ When he came to the camp he was in a damp,  
To see the Scots in sight-a,  
And all his brave troops, like so many droops,  
They had no heart to fight-a ;  
And when the alarm called all to arm,  
Sir John he went to —— a.

“ They prayed him to mount and ride in the  
front,  
To try his courage good-a ;  
He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,  
As he well understood-a ;  
Which they denied, but he replied,  
It’s shame for to shed blood-a.

“ He did repent the money he spent,  
Got by unlawful game-a,  
His curled locks could endure no knocks,  
Then let none go again-a ;

Such a carpet knight as durst not fight,  
For fear he should be slain-a."

The lampoon of Sir John Mennes commences :

"Sir John he got on an ambling nag,  
To Scotland for to go,  
With a hundred horse, without remorse,  
To keep ye from the foe.

"No carpet knight ever went to fight,  
With half so much bravado :  
Had you seen but his look, you would swear  
on a book,  
He'd conquer a whole armado," etc.

About two years after this event, we find Suckling taking a very active part in Lord Strafford's projected escape from the Tower. Unfortunately for him, the plot was discovered by the Commons, who, after an investigation of the circumstances, voted him guilty of treason. Suckling fled into France, in which country he survived his escape only a few days. According to Spence, who quotes Pope as his authority, his death was attended by some singular circumstances. "Sir John Suckling," he says, "died about the beginning of the civil war. He entered warmly into the king's interests, and was sent over to the continent by him, with some letters of great importance to the queen."<sup>1</sup> He arrived late at Calais, and in the

<sup>1</sup>This is a mistake: The queen did not quit England till the 23d of February, 1642, more than nine months afterward. Ac-

night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken ; ordered his horses to be got ready instantly, and, in putting on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him ; but, as the horses were at the door, he leaped into his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly that he overtook him two or three posts off ; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villainy should be discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after ; however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection."

Oldys received the same story from Lord Oxford, according to May, in his "History of the Parliament," Suckling left London on the 5th of May, 1641.

ford himself. In his MS. notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum, there is the following insertion : " Recollect where I have got down the story my lord told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John's being robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, when he was going to France, by his valet, who, I think, poisoned him, and so stuck the blade of a pen-knife in Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuit of him, as wounded him incurably in the heel besides. 'Tis in one of my pocket-books ; white vellum cover, I think ; the white journal that is not gilt." Aubrey's account differs materially from those both of Pope and Oldys. He says that Suckling, being in a most destitute condition in France, destroyed himself by taking poison ; he adds that he died " miserably with vomiting," and that he was buried in the Protestant churchyard at Paris. In how deep a mine is truth concealed ! From these conflicting accounts we can glean little more than that the once brilliant Suckling died under peculiar circumstances of distress in a foreign land. His death is stated to have taken place on the 7th of May, 1641, only two days after his flight from England. Suckling sat at least on one occasion to Vandyke, and there is also a portrait of him in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

**Parentage of This Dwarf** — He Is Presented by His Father to the Duchess of Buckingham, Who Commends Him to the Service of Queen Henrietta — His Absurd Pride — He Is Sent by the Queen on an Errand to Paris — His Reception by the Ladies of the French Court — He Is Seized by the Dunkirkers on His Return to England — Sir Jeffery's Irritability — His Challenge to Mr. Crofts, and Its Fatal Result — Sir Jeffery Taken Prisoner, and Sold as a Slave — He Is Implicated in the Popish Plot — His Death in Prison.

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON, whose name has been immortalised by the greatest writer of romance of modern times, was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, — “the least man in the least county.” His father was a broad-shouldered, broad-chested person of the common height. Jeffery himself was only eighteen inches high in his eighth year, and is said to have grown no taller till he was past thirty, when he shot up to be three feet nine inches. Notwithstanding his inferiority in stature, he was well proportioned and not ungraceful.

His father, who had charge of the “baiting-bulls” of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, presented his son to the duchess when he was in his ninth year, and about his nineteenth

inch. The duchess dressed him in satin, and had two tall men to attend him. It was on an occasion of Charles the First and Henrietta paying a visit to the Duke of Buckingham, at his seat, Burghley on the Hill, that the well-known incident occurred of the little fellow being served up at table in a cold pie. As soon as he stepped forth, the duchess presented him to Henrietta, in whose service he ever afterward remained. He was twice painted by Vandyke in attendance on the queen.

Fuller says: "It was not long before he was presented in a cold baked pie to King Charles and Queen Mary<sup>1</sup> at an entertainment; and ever after lived, whilst the court lived, in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility (high mind in a low body), which made him that he did not know himself, and would not know his father; and which by the king's command caused justly his sound correction: he was, though a dwarf, no dastard." It was at one of the court masks that the king's gigantic porter drew him from his pocket, to the astonishment of the guests.

Sir Jeffery, as he grew older, forgot that it was merely his deformity which had brought him into notice, and, despising his father, the bull-baiter, began to consider himself a personage of importance. Probably he was really clever, and he was undoubtedly trustworthy. Previous to one of her

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Maria.

accouchements, we find Henrietta despatching him to Paris for the purpose of bringing back a mid-wife. He was much petted by the Queen-mother of France and the ladies of her court, who heaped presents on him to the value of 2,500*l.* Unfortunately, while on his way back to England, in company with the midwife and the queen's dancing-master, he was seized by the Dunkirkers, and stripped of all he possessed. His misfortune was celebrated by Sir William Davenant, in an amusing poem entitled "Jeffreidos, or the Captivity of Jeffery." The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and describes a fight between the little gentleman and a ferocious turkey-cock, from whose rage Sir Jeffery is snatched by the midwife. The principal fault of the poem is its length. The encounter between Jeffery and his feathered adversary is thus described :

" . . . Jeffery straight was thrown; whilst faint and weak,  
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak.  
A lady midwife now, he there by chance  
Espied, that came along with him from France.  
'A heart nursed up in war, that ne'er before  
This time (quoth he) could bow, doth now implore;  
Thou, that deliveredst hast so many, be  
So kind of nature to deliver me.'  
But stay! for though the learn'd chronologer  
Of Dunkirk, doth confess him freed by her;  
The subtler poets yet, whom we translate  
In all this epic ode, do not relate  
The manner how; and we are loth at all  
To vary from the Dutch original."

There is in the British Museum a work of remarkably diminutive size, entitled "The New Year's Gift, presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery." It was printed in London in 1636. After a number of indifferent jokes and some wretched pedantry, it concludes: "In short, who desireth not in debt to be as little as may be, and what a rare temper is it in men of descent not to be ambitious of greatness: even in the highest matters which men attempt, how commonly the most do come short, and in their greatest business effect but little. And, therefore, as it was said of Scipio, that he was *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, never less alone than when alone; so it may be said of you, excellent abstract of greatness, that you are *nunquam minus parvus quam cum parvus*, never less little than when little. I hope you will pardon me if in my style I have used a little boldness and familiarity, you knowing it to be so commendable, and that it is *nimia familiaritas*, great boldness only, which breedeth contempt: especially since you are no stranger, but of my own country; though some, judging by your stature, have taken you to be a *low-countryman*. Many merry new years are wished unto you by,

"The sworn servant of your  
"Honour's perfections,  
"PARVULA."

At the time when Henrietta had so narrow an escape from the guns of the Parliamentary ships at Burlington, we find Sir Jeffery in close attendance upon her; moreover, when she subsequently quitted England to escape from the fury of the Commons, he was one of the companions of her flight. The partiality, however, of his royal mistress seems to have proved no safeguard to him against the jokes of the courtiers, and the ridicule of the royal servants. The gigantic porter was his especial abhorrence. At length, completely exasperated by the system of annoyance to which they exposed him, he seems to have determined to make an example of the next offender. His irritability proved of fatal consequences to one of his tormentors. Mr. Crofts, a young man of good family, having teased the little gentleman beyond bearing, Sir Jeffery sent him a challenge. Crofts most insultingly appeared at the place of appointment with a squirt in his hand. Sir Jeffery was so extremely enraged, that a real meeting was agreed upon, at which both parties were to appear on horseback, armed with pistols. At the first shot, this Elzevir Achilles shot his persecutor dead. He was imprisoned, in consequence, but probably escaped with a short incarceration.

Soon after this he was taken prisoner by a Turkish vessel, and sold as a slave among the Moors. His captivity must have been of brief duration, for we find him a captain of horse in

the civil wars. When the royal cause became hopeless, he again followed the queen into France, where he remained till the Restoration. He had probably embraced the religion of his royal mistress, for in 1682, in the decline of life, he was implicated in the absurd Popish plot, and was committed to prison. He died shortly afterward, in the sixty-third year of his age, a prisoner in the Gate House, Westminster. In Newgate Street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the street, may still be seen (1855) a small sculpture in stone on which are engraved the figures of William Evans, the king's gigantic porter, and by his side the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. There is an engraving of the sculpture in Pennant's, London, and, at Hampton Court, an original picture of Sir Jeffery, by Mytens.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Character of Cromwell — Apartment in Which He Was Born — His Infancy — He Is Snatched from His Cradle by a Monkey — Notorious for Robbing Orchards — His Narrow Escape from Drowning — He Is Visited by an Apparition — Singular Prediction of His Future Greatness — Performs the Part of Tactus in the Play of “The Five Senses” — Attempts to Degrade Him as a Person of Mean Birth — His Supposed Relationship to Charles the First.

ONE of the weaknesses of human nature is a disposition to derogate from the genius and merits of a great man, according as his political principles happen to differ from our own. The virtues and capacity which were denied to the hero or the statesman in his lifetime are too often handed down to us, discoloured by prejudice and party feeling. On the other hand, the encomiums of his worshippers are usually no less exaggerated. There is no medium between eulogium and execration, — no feeling in common between the panegyrist and the detractor. The one would award a halter, the other a laurel ; the one the pillory, the other a triumph.

Considering the difficulty we find in reconciling

the administrative acts of Cromwell with the political creed of any particular party, and, consequently, the improbability that he should have been the idol of any one faction more than another, he has, nevertheless, had an extraordinary share of adulation, as well as obloquy. And yet what party is there that should naturally recognise him as their head? Not the royalist, for he overthrew monarchy; not the whig, for he perverted the representative system, governed with a standing army, and left an exhausted, where he had found an overflowing, treasury. Still less should he be a favourite with the republicans, inasmuch as he deserted the party which had exalted him, and, having thrown down the ladder by which he had mounted to power, would willingly have installed himself in that very kingly office which he himself had been among the first to declare "unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous."

Although the portrait of Cromwell has been sketched by many a masterly hand, his true character still continues to be almost as great an enigma as it is a wonder. Who, indeed, can pretend to form a just estimate of one whose whole life was a contradiction; whose tools were often the vices and weaknesses of mankind; who assumed humility while he aimed at greatness; who eulogised liberty, yet ruled with the sword; and who fought against monarchy, yet made himself a despot? But, whether we regard him as a patriot or a

tyrant, who will deny to Cromwell that almost supernatural genius which awed, and still dazzles, mankind? That a mere country gentleman, without wealth, eloquence, and the many accomplishments by which the world is captivated, should have destroyed an ancient monarchy, and have brought his sovereign to the scaffold; that, at a period of life when most men prepare to retire from the stage, he should have come forward and thrust aside the many great and wise men who already occupied the arena; that he should have won battle after battle, and have reduced a powerful empire by the sword; that the mere servant of the domineering Commons should have risen to be their master; that he should have created a peerage, and nominated parliaments at his will; that he should have raised the national glory to a pitch of splendour unexampled in its annals; that the princes of the earth should have trembled at his name; that he should have been able to bequeath three kingdoms with his dying breath, and have ensured their tranquil possession by his heir,—who is there whom even so brief a summary of genius and greatness will not strike with admiration and wonder?

Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599, and was christened four days afterward, as appears by the parish registers which are still extant, in the parish church at St. John's in that town. The site of the house in which he was

born is still pointed out to strangers, but of the house itself, not a vestige is to be traced. It has, indeed, been twice rebuilt since the days of Cromwell.

Had the Protector been born to a crown, doubtless many signs and wonders would have been recorded as taking place at his birth, and many stories have been handed down to us, proving the eccentric precocity of his talents. A single anecdote, and that a very idle one, is related on the authority of Doctor Scott's MSS. When a mere infant in arms, his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, it is said, having sent for him to Hinchinbrooke, then the family seat of the Cromwells, a mischievous monkey entered the apartment, and, snatching up the baby, flew with him in his arms to the roof of the house. Sir Henry and the nursery-maids were, of course, in the utmost consternation, and feather-beds were in immediate requisition to break his fall. Fortunately, however, the monkey descended of his own accord, and restored the "fortune of England" to the terrified inmates of Hinchinbrooke.

His schoolmasters were a Rev. Mr. Long, of Huntingdon, and afterward a Doctor Beard, of the same place, the latter of whom is described as a very severe castigator.

The enemies of Cromwell, not satisfied with maligning his character and conduct in the days of his splendour, were mean enough to rake up

half forgotten scandal, with the view of throwing obloquy even over his boyhood. They usually describe him as having been a very obstinate, mischievous, wrong-headed boy, always under the lash or in disgrace; a "robber of orchards;" a regular "apple dragon;" a plunderer of dove-houses, "stealing the young pigeons," says Heath, "and eating and merchandising of them." The same vindictive writer relates another trait of Cromwell's boyhood, which, however, may probably be true. He had fits of learning, according to Heath, and would occasionally study hard for a week, though afterward he would be idle for months. Bolingbroke, Rochester, and other gifted men are said to have coquetted in a similar manner with their genius.

Cromwell, in his boyhood, was once in imminent danger of being drowned, having been with difficulty saved by a Mr. Johnson, a clergyman. Many years afterward they encountered each other in the streets of Huntingdon, when the hero of Marston Moor was at the head of his Ironsides. Cromwell recognised his benefactor, and reminded him of the circumstance. "I remember it," said the old man; "but I would rather have put you into the water than seen you in arms against your king."

There is another story connected with the Protector's boyhood, to which the name of Clarendon adds some weight. It would appear that he

was one night lying in bed and awake, when a gigantic figure drew the curtains of his bed, and assured him that he should one day be the greatest man in England; the phantom, however, made no allusion to his ever becoming king. Heath, in his "Flagellum," in some degree varies the relation: "'Twas at this time of his adolescence," he says, "that he dreamed, or rather a familiar instincted him, and put into his head that he should be King of England." According to this writer, the boy insisted so pertinaciously on his having seen the vision, that his schoolmaster, Doctor Beard, at the especial desire of Cromwell's father, gave him a sound flogging for his impudence and vanity. It is certain that, in his days of greatness, Cromwell more than once alluded to the dream of his youth. Lord Clarendon says, "It was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation." He adds, that when the crown was subsequently offered to Cromwell, he revolved in his mind the words of the apparition with perplexity and doubt.

This story recalls another scarcely less remarkable. "It happened," says Heath, "as was then generally the custom in all great free schools, that a play called 'The Five Senses' was to be acted by the scholars of the school, and Oliver Cromwell, as a confident youth, was named to act the part of Tactus, the Sense of Feeling; in the personifi-

cation of which, as he came out of the tyring-room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of laurel, he stumbled at a crown purposely laid there, which, stooping down, he took up and crowned himself therewithall, adding beyond his cue some majestical mighty words." The title of this play, which is reprinted in Dodsley's collection, is "Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority."<sup>1</sup> The following scene is the one referred to by Heath.

*Tactus.* "Tis wondrous rich, but sure it is not so ;  
Do I not sleep, and dream of this good luck ?  
No, I am awake and feel it now.  
Whose should it be ?

*(He takes up the Crown.)*

*Mend.* Set up a *si quis* for it.  
*Tactus.* Mercury, all's mine own, here's none to cry half's  
mine.  
*Mend.* When I am gone.

*Scene 6. A Soliloquy.*

*Tactus.* Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend !  
Was ever man so fortunate as I,  
To break his shins at such a stumbling-block ?  
Roses and bays, back-hence ; this crown and robe  
My brows and body circles and invests :  
How gallantly it fits me ! sure the slave  
Measured my head that wrought this coronet.

<sup>1</sup>"Lingua; or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority. Anon. 4to. 1607." Winstanley attributes it to Anthony Brewer.

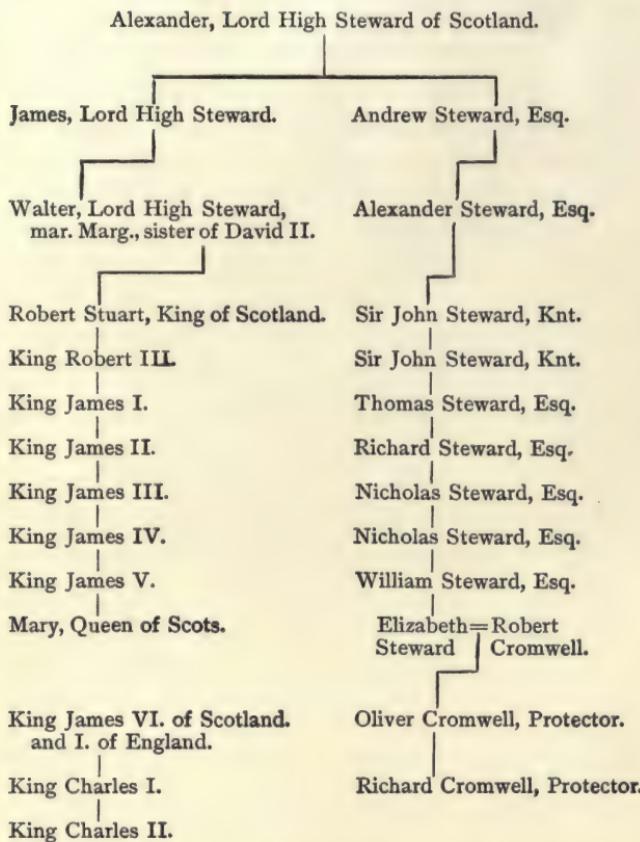
They lie who say complexions cannot change,  
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed  
Into the sacred temper of a king.  
Methinks I hear my noble parasites  
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,  
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got  
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended !  
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten !  
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,  
And make you tremble when the lion roars ;  
Ye earth-bred worms ! O for a looking-glass !  
Poets will write whole volumes on this change.  
Where's my attendants ? Come hither, sirrah,  
quickly,  
Or by the wings of Hermes —

Whether the part of Tactus was the especial choice of Cromwell, or whether it was selected for him by others, the coincidence between this passage and the events of his after-life is equally singular. It may be remarked, as in some degree tending to corroborate the truth of the story, that the preface to the first impression of the play purports it to have been originally performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterward at the Free Grammar School, at Huntingdon.

There is no meanness to which the political bigot will not descend, and, accordingly, we find numerous unworthy attempts made by Cromwell's contemporaries to degrade him as a man of mean birth. The mighty genius of this extraordinary person is so far above the mere question of ancestry, that it would be folly to dwell long on the subject.

It is certain, however, that his secretary, Milton, when he speaks of him, in his Latin Panegyric, as of noble and illustrious birth, is not far from the truth. That his connections were highly respectable there can be no question. He was related to the St. Johns, Barringtons, and Hampdens, and his forefathers had been sheriffs for Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire at different periods, from the reign of Henry the Eighth. They were the possessors also of considerable landed property, and were long the masters of Hinchinbrooke. Cromwell himself tells us, in one of his speeches, “I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity,” — a definition which seems exactly the truth.

There is a favourite theory of the indefatigable Noble, that a relationship existed between Charles the First and Cromwell, the mother of the Protector having been a Stuart. As Noble took considerable pains on the subject, and, indeed, felt fully satisfied of the reality of the relationship, we feel tempted to insert the following genealogical table :



It would appear, from this table, that Charles and Cromwell were ninth cousins, once removed, and that Charles and the Protector Richard were tenth cousins. There were certainly no prejudices of consanguinity. Horace Walpole mentions as a "marriage extraordinary," that the descendants of

Charles the First and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree. There may possibly have been such a marriage through the Hydes, but we have not been able to trace it out. The connection of Cromwell with the blood-royal is far from being a modern question of dispute. Anthony Wood says : “ His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Steward, Knt., whence 'twas that, when Oliver gaped after the Protectorship, it was given out by those of his party that he was descended of the royal blood, and had right to the crown of England.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Refutation of Cromwell Having Been a Brewer—Lampoons on the Subject—His Early Profligacy—He Is Entered at Sydney College, Cambridge—Removal to the Inns of Court—Associates with Roisterers and Drunkards—Becomes the Terror of the “Ale-Wives” of Huntingdon—His Marriage—Reformation in His Conduct—His Religious Melancholy and Fanaticism—Cromwell Takes a Farm at St. Ives—Failure of His Agrarian Speculations—Removes to Cambridge—Subscribes in Favour of the Republican Cause—Prevented from Emigrating to America—Hampden’s Foresight of His Future Greatness.

THE question, whether Cromwell or his father were ever actually engaged in trade as brewers, has given rise to much more controversy than it deserves. The fact would be of little importance but for the extraordinary height to which Cromwell afterward attained, and also as enabling us to understand the lampoons and other literary curiosities of the period. One or two of these trifles are not unamusing. By the author of “Oliver’s Court,” Cromwell is described :

“As fickler than the city ruff,  
Who changed his brewer’s coat to buff;

His dray cart to a coach, the beast  
Into two Flanders mares at least;  
Nay, hath the art to murder kings,  
Like David, only with his slings."

The following pasquinade has more merit :

"A brewer may be a burgess grave,  
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,  
That he the better may play the knave,  
Which nobody can deny.

"A brewer may be a parliament man,  
For there the knavery first began,  
And brew most cunning plots he can,  
Which nobody can deny.

"A brewer may put on a Nabal face,  
And march to the wars with such a grace,  
That he may get a captain's place,  
Which nobody can deny.

"A brewer may speak so wondrous well,  
That he may rise (strange things to tell),  
And so be made a colonel,  
Which nobody can deny.

"A brewer may make his foes to flee,  
And raise his fortunes so that he  
Lieutenant-general may be,  
Which nobody can deny.

"A brewer may be all in all,  
And raise his powers both great and small,  
That he may be a lord general,  
Which nobody can deny.

“A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,  
And teach a lecture out of a tub,  
And give the wicked world a rub,  
Which nobody can deny.

“A brewer, by his excise and rate,  
Will promise his army he knows what  
And set upon a college gate,<sup>1</sup>  
Which nobody can deny.

“Methinks I hear one say to me,  
Pray why may not a brewer be  
Lord chancellor o’ th’ University?  
Which nobody can deny.

“A brewer may be as bold as Hector,  
When as he had drunk his cup of nectar:  
And a brewer may be a lord protector,  
Which nobody can deny.

“Now here remains the strangest thing,  
How this brewer about his liquor did bring,  
To be an emperor or a king,  
Which nobody can deny.

“A brewer may do what he will,  
And rob the church and state, to sell  
His soul unto the devil in hell,  
Which nobody can deny.”

Coke informs us that when his father was once asked whether he was acquainted with the Protector, “Yes,” he said, “and his father, too, when he kept his brew-house in Huntingdon.” That Robert Cromwell, the father, purchased the brew-

<sup>1</sup> This is obscure.

ery is undoubted, but that he was ever engaged in the trade appears to be at least doubtful. That his illustrious son never carried on the business is admitted even by his arch-maligner, Heath.

If we were to credit the contemporaries, or rather the enemies, of Cromwell, the early period of his life was passed in idleness and profligate society. Dugdale says: “In his youth he was for some time bred up in Cambridge, where he made no great proficiency in any kind of learning; but then and afterward, sorting himself with drinking companions, and the ruder sort of people (being of a rough and blustering disposition), he had the name of a roysterer amongst most that knew him.” According to Sir Philip Warwick, “the first years of his manhood were spent in a dissolute course of life, in good-fellowship and gaming.” And Wood tells us “that, his father dying whilst he was at Cambridge, he was taken home, and sent to Lincoln’s Inn to study the common law, but making nothing of it, he was sent for home by his mother, became a debauchee, and a boisterous and rude fellow.”

On the 23d of April, 1616, the day on which Shakespeare breathed his last, Cromwell, at the age of seventeen, was entered at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.<sup>1</sup> According to Hume, “his

<sup>1</sup> Some zealous royalist has inserted in the College Register, between Cromwell’s name and the next entry, the following words: “Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus,

genius was found little fitted for the calm and elegant occupations of learning, and consequently he made small proficiencies in his studies." Dugdale also tells us, in less graceful language, that at Cambridge Cromwell was far "more famous for football, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study." He remained at the university about a year.

From Cambridge, Cromwell is said to have removed to one of the Inns of Court in London. According to Anthony Wood and Noble, he was entered in Lincoln's Inn, but neither on the books of that, nor of any other of the Inns of Court, does there appear any trace of his name. According to that most bigoted of all bigoted scribblers, Heath, the future Protector was at this period a frequenter of taverns and the companion of drunkards; and, moreover, when, after a residence of two or three years in London, he returned to his widowed mother, it was as a finished and roistering profligate. According to the further accounts of Heath, Cromwell's subsequent conduct, on his return to his native place, was no less discreditable than it had been in London. He describes him as quarrelling in ale-houses; as having been a terror to the "ale-wives" of Huntingdon; playing at quarter-staff with "tinkers, pedlars, and

*qui, pientissimo rege Carolo I. nefariâ coede sublato, ipsum usurpavit thronum; et tria regna, per v. ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitâ tyrannide vexavit.*"

the like;" and, moreover, "seizing upon all women he met in his way on the road, and perforce ravishing a kiss."

That these charges against Cromwell, if not totally untrue, are at least grossly exaggerated, there cannot be the slightest question. That in early life he was fond of playing at quarter-staff, and that he may have been led into one or two venial frolics, is not impossible. But even had he been guilty of still graver delinquencies, who is there so bigoted as not to make allowances for the effervescence of youthful spirits; or what Christian is there who will not give him the greater credit for the victory which he subsequently obtained over his affections, and the sincere contrition which he both felt and expressed?

On the 22d of August, 1620, at the age of twenty-one, Cromwell united himself to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight of Essex.<sup>1</sup> They were married in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, the same interesting edifice which contains the bones of his future Latin secretary, the illustrious Milton. The following entries, recording these two memorable events, appear in the parish books:

"Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bouchier."

"John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel."

<sup>1</sup> Her name was a respectable one, and her fortune considerable; but it would seem she was in no way related to the Earls of Essex of the same name.

It was about the period of his marriage, that Cromwell is stated to have become an altered man, and to have reflected on his former transgressions with deep remorse. The change appears at first to have plunged him into a deep religious melancholy. His physician, Doctor Simcott, informed Sir Philip Warwick that "his patient was a most splenetic man, and had fancies about the cross which stood in the town; and that he had been called up to him at midnight and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy which made him believe he was then dying."

Cromwell was now residing on a farm which he had taken at St. Ives, where, according to Heath, he was so entirely absorbed in heavenly concerns that his earthly ones prospered but indifferently. He is said to have engaged his household so many hours in morning prayer that it was usually nine o'clock before his labourers went to their work; and even then, perceiving how little their master concerned himself with his temporal interests, instead of performing their task, they contented themselves with turning up a furrow or two, and then passed the greater part of the remainder of the day in playing at cards. That his worldly interests suffered is the best proof of Cromwell's sincerity. He had at this time a chapel behind his house at St. Ives, in which he frequently held forth in person to a congregation of enthusiasts

whose religious convictions coincided with his own.

Although he had now become a Separatist, we find Cromwell still entrusted with the common parochial offices, and occasionally attending the parish church. Secession had not then been carried to its extreme length, and accordingly, for some time after his having adopted the principles of the Puritans, we find him still living on friendly terms with some of the most eminent divines of the Church of England. Cromwell is said to have been long remembered by the congregation of St. Ives, from his wearing a piece of red flannel around his neck to protect him from the atmosphere. He was subject to inflammation of the trachea, and it was, probably, the dampness of the country around, as much as the failure of his agrarian speculations, which eventually drove him from the neighbourhood. During his residence at St. Ives, he is said to have made every possible exertion to defray the debts which he had contracted before his marriage. Heath, who has either the folly or the want of candour to question the genuineness of his conversion, nevertheless relates an anecdote which reflects indirectly much credit on Cromwell's delicate scruples of conscience. "Having," says Heath, "some years before won 30*l.* of one Mr. Catton, at play, meeting him accidentally, he desired him to come home with him and receive the money, telling him that he had got it by indirect

and unlawful means, and that it would be a sin in him to detain it any longer ; and did really pay the gentleman the said 30*l.* back again.” If we omit the words “indirect and unlawful,” the anecdote is probably not entirely untrue.

Whatever his youthful delinquencies may have been, that Cromwell subsequently reverted with deep regret to certain incidents in his early career, there can be little question. In 1638 he writes to his relation, Mrs. St. John : “One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it ; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath been ! Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated the light. I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true : I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh, the richness of his mercy ! Praise him for me ; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it to the day of Christ.”

According to Dugdale, Cromwell, on leaving his farm at St. Ives, retired to some “mean lodgings” at Cambridge. This is far from being a solitary insinuation of Cromwell’s poverty. There is something especially paltry in attacking a great genius, and such a genius, too, merely because he was poor. But, in fact, there is no proof that Cromwell ever was in such distress. It was shortly, indeed, after leaving St. Ives, that his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, bequeathed

him a large property in the neighbourhood of Ely; and, moreover, we find him contributing, about this time, so liberal a donation as 500*l.* toward quelling the Irish insurrection, besides another sum of 100*l.* in support of the republican cause.

The fact is well known that Cromwell was once on the point of quitting England for ever. To the nonconformist, the enemy of control, and the discontented of all classes, America, at this period, offered a vast field of unrestraint, and no indifferent means of subsistence. Many Puritans, and others, had already flocked there; and it was undoubtedly the policy of Charles to encourage such migration. The story is well known that at one time the government detained eight ships in the river, on board of which were Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Rich, Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell! Although the truth of this story is more than questionable, yet there can be no doubt of Cromwell having at least on one occasion contemplated quitting England for ever. In 1641, when the grand remonstrance of the Commons against the general grievances of the nation was carried at three o'clock in the morning by a majority of only nine, we find Cromwell, on the House breaking up, confiding to Falkland what had previously been his intentions. If that "remonstrance had not passed," he said, "he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen

England more ;" and he added, "he knew many other honest men of the same resolution."

Cromwell must have possessed considerable claims on the suffrages of his fellow townsmen, since we find him the representative of his native town in Parliament at the age of twenty-nine. He was returned as member for Huntingdon in 1628, and again for Cambridge in 1640. It was undoubtedly owing to the influence of Hampden that he was elected for the latter place. That celebrated patriot had early entertained a high opinion of Cromwell's talents. One day, meeting Lord Digby going down the Parliament stairs, "Pray," said his lordship, "who is that sloven, for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day ?" "That sloven," said Hampden, "whom you see before us, who hath no ornament in his speech,—that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, which God forbid ! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

## CHAPTER XX.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell's Indifference as to Dress — Rudeness of His Manners — His Personal Infirmities Caricatured — He Is the First to Take up Arms against the King — His Regiment of Ironsides — Their Discipline and Good Conduct — Cromwell Beloved by the Common Soldiers — His First Military Exploit — Battle of Marston Moor — Cromwell's Narrow Escape from Being Killed — The Second Engagement at Newbury — Cromwell's Personal Encounter with a Cavalier Officer — Anecdote of Fairfax at the Battle of Naseby — Cromwell's Rapid Successes — Accused of Cowardice by His Enemies.

IN the early part of his career, Cromwell had been careless in his dress, and dirty even in appearance. As he increased in power, however, he probably considered, like Napoleon, that external appearances have their influence over the minds of men, and consequently grew more nice in his person as he advanced in greatness. Sir Philip Warwick, who had frequent opportunities of observing him, has bequeathed to us two very dissimilar portraits of him, sketched at different periods of his career. "The first time," he says, "that ever I took notice of him, was in the beginning of the Parliament held in 1640, when I vainly

thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean ; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband ; his stature was of a good size ; his sword stuck close to his side ; his countenance swollen and reddish ; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour."

Some twelve years afterward, Sir Philip Warwick thus varies his description : " I lived to see this very gentleman," he says, " whom out of no ill-will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse among good company, in my own age, when for six weeks together I was in his sergeant's hands a prisoner and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." Doctor South, in his description of Cromwell, agrees with Sir Philip Warwick. " Who," he says, " that had beheld such a bankrupt beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House, with a threadbare torn cloak, and a greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for, could have

suspected that, in the course of a few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown." Later in life, his toilet altered much for the better. In 1653, on an occasion of his dining in state with the lord mayor of London, after he had become Protector, we find him magnificently arrayed in a "musk-colour suit and coat richly embroidered with gold."

His manners, at an early period of his political career, seem to have been as rude as his appearance. Lord Clarendon tells us, in his "Life of Himself," that, in 1640, "being one of the same committee with him, Cromwell flew into a violent rage, reproached the chairman, threatened the witnesses, and behaved altogether with the greatest indecency and rudeness. At last," he adds, "his carriage grew so tempestuous, that the chairman was obliged to reprehend him, and threatened to complain to the House if he persisted in such behaviour." Higgons informs us, in his "Short View of English History," that, as early as 1641, before Cromwell was known to fame, Sir Bevil Granville, a member of Parliament, had conceived such an aversion to him that he always carefully avoided sitting near him in the House. When asked the reason by his friends, he could hardly account for it, he said, but he had a foreboding

that "that ill-looking fellow would kill the king."

Undoubtedly, at the commencement of his career, the appearance of Cromwell must have been far from prepossessing. His frame was robust and ungainly, and impressed the bystander with the idea of clumsiness and vulgarity. He was of an ungracious aspect ; his complexion was muddy and of a sallow hue, his eyebrows large and bushy, and his nose of a bright red. "Cromwell," says Samuel Butler, "wants neither wardrobe nor armour ; his face is natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail."

" In Cromwell art and nature strive  
Which should the ugliest thing contrive;  
First nature forms an ill-shaped lump ;  
And art, to show how good wits jump,  
Adds to his monstrous shape and size  
All sorts and kinds of villainies ;  
So that he was by art and nature,  
An ugly, vile, and monstrous creature."

Thus, we perceive that not even personal infirmities were sacred from the stupid and brutal malignity that followed this illustrious man. Even the " ruby nose " of the Protector was productive, at the time, of much doggerel nonsense and low buffoonery. The " blazing of his beacon nose," the " glow-worm glistening in his beak," and similar instances of abuse, occur frequently in the pages of the royalist scribblers. This prom-

inent feature in his face was even made to personify the Protector himself, and, accordingly, we find persons, instead of asking how Cromwell was, inquiring after his nose. “Thanks to Cromwell’s nose,” was a frequent expression; and again, the “Ruby Nose drew his dagger in the house;” “thanks to the devil first, and next, to Nol Cromwell’s nose;” and “Nose-Almighty made answer,” etc. Cleavland says, in his character of a London Diurnal, “This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak.” Even the high-minded Marquis of Montrose could condescend to such indifferent ribaldry. Soon after the execution of Charles, we find Montrose asking a newcomer to the Hague, “How Oliver’s nose did?” “Oliver,” says Walker, in his “History of Independency,” “is a bird of prey, as you may know by his bloody beak.” We have seen, however, that Cromwell improved in person as he rose in greatness. The habit of commanding, and of being obeyed, unconsciously induces a dignity of manners even in the least gifted, and sometimes elevates the physiognomy as well as the demeanour. Of this, Cromwell, though a remarkable, is not a solitary instance. In the last years of his life there was much of courtliness in his address, and something commanding and not unkingly in his appearance.

The circumstance is worthy of remark, that Cromwell was one of the first persons who appeared in open arms against his sovereign. His

first step was to transmit a supply of arms and ammunition to his native county. He shortly afterward followed in person, and, among the clowns and idlers in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, laid the foundation of that famous regiment which afterward bore the proud name of Cromwell's Ironsides. Instead of joining the Parliamentary forces with a clownish and undisciplined force, as did half the discontented country gentlemen, he lost no pains in instructing his followers in military tactics; while at the same time he carefully instilled into them that intense religious enthusiasm, which, combined with their efficiency as soldiers, rendered them invincible. He accustomed them to clean their horses, to keep their accoutrements bright, and to pass the night on the ground. Not content with their mere soldier-like appearance, we find him on one occasion resorting to the following characteristic expedient, in order to try their nerves and accustom them to sudden surprise. During one of their musters, he posted in the immediate neighbourhood an ambuscade of twelve men, who at a particular moment rushed forward as if they had been the enemy. It seems that about twenty of his followers rode off as fast as their horses could carry them. Cromwell gave them no other chance of retrieving their lost reputations, but forthwith supplied their places with other recruits.

Within the space of twelve months he had raised a body of two thousand men, whose sobriety and good conduct were as remarkable as their military efficiency.<sup>1</sup> For an oath, a private was fined twelve pence, and if drunk was set in the stocks. "Cromwell," says Sir Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, "kept the armies under him in so exact a discipline, that they rather seemed a body of well-governed citizens than soldiers; swearing, profaneness, drunkenness, murder, rapine, uncleanness, the common vices of other soldiers, were not to be found among his." Cromwell possessed the peculiar art of winning the confidence and affection of his soldiers, and of devoting them to his personal interests. Even when his command comprehended the large forces of the Commonwealth, he sedulously acquainted himself with the names and characters of the private men; he joined with them familiarly in discourse, and sometimes even called them into bed with him, in order to ensure greater secrecy to their conversation. He affected to each a strong interest in his individual welfare, encouraging intimacy, we are told, by occasionally clapping them on the shoulder, or playfully boxing their ears. "He

<sup>1</sup> "As for Colonel Cromwell, he hath two thousand brave men, well disciplined; no man swears but he pays his twelve pence; if he be drunk he is set in the stocks or worse; if one calls the other roundhead, he is cashiered: insomuch, that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join them."

was a strong man," said one of his contemporaries, "in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone on him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."

Cromwell, in after years, often reverted with much pride to the policy which he had adopted at the commencement of the civil troubles. In his conference with the Parliament, on being offered the title of king, occurs the following curious passage: "I did labour," he says, "as well as I could to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to you all; Mr. John Hampden was the person. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten on every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord of Essex's army of some new regiments. And I told him it would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old, decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's younger sons, and persons of good quality. And do you think that the mean spirits of such mean and base fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get

men of a spirit, — and take it not ill what I say, — of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still.' I told him so ; he was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. I told him I could do somewhat in it ; and, accordingly, raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward they were never beaten, but wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually." This passage is obviously curious on more than one account ; but Cromwell had no very high opinion of the vulgar. On the occasion of his setting out on his expedition into Scotland, while followed by the acclamations of the assembled populace, Lambert expressing his gratification that the nation were so evidently on their side, "Do not trust them," said Cromwell ; "these very persons would shout as much if we were going to be hanged."

At the time when Cromwell raised his celebrated troop, he had attained to his forty-third year. It took but eleven years more to exalt "the sloven" to the summit of human greatness.

His first exploit with his newly raised troop was to seize the royal magazine in the castle of Cambridge. The victory of Gainsborough followed in July, 1643, and, shortly afterward, the fights at Winsley Field and Horncastle. After taking



you'll be spirits — and take it with the wind, I say, —  
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diness will go, or else I am sure you will be hasted  
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person, and he did think that I talked a good  
row, but an irreconcileable one. I told him I  
could do somewhat to it, and, accordingly, raised  
such men as had the fear of God before them,  
and made strict considerations of what they did. And  
from that day forward they were many better,  
but whenever they were engaged against the enemy,  
they fought obstinately." This passage is obviously  
written no more than this abstract; but Cromwell  
had in every one

*The Battle of Marston Moor.* In the  
situation of his Photo-etching after the painting by Willmore.

in that, while advised by the advice of  
the Puritan preachers, Tamworth expressing the  
opinion that they ought not to fight  
so hard as to "lose the battle, and  
gain the victory." "From this passage would suffice as much  
as we were willing to be taught."

At the time when Cromwell raised his inde-  
fated troop, he had attained to his forty-third year. It took but eleven years more to wait  
"the eleven" to the summit of human greatness.

His first exploit with his newly-minted troop was  
to seize the royal magazine in the castle of Cam-  
bridge. The victory of Gainsborough followed in  
July, 1643, and shortly afterward the fights at  
Winceby Field and Hornscastle. After taking





Stamford and Burleigh House, he again marched to Cambridge, where he wrung large sums of money, besides their valuable plate, from the university. From thence he proceeded to Peterborough and Ely. At the latter place he entered the cathedral during the performance of divine service, and, drawing his sword, gave orders to his cuirassiers to drive the "malignants" out of the edifice.

At the battle of Marston Moor, which was fought on the 2d of July, 1644, he behaved with distinguished gallantry. It was on this occasion that, from their invincible bravery, his troopers obtained the well-known name of Ironsides. At the first play of the artillery, their leader had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball, which almost grazed his head. Those who were near him imagined, for the moment, that he had been killed; instantly, however, recovering his self-possession, he remarked, smilingly, that "a miss was as good as a mile."

The second engagement at Newbury took place on the 27th of October, 1644, and on the 14th of June, 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, in which Cromwell was second in command under Fairfax. His conduct and success in this important action raised him highly in the estimation of the Parliament. Heath relates an incident that occurred during the action, which, as it contains no especial abuse of the hero of the day, may

possibly be true. “ A commander of the king's,” he says, “ knowing Cromwell, advanced smartly from the head of his troops to exchange a bullet singly with him, and was with the like gallantry encountered by him; both sides forbearing to come in, till their pistols being discharged, the cavalier, with a slanting back blow of a broad-sword, luckily cut the riband which tied his morion, and with a draw threw it off his head; and now, ready to repeat his stroke, his party came in and rescued him, and one of them alighting, threw up his head-piece into his saddle, which Oliver, hastily catching, as being affrighted with the chance, clapped it the wrong way on his head, and so fought with it the rest of the day.”

It was at Naseby that Fairfax, having killed an ensign with his own hand, and possessed himself of his colours, entrusted them to a private soldier till after the close of the engagement. The man subsequently boasting to his comrade that he had himself won them, “ Let him retain the honour,” said Fairfax; “ I have to-day acquired enough beside.”

Dryden, alluding to the rapid successes of Cromwell at this period, addresses him in the following verse:

“ Swift and resistless through the land he passed,  
Like the bold Greek that did the East subdue;  
And made to battles such heroic haste,  
As if on wings of victory he flew.”

The fact is certainly somewhat startling that such a man as Cromwell should have been accused of cowardice; and yet Heath, on this occasion, is not a solitary maligner. Lord Hollis, in his *Memoirs*, not only charges him with being deficient in courage, but asserts that, on one of the days of the king's trial, the soldiers reproached him with his weakness. His lordship mentions two contemporaries of Cromwell, Major-General Crawford, and Colonel Dalbier, who, he says, were not only persuaded of his cowardice, but accused him of it openly and almost to his face. In alluding to this passage in Lord Hollis's *Memoirs*, Horace Walpole, in his peculiar style, observes: "From the extreme good sense of his lordship's speeches and letters, one should not have expected that weak attempt to blast Cromwell for a coward. How a judicatory in the Temple of Fame would laugh at such witnesses as Major-General Crawford and a Colonel Dalbier! Cæsar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commission of *oyer and terminer*."

Lord Hollis, singularly enough, places the scene of Cromwell's timidity at Marston Moor, the loss of which battle was especially attributed by the royalists to the gallantry and generalship of their arch-enemy. Nevertheless, Lord Hollis is not alone in making the imputation, inasmuch as about three weeks after the fight, we find Principal Baillie writing as follows: "Sheldon Craw-

ford, who had a regiment of dragoons, upon his oath assures me that at the beginning of the fight Cromwell got a little wound on the neck which made him retire, so that he was not so much as present at the service; but his troopers were led on by David Leslie." There may possibly have occurred some circumstance during the fight which originated these absurd charges, but the whole tenor of Cromwell's military career compels us to reject them as evidence. We must remember that Hollis, though once a friend, was now his avowed enemy, and that Baillie, being a Presbyterian, could have borne but little good-will to a zealous Independent. The informants of both were probably the same.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell Appointed to the Command in Ireland — He Departs from Whitehall with a Splendid Cavalcade — Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford — Instances of Cromwell's Merciless Disposition — Battle of Dunbar — Treatment of the Prisoners — Scotland Indebted to Cromwell for the Introduction of Newspapers — He Is Attacked by a Dangerous Illness — Endeavours to Shoot His Officers in His Delirium — Battle of Worcester — Cromwell's Election — Marked Alteration in His Behaviour.

WHEN, in 1649, the state of affairs in Ireland rendered it imperative on the Parliament to send her boldest citizen to reduce that country to obedience, Cromwell was selected for this important duty. Accordingly, three Puritan ministers having previously invoked a blessing on his banners, and he himself having expounded the Scriptures to his surrounding friends,<sup>1</sup> he entered his coach and six, and, followed by his body-guard, drove from Whitehall amidst the cheers of the populace.

<sup>1</sup> A short time before his departure, we find him publicly preaching for three hours in the pulpit of the chapel at Whitehall. There were few of the churches or chapels in London, in which, at this period, either Cromwell or one of his officers did not occasionally preach.

His departure, and the stateliness of his cavalcade, are announced in the *Moderate Intelligencer*, July 10, 1649: "This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsor and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish gray, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army, his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-guard many are colonels, and, believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world." He arrived at Dublin on the fifteenth of August, and subsequently quitted that city, at the head of ten thousand men, on the last day of the month, with the intention of laying siege to Drogheda.

At the sieges, both of Drogheda and Wexford, Cromwell exacted a fearful retribution. Of the terrible slaughter which took place after the fall of the former city, his own despatches—in which he styles it "the righteous judgment of God"—afford us the most graphic description. "I forbade my soldiers," he says, "to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men." And again he writes: "I believe all the friars were

knocked on the head promiscuously but two, the one of which was Father Peter Taaf, brother to the Lord Taaf, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower." Of the garrison of Drogheda only one individual escaped. "During five days," says Lingard, "the streets of Drogheda ran with blood; revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers; from the garrison they turned their swords against the inhabitants, and one thousand unresisting victims were immolated together within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection." The picture, terrible as it is, scarcely appears to be exaggerated.

Cromwell by nature was certainly not of a bloodthirsty disposition. That he derived, therefore, any barbarous satisfaction in the cruelties which he authorised, we cannot believe. Urged on by his fanatical advisers, to whose counsels it would have been dangerous to have turned a deaf ear; presumptuously believing himself to be an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Heaven; determined to strike terror into the hearts of the Irish, and to ensure a rapidity of success whatever might be the cost; and, moreover, as he more than once expresses himself to the Parliament, convinced that one or two such terrible examples would in the end "save much effusion of blood," — those, and probably other motives of expediency, were probably the true causes of that merci-

less career of bloodshed which has thrown so much obloquy, whether deservedly or not, on his name.

In the month of June, 1650, having gone far by his successes to subjugate Ireland, Cromwell, at the express wish of the Parliament, returned to London. He was received by the populace with the greatest enthusiasm; a large number of the officers of the army hastened to do him honour by meeting him on Hounslow Heath; and at Hyde Park he was met by the lord mayor and the train-bands of the city of London, by whom he was conducted in triumph to his apartments in St. James's Palace.

Cromwell had been allowed but a short time for rest, when his services were again required by the state. The Scots having invited Charles II. to resume the ancient sovereignty of the Stuarts, and also having raised an army of thirty-six thousand men for the purpose of invading England, Cromwell was invited by the Parliament to assume the command of the army which was preparing to oppose them. His successes against the Scots, if not so rapid, were at least as eminent as against the Irish. The battle of Dunbar was fought on the 3d of September, 1650, and on the same day of that month, in the following year, was gained the "crowning victory" of Worcester. Previous to the last-named action, Cromwell had been extremely submissive in his letters and despatches to the Parliament. Henceforth, however, it is

asserted that his elation knew no bounds, and certainly the despatches in which he announces his successes to the Speaker, Lenthall, are couched in no very submissive terms. It is even stated that it was with some difficulty he could be dissuaded from knighting the principal commanders on the field. Ludlow tells us that his behaviour altered from this period, and that the change was marked and commented on by all about him.

It is singular that Scotland should have been indebted to its arch-enemy Cromwell for the introduction of newspapers. His army, like that of Charles, carried with it its own printer, who was constantly employed in publishing its proceedings, and, of course, in enhancing its successes.

It may be remarked, that while on his northern expedition, Cromwell was attacked by an illness which very nearly proved fatal to him. The disorder, which was an ague, continued nearly three months, by which time such was the effect of its ravages, that, in May, 1651, he was compelled to apply to the Parliament for permission to return. The council sent two physicians to attend their sick champion. According to Aubrey, "he pistolled one or two of his commanders, who came to visit him in his delirium." To Bradshaw, Cromwell writes, 24th March, 1651: "Indeed, my lord, your service needs not me. I am a poor creature, and have been a dry bone, and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and to you."

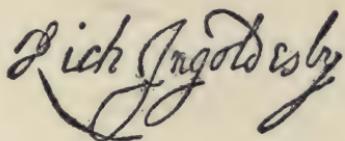
## CHAPTER XXII.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell's Personal Exertions to Ensure the Execution of Charles — Forces Ingoldesby to Sign the King's Death-warrant — His Indecent Behaviour in the Court of Wards — Visits the King's Dead Body — Anecdotes — Cromwell's Love of Buffoonery — His Practice of Flinging Cushions at His Friends — Curious Scene at a Banquet at Whitehall — Cromwell's Strange Conduct at State Conferences — Encourages Practical Jokes among His Soldiers — Thrown from His Coach-box in Hyde Park — Lampoons on the Subject — His Practice of Being Carried in a Sedan-chair.

THAT Cromwell sat as a judge at the trial of Charles the First, and that he also signed the death-warrant of the ill-fated king, is sufficiently notorious. In addition, however, to these facts, it has been insisted that he exerted himself personally, and in the most active manner, to ensure the execution of Charles. Among other similar evidence to this effect, that of Wayte, one of the king's judges, must be received with considerable caution. "Cromwell," says Wayte, "went to the House: they were labouring to get hands for his execution at the door. I refused, and went into the House: saith Cromwell, 'Those that are gone in shall set their hands; I will have their hands now.'" Another instance that has been adduced, is the means by which he is said to have obtained

the signature of Colonel Ingoldesby, on an occasion of the colonel entering the Painted Chamber, while Cromwell and some of the most daring of his party were assembled in consultation. They consisted of such persons as had either already signed, or were hesitating whether they should affix their signatures to that memorable instrument. “As soon,” says Lord Clarendon, “as Cromwell’s eyes were on him, he ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, drew him by force to the table; and said, ‘though he had escaped him all the while before, he should now sign that paper as well as they;’ which he, seeing what it was, refused with great passion, saying he knew nothing of the business, and offered to go away. But Cromwell and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldesby, he making all the resistance he could.” The following is a fac-simile of Ingoldesby’s signature, as it appeared in the death-warrant of Charles, and, certainly, from the singular legibility of the characters, there seems no reason to believe that it could have been forcibly obtained.

A fac-simile of the signature of Richard Ingoldesby, written in a cursive, flowing script. The signature reads "Rich Ingoldesby".

There is a curious passage in the declaration of Colonel Huncks, in the "Trials of the Regicides," which, however, must be received with no less caution than the evidence of Wayte. According to Huncks, on the morning of the king's execution, he happened to enter Ireton's chamber, in which he discovered Colonel Harrison and Ireton in bed together. There were also in the apartment, Cromwell, Colonel Hacker, Colonel Thayer, and Axtell. The warrant for the king's execution having been produced, Hacker commenced reading it, when Cromwell, addressing himself to Huncks, desired him, by virtue of that warrant, to draw up the order to the executioner. Huncks positively refusing, some angry words were the consequence. "Cromwell," he adds, "would have no delay. There was a little table that stood by the door, and pen, ink, and paper being there, Cromwell stepped and writ. I conceive he wrote that which he would have had me to write. As soon as he had done writing, he gives the pen over to Hacker. Hacker stoops and did write. I cannot say what he writ. Away goes Cromwell and then Axtell. We all went out; afterward they went into another room; immediately the king came out and was murdered."

If we are to credit but a very small portion of the statements of his contemporaries, the behaviour of Cromwell during the closing scenes of Charles's life was, to say the least, strange, if not

indecent. Although, in the House of Commons, he had professed himself solely instigated by "Providence and necessity," and had lamented, with an unbecoming hypocrisy, the miserable condition of his sovereign, it is insisted that, among his own friends in the Court of Wards, he indecently "laughed, smiled, and jeered;" adding, "I would cut off Charles's head even with the crown on it." The fact of his having jocularly smeared the face of Henry Marten with the pen with which he had immediately before signed the king's death-warrant, and of Marten retorting the miserable jest, is well known.<sup>1</sup> After the decapitation of Charles, he is said to have paid a visit to the corpse, and, putting his finger to the neck, to have made some remarks on the soundness of the body and the promise which it presented of longevity. According to another account, on entering the chamber he found the coffin closed, and, being unable to raise the lid with his staff, he took the sword of one Bowtell, a private soldier who was standing by, and opened it with the hilt. "Bowtell asking him what government they should have now, he said the same that then was."

Like every other act of Cromwell's life, his levity on the solemn occasion of the execution of

<sup>1</sup> There is another story, but of more questionable authority, that after the king's death, a lady sending to him to beg a lock of the deceased king's hair, "No," said Cromwell; "for I swore to him when living that not a hair of his head should perish."

his sovereign had doubtless its origin in motives of deep and hidden policy. Not improbably he hoped, by divesting the action of some of its fearful solemnity, to reconcile his friends more readily to act their parts in the tragedy. That, in his heart, he conscientiously believed he was performing a wise and necessary act ; that he felt, in its full force, the awful responsibility he was incurring, it is impossible, from our knowledge of his character, to doubt. Sir Purbeck Temple happened to be in the Painted Chamber on the first day of the king's trial, when the news was brought that his Majesty was landing at Sir Robert Cotton's stairs. "Cromwell," he says, "ran to the window to look at him, as he came up the garden, and returned as white as the wall."

One of the most singular features of Cromwell's character was his real love of buffoonery and of practical jocularity. One of his fancies, which he appears to have practised long after he had become Protector, was to fling cushions and napkins at his friends,—a frolic in which he frequently indulged when in an excellent humour, and which he liked to have retorted by any favoured individual. One of these persons was Mrs. Waller, the mother of the poet, and a relation of the Protector and of Hampden. In her widowhood she frequently entertained Cromwell at her house at Beaconsfield ; and though (notwithstanding her republican connections) she was a staunch roy-

alist, she seems always to have been both loved and respected by the great Protector. Sometimes she would tax him frankly with being a usurper, and warn him of the end which he must expect. Thereupon, the Protector, we are told, “used merrily to throw a napkin at her in return, and said he would not enter into further disputes with his aunt ; for so he used to call her, though not quite so nearly related.”

Even during the discussion of the most serious and important business, these pleasantries were unhesitatingly practised. At the great meeting which was convened at the death of Charles, to deliberate on the form of government which it was most expedient to substitute for monarchy, “Cromwell,” says Ludlow, “having learned what he could of the principles and inclinations of those present at the conference, took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs ; but I overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired.” Even in such triflings as these, there was probably some latent policy. Hume says : “Amidst all the unguarded play and buffoonery of this singular personage, he took the opportunity of remarking the character, designs, and weaknesses of men ; and he would sometimes push them, by an indulgence in wine, to open to him the most secret recesses of their bosom.”

In a curious, though not very trustworthy,

pamphlet, entitled “The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell,” there is a strange, but probably not altogether untrue, account of his conduct at one of the public entertainments at his court. While the sweetmeats were being served, a lady who had been admitted as a spectator requested Colonel Pride, one of the guests at the same table with Cromwell, to present her with some candied apricots. The gallant colonel, we are told, “instantly threw into her apron a conserve of wet sweetmeat with both his hands, on which, as if it had been a sign, Oliver catches up his napkin and throws it at Pride, he at him again, while all at the table were engaged at the scuffle; the noise whereof made the members rise before the sweetmeats were set down, and believing dinner was done, go to this pastime of gambols, and be spectators of his Highness’s frolics.” Similar frolics are recorded to have taken place at the marriages of his daughters, Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Rich.

History too often condemns, as beneath its dignity, much of what is most agreeable and improving. There is sometimes more to be learned in the private history of one of society’s degraded outcasts, than in half the falsified pages of the prejudiced historiographer. Moreover, it is in anecdotes of private life that the true motives and springs of action are very often discoverable. Those important state conferences, of which the historian affords but dry details, appear in a very

different light, when described by a contemporary and a bystander. Whitelock, who was admitted to the Protector's most secret councils, agreeably introduces us into the *arcana*. "We would be shut up," he says, "three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him. He would sometimes be very cheerful with us, and, laying aside his greatness, he would be exceeding familiar with us, and by way of diversion would make verses, and every one must try his fancy; he commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself. Then he would fall again to his serious and great business, and advise with us in those affairs; and this he did often with us, and our counsel was accepted and followed by him, in most of his greatest affairs."

His frolics and familiarity were not confined to his private friends. Bates tells us "he would often make feasts for his inferior officers; and whilst they were feeding, before they had satisfied their hunger, cause the drums to beat, and let in the private soldiers to fall on, and snatch away the half eaten dishes. The robust and sturdy soldiers he loved to divert with violent and hazardous exercises, as by making them sometimes throw a burning coal into one another's boots, or cushions at one another's heads." This familiar intercourse with his humblest followers naturally led to their regarding him as their friend. Whitelock tells us

that on one occasion Cromwell and Ireton, having honoured him with a visit, were returning home from his house in the evening, when their coach was stopped, and forcibly examined by the guard. They both gave their names ; but the officer on duty not only refused to credit their statement, but even threatened to carry them to the guard-room. Ireton showed a little anger, but “Cromwell,” we are told, “was cheerful with the soldiers, and gave them twenty shillings, and commended them and their captain for doing their duty.”

It must have been highly entertaining to have seen the “Fortune of England” driving his own coach and six in Hyde Park, attended by a regiment of guards. Ludlow says: “The Duke of Holstein made him a present of a set of gray Friesland coach-horses ; with which, taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary, Thurloe, and guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him ; and, therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough drive, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself.” Heath, who repeats

the story in his "Flagellum" without any material difference, also places the scene in Hyde Park. "The generous horses," he says, "no sooner heard the lash of the whip, but away they ran, with Thurloe sitting trembling inside for fear of his own neck, over hill and dale, and at last threw down the inexpert governor from the box into the traces." This singular accident nearly cost him his life. In his fall, his legs became entangled in the harness, and for several seconds he remained suspended from the pole of the carriage. Thurloe, in great trepidation, threw himself from the door of the vehicle, but fortunately escaped with only some slight bruises.

This, on a first cursory perusal, would appear to have been one of Cromwell's unaccountable frolics; his physician, Bates, however, attributes it to a very different cause. The Protector, it appears, was much troubled with stone and gravel, for which maladies he had been prescribed diuretic liquors, and had been recommended to hasten their effect by using jolting exercise. It was, therefore, his custom, when on horseback, to ride at a rapid pace, and, when taking the air in his coach, to select the driving-box, as producing the more violent motion. In his "Chronicle of the Civil Wars," Heath likens Cromwell and Thurloe to Mephistophiles and Doctor Faustus. "Cromwell," he says, "like Phaeton, fell from his chariot." Many pasquinades were, of course, written on the subject.

The following verse, which concludes an amusing song of the period, has some slight merit :

“ Every day and hour hath shown us his power,  
And now he has shown us his art ;  
His first reproach was a fall from a coach,  
His next will be from a cart.”

The accident took place in July, 1654. Peck, in his Life of Cromwell, quotes an elegy from Doctor Nalson's MS. collections, — “On the Lord Protector's being thrown from his coach box.” It is, however, of scarcely sufficient merit to be transcribed. In the records of the period, we more than once find the Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan-chair.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### OLIVER CROMWELL.

Installation of the Protector — His Views of Aggrandisement — His General Unpopularity — Ceremonies Which Attended His Installation — Dines in State with the Citizens of London — Takes Possession of the Royal Palaces — Notices of His Removal to Whitehall — Tables Provided for His Household — Aspires to the Title of King — Consults with His Friends on the Subject — Refuses the Title — His Second Inauguration — Gloom of His Court — Affects Greater Magnificence — His Entertainments at Whitehall — Discourages the Visits of the Queen of Sweden — His Frequent and Prodigious Feasts.

ON the 16th of December, 1653, Cromwell was solemnly installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. His elevation to this high office seems to have been regarded by the great majority of the people of England with indifference, and by many with suspicion and fear; the shrewd enthusiast, Hugh Peters, had long since predicted that Cromwell would make himself king.

Monsieur de Bordeaux thus writes to the minister De Brienne, on the 29th December, 1653: "The day on which Cromwell was declared Protector the cannon of the Tower were fired, the soldiers made a *feu de joie*, and bonfires were to

be seen before the public buildings, but the people gave no sign of approbation." Again, says the writer of an intercepted letter from Paris, dated 22d December, 1653: "We have but little of news, the town being full of discourse of his Highness the Lord Protector, who, I fear, hath lost much of the affections of the people since he took the government upon himself; for it was observed that at the proclaiming of him, both at Temple Bar, Cheapside, the New Exchange and Old, except the soldiers, and not all of them, there were not any that so much as shouted, but, on the contrary, publicly laughed and derided him, without being taken notice of."

The ceremony of installation took place in Westminster Hall. After a "seeking of the Lord," the Protector, about one o'clock in the afternoon, issued from his apartments at Whitehall, and entered his coach of state. He was surrounded by his body-guard, and attended, in their several coaches, by the two lords commissioners of the privy seal, the barons of the exchequer, the judges in their robes, the council of the commonwealth; the lord mayor, the aldermen, and the recorder of London, in their scarlet gowns; and the chief officers of the army. Lastly came the Protector, habited in a black suit and cloak, with long boots, and a broad band of gold around his hat. King Street, through which the procession passed, was lined on each side with

soldiers. In the hall was spread a splendid carpet, on which was a chair of state. Standing on the left side of it, between the two lords commissioners, Cromwell remained uncovered till the articles, by which he bound himself to govern the three kingdoms, had been read, when, raising up his eyes and his right hand to heaven, he solemnly accepted and subscribed them in the face of the court. He then covered himself and sat down in the chair of state, the great officers of the Commonwealth, who were ranged on each side of him, covering themselves at the same time. The ceremony concluded with the lords commissioners delivering to him the great seal, and the lord mayor presenting him with the sword and cap of maintenance, all which he immediately returned to them. The court then rose, and the Protector, preceded by the lord mayor carrying the sword, returned to Whitehall. The procession again assembled in the Banqueting-house, and, after listening to an exhortation delivered by Lockyer, they dispersed to their own homes.

The formalities, usual at the commencement of a new reign, were resorted to at the installation of the Protector. All patents and commissions were renewed; he received the congratulations of foreign ambassadors, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, seated on a magnificent chair of state; and it was made high treason to compass the life or government of the Protector. He also took

possession of the palaces of Whitehall, Hampton Court, and Windsor, which were severally fitted up with great magnificence for his reception.

A few weeks after his elevation, we find the Protector entertained by the citizens of London with all the honours which, for centuries, they had been accustomed to pay to their sovereigns on their accession. M. de Bordeaux writes to De Brienne, 23d of February, 1654: "On his solemn entry into the city he was received like a king. The mayor went before him with the sword in his hand, about him nothing but officers who do not trouble themselves much as to fineness of apparel; behind him the members of the council in state coaches, furnished by certain lords. The concourse of people was great; wheresoever Cromwell came a great silence; the greater part did not even move their hats. At the Guildhall was a great feast prepared for him, and at the table sat the mayor, the councillors, the deputies of the army, as well as Cromwell's son and son-in-law. Toward the foreign ambassadors the Protector deports himself as a king, for the power of kings is not greater than his." Again, De Bordeaux writes a few weeks afterward: "Some say he will assume the title and prerogatives of a Roman emperor. In order to strengthen his party he deals out promises to all parties. It is here, however, as everywhere else; no government was or is right in the people's eyes, and

Cromwell, once their idol, is now the object of their blame, perhaps their hate."

The contemporary notices of the removal of the Protector to the stately apartments of Whitehall are not without interest. "April 13th, 1654. This day the bedchamber, and the rest of the lodgings and rooms appointed for the Lord Protector in Whitehall, were prepared for his Highness to remove from the Cockpit on the morrow." "His Highness, the Lord Protector, with his lady and family, this day (April 14th) dined at Whitehall, whither his Highness and family are removed, and did this night lie there, and do there continue." "April 15th. His Highness went this day to Hampton Court, and returned again at night."

The event is thus announced in the *Weekly Intelligencer*: "The privy lodgings for his Highness the Lord Protector in Whitehall are now in readiness, as also the lodgings for his Lady Protectress; and likewise the privy kitchen, and other kitchens, butteries, and offices; and it is conceived the whole family will be settled there before Easter.

"The tables for diet prepared are these:

A table for his Highness.	A table for coachmen, grooms,
A table for the Protectress.	and other domestic ser-
A table for Chaplains and	vants.
Strangers.	A table for the Gentlemen.
A table for the Steward and	A table for Inferiors, or sub-
Gentlemen.	servants."

It is singular that the only attempt in which this extraordinary man is known to have been defeated, was in his endeavour to obtain the empty title of king. That he was eager in the pursuit seems to be as undoubted, as that he was confident of success. Welwood even asserts that a crown was actually manufactured by the goldsmiths and delivered at Whitehall. Long before the question of elevating Cromwell to the throne of the Plantagenets became a subject of discussion by the legislature, the people of England appear to have entertained a very strong suspicion that this was the real object of his ambition. The commonwealth was only in its first year when a pamphlet was seized at Coventry, entitled “The Character of King Cromwell;” in the House of Commons we find Henry Martyn playfully but significantly addressing him as “Your Majesty;” and again, M. de Croullé writes to Cardinal Mazarin, on the 14th of June, 1651: “According to the belief of many persons, Cromwell is carrying his ideas beyond what would be warranted by the most reckless ambition.” The question of raising Cromwell to the throne seems to have been first introduced in Parliament by Colonel Jephson, and was not unfavourably received by the House. Cromwell afterward inquired of this person how he could be induced to propose such a measure. Jephson replied, artfully, “As long as I have the honour to sit in Parliament, I must follow the dic-

tates of my own conscience, whatever offence I may be so unfortunate as to give you." Cromwell gave him a playful blow on the shoulder. "Get thee gone," he said; "get thee gone for a mad fellow, as thou art."

Eventually a bill was formally introduced into Parliament by Alderman Pack, one of the city members, for conferring on the Protector the solemn title of king. There was at first considerable agitation in the House; the motion was opposed by a number of persons of various interests, and Pack was violently forced to the bar. After a discussion, however, which took place a few days afterward, the bill was carried, and, in April, 1657, a committee was appointed to propose it to the Protector, and, in the event of his declining the honour, to reason with him on his scruples.

It was not till the last moment that Cromwell seems to have made up his mind to reject the coveted honour. Many motives probably influenced his decision; the principal one, however, seems to have been the indignant opposition which he was certain to meet with from the army, whom he himself had taught to detest the name of king. Moreover, his major-generals were furiously opposed to his elevation; his own connections threatened to desert him; and rumours were afloat that his assassination would be the certain consequence. It was a popular saying at the time, that, if the nation must return to monarchy, it were better to

recall the rightful heir. Why, then, it will be asked, did he risk the chance of defeat by permitting the question to be submitted in Parliament? For that it had his sanction there can be no doubt. To this we can only oppose the presumed fact that Cromwell himself was in doubt till the last moment. It may also have been the case that he was not unwilling to have the credit of rejecting the proffered dignity; or possibly, by familiarising the minds of men to the question, he hoped to carry the point in the event of a future and more favourable opportunity presenting itself.

Certain it is that the discussion of the subject in Parliament originated with the Protector himself; and, moreover, that he had sifted the opinions of several influential persons, long before the question was canvassed by the legislature. Among these persons were Whitelock, Doctor Browning, Bishop of Exeter, and the Marquis of Hertford. When Whitelock — after having brought forward every argument he could think of, to induce him to resist the dangerous temptation — at length left him, it was with the conviction that he had produced the effect he desired on the mind of the Protector. Cromwell, however, never again received him on the same terms of intimacy, and shortly afterward, by conferring on him an honourable appointment, found means to remove him out of the way. Whitelock tells us that the Protector's nearest relations, and especially his daughter, Mrs. Clay-

pole, admitted to him that this was the true secret of his unwelcome advancement. When Cromwell put the question to the Bishop of Exeter, "My advice," replied the prelate, "must be in the words of the gospel, 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.'" The account of his discussion with the Marquis of Hertford is equally curious, but the details are too lengthy for insertion.

Among others whom he also consulted at this important crisis, were Lord Broghill, Thurloe, and Pierrepont. Calamy, an eminent city divine, was also pressed for his advice. The latter replied warmly, that the measure was no less illegal than it was impracticable. "But pray," said Cromwell, "how impracticable?" "Why," returned Calamy, "'tis against the voice of the nation; there will be nine in ten against you." "But what," said the Protector, "if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword in the tenth man's hand; would not that do the business?"

Another circumstance which seems to have determined Cromwell in rejecting the crown was the uncompromising opposition of his near connections, Fleetwood and Desborough, of whom the one had married his daughter, the other his sister. Cromwell on one occasion invited himself to dine at the house of the latter, for the express purpose, it would seem, of gleaning the private opinions of his powerful relatives on this important subject.

Proceeding with his usual caution, he commenced, we are told, to “droll with them about monarchy, and said it was but a feather in a man’s cap ; and therefore wondered that men would not please children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle.” Both Fleetwood and Desborough, however, were far too bigoted republicans to connive at his ambitious views, and, accordingly, Cromwell, finding he could make no impression on them, contented himself with styling them “a couple of precise scrupulous fellows,” and took his leave. The day before the offer of the crown was actually made to him by the Parliament, we find him taking an opportunity of walking with them in St. James’s Park, and again entering upon the subject. After many arguments on both sides, Fleetwood and Desborough, convinced, from the tenor of his conversation, that he had already made up his mind on the subject, formally tendered him their commissions. They were resolved, they said, never to serve a king ; they foresaw the evils which would follow his elevation, and, though they certainly would not bear arms against him, yet they must hereafter decline carrying them in his service.

There were, no doubt, many military officers of rank who would have followed the example of these unbending republicans. Indeed, Colonel Mason actually presented a petition at the bar of the House of Commons, signed by about thirty officers of the army, in which these sturdy veterans

solemnly protested against a reëstablishment of that monarchy, for the subversion of which they had so often shed their blood ; and implored the House to remain steadfast to the “old cause.” Colonel Pride, it is even said, told Cromwell to his face that if he accepted the crown he would shoot him with his own hand.

Cromwell having reluctantly refused the crown, it was determined that he should be again installed in the Protectorship. The ceremony took place in Westminster Hall, on the 26th of June, 1657, with increased magnificence. On the former occasion he had worn a simple dress of black velvet, but we now find him clad in robes of purple lined with ermine, and with the sceptre in his hand ; the heralds proclaiming him, by sound of trumpet, Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Hollis, Whitelock, Ludlow, and Warwick alike bear testimony that Cromwell affected magnificence as he increased in years. They allude, however, rather to the obsequious respect which he exacted from foreigners, as well as from his own people, than to the mere outward trappings of state. It is probable, however, that he would have no less affected the latter, but for the jealousy which it would have excited in the minds of the republicans. He took a pride in the splendid apartments of Windsor and Whitehall ; his feasts very nearly approached magnificence ; he increased the officers of his household, and also established

a guard of halberdiers, clad in handsome, though modest attire. Sir Gilbert Pickering was appointed his lord chamberlain, and Claypole, his son-in-law, master of the horse. The following passage in the “Select Proceedings in State Affairs,” April 27 to May 4, 1654, will afford a tolerable notion of one of the Protector’s entertainments, as well as of the peculiar manners of the period.

“April 27th. The lords ambassadors of the United Provinces this day dined with his Highness the Lord Protector at Whitehall, and the lords of the council, with some colonels and other gentlemen, at two tables in the same room; and the lords ambassadors, the lord president, and the Lord Lisle, at the same table with his Highness; and twenty gentlemen were taken into his Highness’s life-guard of foot (the whole number is to be threescore), who carried up the meat, and many gentlemen attended; and after dinner there was a banquet. The coats of the guards are gray cloth, with black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimming. Monday, May 1st, was more observed by people going a maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings, with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair; men painted and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation.”

It must be admitted that there was everywhere observable at the court of the Protector a special respect for decency and decorum. When White-lock communicated to Cromwell that the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, proposed to pay him a visit, he gave it no encouragement. "He feared," he said, "that the morals of others might be prejudiced by her example." And yet we are assured that such was his admiration of her talents that her picture used to hang in his bedchamber; and it was even said, laughingly, that the Protectress was jealous. Cromwell certainly presented the eccentric queen with his own likeness, on which occasion Andrew Marvell addressed a copy of Latin verses to her, commencing :

"Bellipotens virgo ! septem regina Trionum !  
Christina ! Arctoi lucida stella poli !"

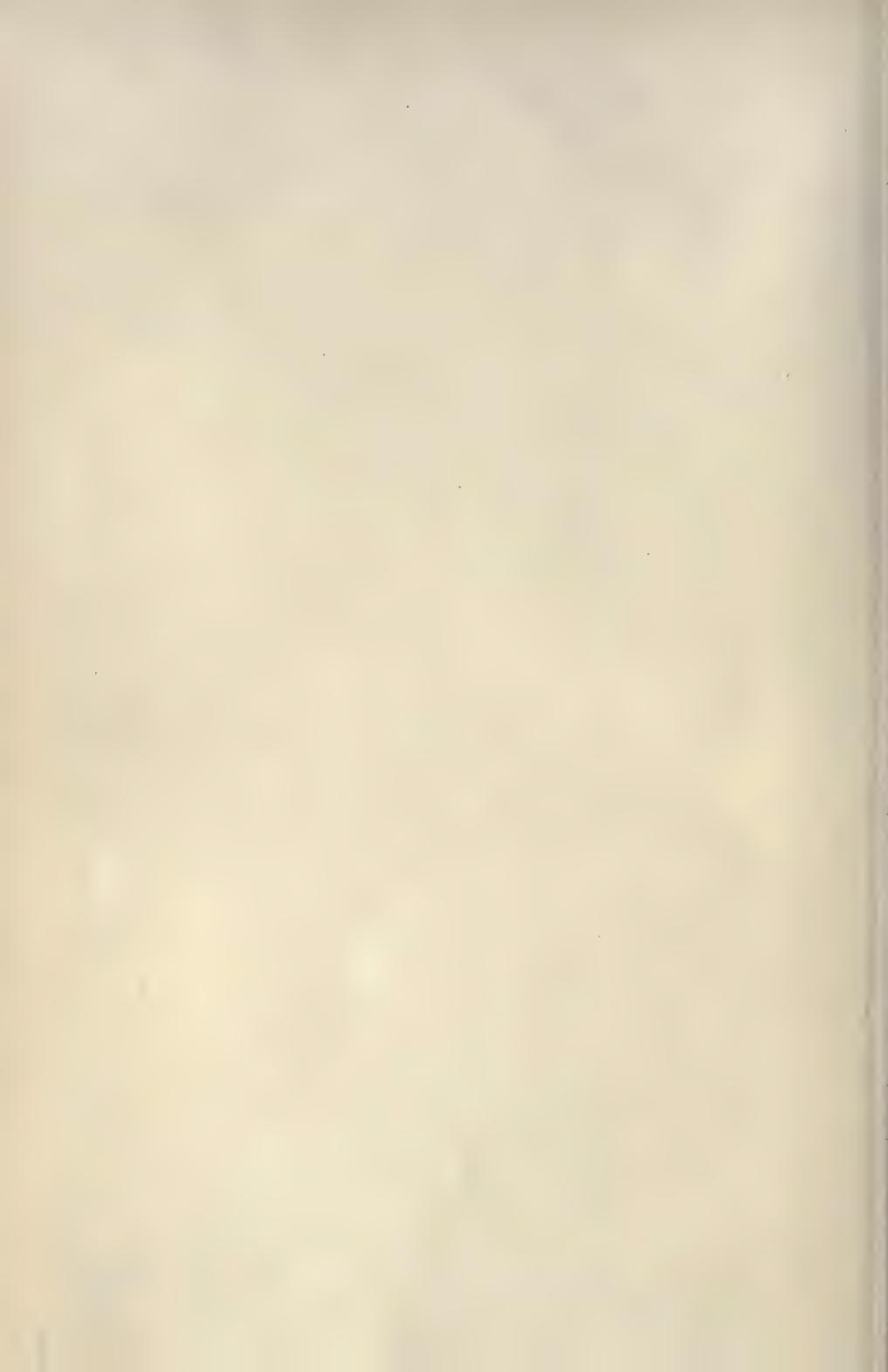
Cromwell had taken much pleasure in the conversation of Graef Hannibal Sesthead, a Danish nobleman; but when told that his morality was more than questionable, he declined to have any further communication with him.

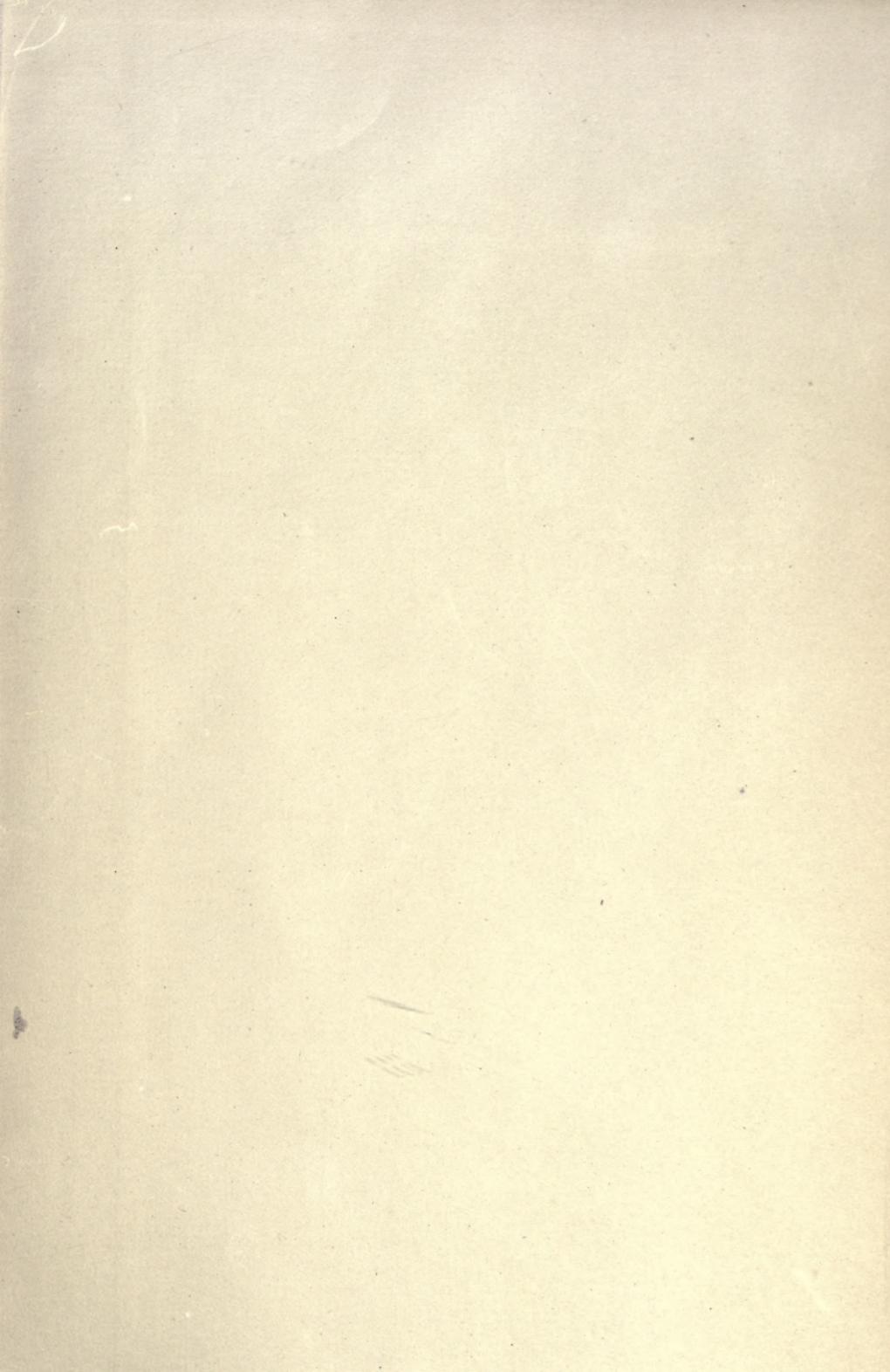
Though extremely abstemious in his own diet, his public entertainments were frequent and prodigal. Every Monday he kept an open table for such officers of his army as had attained the rank of captain, besides a smaller table, every day of the week, for those officers who had come accidentally to court. "With these," says Heath, "he

seemed to disport himself, taking off his drink freely, and opening himself every way to the most free familiarity." His entertainments certainly, if not remarkable for their elegance, were on the largest and most hospitable scale. The Parliament was occasionally invited to dine with him in a body. Burton inserts, in his "Parliamentary Diary," 18th February, 1657, "Mr. Speaker acquainted the House, that his Highness hath invited all the members of this House to dine with his Highness on Friday next, being the day of public thanksgiving, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall." Heath also mentions the Parliament being "gaudily entertained" by him in the Banqueting-house in 1656. It seems that they had previously heard a sermon in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

END OF VOLUME III.









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